

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND
MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

MAY, 1900.

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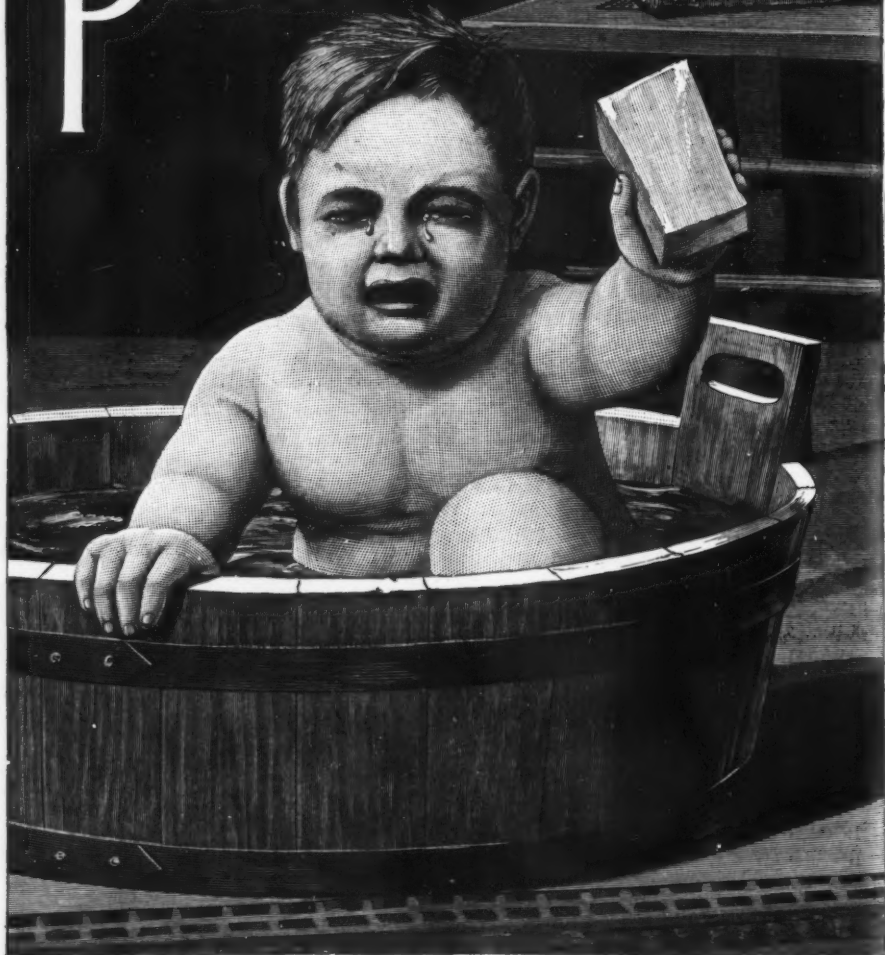
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*"Mamma,
this isn't
Pears'!"*



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

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MAY, 1900.

No. 5.

THE POETRY OF MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.*

It has become a commonplace, but one of those commonplaces which minds of a certain type take pleasure in repeating, that the generation born, let us say, between the Crimean and the Franco-Prussian wars has produced no genuine poet; that since Mr. Swinburne outlived the inspiration of his youth poetry is dead, or as good as dead, among us. For this opinion we can see little warrant. The work of Mr. Watson, Mr. Francis Thomson, and Mr. Yeats—to name only those about whom we feel the fullest conviction, though many would put Mr. Robert Bridges above any of the three—is quite worthy to rank with that of Herrick, Crashaw, and Carew, or any of the poets in whom lovers of poetry find unfailing pleasure, though the highest praise is never claimed for their verse. But it was evident enough that nothing was being written in verse which could entitle its author to take his place in the famous company to which of all men in this century only Scott, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, and Browning are admitted without question, and perhaps hardly even all of these. Two years ago a new hope

sprang into sight, and at the end of the century there can be no doubt that a real poet is again amongst us. He is, happily, quite young; and as surely as Wordsworth and Coleridge belonged to the nineteenth century, rather than to that in which "Lyrical Poems and Ballads" was published, so surely in the year 1900 has Mr. Stephen Phillips his career before and not behind him. And, since these milestones in time have always their effect upon human feeling, it is impossible not to rejoice that we enter on the fresh lap with this good omen, that there is amongst us a man who can stir in us the old thrill and rouse us to a sense of the tragic beauty, the haunting mystery of life.

Every poet inherits as well as creates, reflects light as well as emits it, and this applies both to the matter and the form of his art. Mr. Phillips, coming after Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne, found the existing standard of verse for almost any possible use brought to a pitch so high that in it he could scarcely better his instructors; he found poetic style fixed, but not rigid, an instrument perfected and ready to his hand. He found also, as every poet does, two domains in which to adventure. There was first a bewildering mass of material broken in to

* 1. Poems. By Stephen Phillips. London: 1897.

2. Paolo and Francesca: a Tragedy in Four Acts. By Stephen Phillips. London: 1899.

the purposes of poetry: stories and myths from every age and country told already and consecrated to beauty—half familiar, yet ready to take new shape and new color in the artist's hand. Also about him there was the world—huge, weltering, shapeless, inarticulate, the modern world—ugly, disguised and distorted, yet bathed in the same air, thrilled with the same emotions as when man came out of Eden. Out of this he might shape something; but he must rough-hew it for himself. That choice is always before every poet, and the special interest that attached to Mr. Phillips's first volume was that he had attempted both ways. His earliest work (it had been published in 1896 in a tiny pamphlet) was the poem "Christ in Hades," a strange blending of Christian and Pagan myths; for the dead world which Jesus enters is rather Hades as Virgil pictured it than any realm of Dante's *Inferno*. Proserpina sits enthroned there, and the thrill of Christ's coming is by her mistaken for the advent of Hermes, calling her to the upper world when the grain quickens in the ground. This new Orpheus checks Ixion's wheel, and stays the labor of Sisyphus; but as he advances through the realm of shadow, drawing the multitudes after him as he drew them on earth, one ghost meets him still unreleased. Christ cannot free his antetype Prometheus, the other who took upon himself grief in full foreknowledge, suffering for the salvation of others; and the Titan speaks:

O Christ, canst thou a nail move
from these feet,
Thou who art standing in such love of
me?
Thy hands are too like mine to undo
these bonds.

Thus the poet's imagination works, combining old things into new shapes, and the Pagan myth and the Christian

take color each from the other; but the material wrought upon has been worked over by many masters. Everywhere in the poem there is evidence of strong imagination fed by memory and the thoughts of other men. And the style, too, is charged with reminiscence. Lines like these:

Toward him in faded purple, pacing
came
Dead emperors and sad, unflattered
kings;

or this:

After him in passion swept
Dead Asia, murmuring, and the buried
North.

have unquestionably the accent of great poetry, but they have not the individual accent. The utterance is a large utterance, which has caught not only the actual beauty of words, but the magic of suggestion, the hint not only of color, sound, and movement, but of the spirit of things; yet it is not an unmistakable voice. Reading these lines:

But when he had spoken, Christ no
answer made.
Upon his hands in uncouth gratitude
Great prisoners, muttering, fawned;
behind them stood
Dreadful suspended business and vast
life
Pausing, dismantled piers and naked
frames.

one says to oneself, "So Milton might have written." Throughout the poem there prevails something of the academic; some trace of an art deliberately putting itself to school; and one recognizes that the artist is still experimenting in metre, not always with success. Infinite variety should be the aim of a writer in blank verse, yet within certain limits, and a phrase which, by its effect of hiatus, would be

condemned, even in prose, can never be good in verse. For example, the line

And one yearning as wide as is the world

limps and does not merely drag; the fault lies not in the inverted foot, but in the sequence of weak syllables following it. In short, the effect, designed no doubt to heighten the physical suggestion conveyed in the word "yearning," is gained at a sacrifice of true rhythm. Worse, still, is this instance:

Just as a widower that dreaming holds
His dead wife in his arms, not wondering,
So natural it appears; then starting up
With trivial words or even with a jest,
Realizes all the uncolored dawn,
And near his head the young bird in
the leaves

Stirring—not less, not otherwise, do we
Want in this colorless country the
warm earth.

That is a fine passage of finely-varied cadence, utterly marred by one intolerable line which we have italicized. The word "realizes" can only be scanned as two trochees, and no iambic line can possibly begin with it; for in iambic verse the total effect of any line must be iambic. In other instances, the boldness of experiment can only be justified by assuming a quickness of apprehension which the ordinary reader does not possess. Prosperina begins her speech:

Then, stretched out her arms, she
sald,
"O all fresh out of beautiful sunlight
Thine eyes are still too dazed to see us
clear."

The balance of the second of these lines demands that it should be read with a pause upon the first syllable and a distribution of the accent on the

last word "sunlight," which is hardly natural. Yet, for the special emphasis, accent is needed upon the "light;" it is as though the poet claimed attention for the two parts of the word. Whether this device be or be not admissible may be argued, but it is habitual with Mr. Phillips. Only the other day some noble verses were published by him on the Dreyfus verdict—an appeal to the "Lord of Hosts" for retribution—in which this couplet occurred:

We praise thy patience of the growing
hour,
Thy wisdom gradual that brings the
flower.

Plainly it would have been easier to
write,

Thy gradual wisdom that brings forth
the flower.

But, presumably, the poet wished to give to the word "gradual" a length of sound which it has not in ordinary speech, and this he secured by so placing it that the three syllables must be sounded, and slowly sounded, to give value to the line. A more commendable boldness with a like object may be exemplified from "Christ in Hades":—

A wonderful stillness stopped her; like
to trees
Motionless in an ecstasy of rain,
So the tall dead stood drooping around
Christ.

Nobody can stick at the rhythm of the first line, yet it is entirely irregular. But if it be made regular by removing the first word, the stress instantly falls on the word "wonderful," not where it is needed on "stillness." As it stands, the ear is grateful, not only for a variation of the cadence, which interrupts but does not derange the iambic rhythm, but also for the just emphasis.

Yet in the management of verse Mr. Phillips has advanced towards conformity rather than towards deviation from the normal. "Christ in Hades" was not a long poem, yet beside those quoted there were a good many lines in it that defied the ordinary rules of scansion; in "Marpessa" there are fewer, and none that cannot be defended, while in a majority of instances they are triumphantly successful; and in "Endymion" (published last year in the Nineteenth Century) fewer still. These three poems have to be considered together, for they all conform more or less to the common type; they are idyls on the model of "Ænone;" and if "Christ in Hades" showed by many passages a conscious and deliberate study of Milton, the other two betray the extent of the poet's debt to Tennyson. It was in these poems, working, as we have said, with material already subdued to beauty, where the subject did not struggle against him, that Mr. Phillips displayed his technical mastery of poetic form. He had achieved a style, and the style was his own, but colored at every turn with Tennyson's influence. Like almost every artist, he came from a school, and there was no mistaking his master; but there was no mistaking, either, the disciple's originality. In each case the poet's imagination had been at work, adding beauty to what was beautiful already, reading, as Tennyson had done before him, a new significance into the old myth. "Tithonus" is more new than old in its import, and so is this "Endymion," this poem of the dreamer, whose lips have been touched by the lonely barren spirit of night's beauty; by the cold orb that sheds not life but repose, not light but mystery. If there is sunlight there must be moonshine; if joy there must be sorrow; and when the moon stoops to earth for love, the ocean, unswayed by her, rushes from its limits.

And so—as Mr. Phillips reads the legend—Diana shines forever cold and unwedded; and for those who are of her following there is no joy, but dreams; in dreams she kisses them; they are lonely, yet strangers to no sorrow or no joy; the grief with which she touches them is

Magical distress,
Distant delicious trouble and new pain.

To this poem, and to Endymion's cry,

I must make music of my brother's
pain,

we have referred, not as wishing to criticize what has not yet been finally issued in book form, and is at present open to censure on many points of detail, but because it holds, we imagine, Mr. Phillips's conception of the poet's soul. At all events, he himself in his work has not only sought, but celebrated, the inspiration of sorrow. That is the central thought of "Marpessa," the idyl which tells how "*Marpessa being given her choice by Zeus between the god Apollo and Idas, a mortal, chose Idas.*" This poem, which, upon the whole, did most to convince critics that here, at last, was a man of whom greatness might confidently be predicted, if not actually affirmed, directly challenges comparison with "Ænone."

As in "Ænone," so here the arbitration was to be decided at "the deep mid noon." It is Apollo who speaks first, urging his proffer to Marpessa. She, being born human, is destined to "taste of the earth sorrow," and the pity of it moves even him, a "spirit sliding through tranquillity." For he cries:

Thy life has been
The history of a flower in the air
Liable but to breezes and to time,
As rich and purposeless as is the rose:
Thy simple doom is to be beautiful—

Thou God created but to grow, not
strive,
And not to suffer, merely to be sweet.
The favorite of his rains; and thou, in-
deed,
Lately upon the summer wast dis-
closed.

Here one may pause in the quotation
to call attention to the surpassing
beauty of the verse where the words
fall easily and inevitably into their
places. "The history of a flower in
the air"—the line is light as a blossom;
but springing from that soft cadence
the verse gathers weight and majesty,
a god's utterance. And everywhere
there is the felicity of style, the "per-
petual slight innovation" where the
word holds more than a simple mean-
ing:

Thou, indeed,
Lately upon the summer wast dis-
closed.

The bud unfolds, the face opens upon
the world its revelation. That is how
great poets write.

Then the god paints the doom of
roses and the sadder fading of souls,
and against these he sets his offer, a
partnership in the sun's joys:

And thou shalt know that first leap of
the sea

Toward me: the grateful upward look
of earth

Emerging roseate from her bath of
dew—

We two in heaven dancing—Babylon
Shall flash and murmur and cry from
under us,

And Nineveh catch fire, and at our feet
Be hurled with her inhabitants, and all
Adoring Asia kindle and hugely
bloom;—

We two in heaven running,—continents
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
And rapidly laugh till all this world is
warm.

That is surely a triumphant piece of
imagination; the myth grows real, not

fantastic, in this vision of the world's
response to light. And the words
dance and sing together; the verse
thrills and quickens till this passage of
pure fancy excites like a battle song.
Quotation must have a limit, and we
can give no more of the god's pleading,
nor dwell on the speech of Idas calling
love to love. Yet this should be said
here, that the special skill of Mr.
Phillips in suggesting beauty is to ren-
der not only things, but the atmos-
phere of things. It is a point we must
recur to, and here we would only say
that, in pleading, Idas pleads the
magic of Marpessa's beauty, all it
hints more than all it utters.

Thy face remembered is from other
worlds,

It has been died for, though I know
not when,

It has been sung of, though I know not
where.

It has the strangeness of the luring
West

And of sad sea horizons.

To this mystery, to this soul of sad-
ness in her, Idas makes appeal, and it
speaks in her answer. Reciting the
god's offer, in all humility, she comes
at last to his crowning gift of immor-
tality, of exemption from the human
lot; and she claims for herself her
human completion in sorrow:

Out of our sadness have we made this
world

So beautiful; the sea sighs in our brain,
And in our heart that yearning of the
moon.

To all this sorrow was I born, and,
since

Out of a human womb I came, I am
Not eager to forego it; I would scorn
To elude the heaviness and take the
joy.

For pain came with the sap, pangs
with the bloom:

This is the sting, the wonder.

That is her true answer; her claim to

the human inheritance. But the poem does not stop there, and diverges into a passage beautiful indeed, but against the logic of the theme when she pictures the life that should be hers with the god when her bloom should wane, and she be forced to woo her lover:

Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate
smiles
And pitiful devices of my dress
Or fashion of my hair; thou wouldst
grow kind,
Most bitter to a woman that was loved.

Yet the god's proffer was of an ageless life such as his own—a life always at noontide. Mr. Phillips has been betrayed into the sin of irrelevancy, and has wasted noble verses instead of concentrating at once upon the contrast, the life that is to be hers with Idas, a life passing from "the first sweet sting of love," "the sweet that almost venom was," into

Beautiful friendship tried by sun and
wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.

And perhaps this wavering in the central conduct of the theme rather than any lapse in the quality of the verse leads one to think Marpessa's speech too long. Undue expansion is a fault that Mr. Phillips has learnt to avoid.

So far, we have written of the work about which there are practically no two opinions. A man who does not think "Marpessa" good poetry must have a very singular standard. But the case is quite different about the other poems in the first volume. As for the lyrics, there is not much to be said; almost alone among recent poets, Mr. Phillips is at his worst in this kind, and the blank verse lines to Milton, though fine, are not extraordinary. There remain two long poems, "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife," absolutely unlike the rest. To

begin with, they are written in the heroic couplet, a metre which, we may say in passing, Mr. Phillips has since then handled repeatedly and with increasing success. But the theme and the treatment of the theme in each case are bold innovation. In each there is narrated the tragedy of a life, but a tragedy of the squalid life that passes us in the welter of London. Has tragedy a right to be sung when it is the tragedy of the public-house, the tragedy of the prostitute? Modern art has answered the question so copiously in the affirmative that there is no use in debating. If a man has vision he will see; if he has with vision the poet's gift, he will certainly make us see. Only, we have a right to demand that he shall see deep enough, that his revelation shall be sincere. We do not blame even Swift for his terrible insight; we shudder and we pity the eye that could see nothing but rotteness. Yet from a poet we expect not the vision of the satirist, but a wider outlook that shall show us ugliness if need be, but only seen as an offence against beauty, so that the vision of ugliness is also a vision of beauty. The poet's business is not to lacerate, but to quicken, to thrill it may be with pity and terror, not to madden with despair, to wring somehow or other music and not discord out of a brother's pain. In all art, if it is to fulfil art's function, there must be some element of pleasurable emotion; and if a man sees and feels in the eyes of prostituted women in the streets or dazed drunkards in a tavern all the degradation of their lives, every act of the sickening tragedy, and sees no more than that, why should we thank him for lending to us the curse of his faculty? And yet, are we to wish that our poets should be deaf and blind to the world that is at our doors, gazing forever at remote dim histories, noble and unrealized as far-off mountain shapes,

listening only to the far-off murmur of lamentations that fall soft and deadened upon the ear? Scarcely that. One can only demand that the poet's art, which shows us his own vision, should set things in their true focus and not resolve the universe into one meaningless blur of pain. Whether Mr. Phillips has succeeded or not we can hardly decide, but there is no question but that his attempts in these tragedies of modern life were more significant and more original than his successes in the well-beaten track. He has faced the ugliest things in life and tried to make them fall into a harmony. This is how he begins his first poem, "The Woman with a Dead Soul:"

Allured by the disastrous tavern light,
Unhappy things flew in out of the night;
And ever the sad human swarm returned,
Some crazy fluttering and some half-burned.

It is the tragedy of moths at a candle, somehow more bearable when you look at it like that, yet not less tragic. And among the "slow-tasting bargainers" there was seen the face that beyond the rest appalled him, the face of a woman in whom there was no struggle either to fly or to return:

She turned her eyes on me; they had no ray,
But stared like windows in the peer of day;
So cold her gaze that I bowed down my head
Trembling; it seemed to me that she was dead.

Yet she could speak, tell in her own way "the dreadful, placid tale:"

She with a soul was born: she felt it leap
Within her: it could wonder, laugh, and weep,
But dimly as rain on ocean blear,

The days upon that human spirit dear
Fell; and existence lean, in sky dead grey,

Withholding steadily starved it away:
London ignored it with deliberate stare,
Until the delicate thing began to wear.
She felt it ailing for she knew not what;

Feebly she wept, but she could aid it not.

Ah, not the stirring child within the womb

Hath such an urgent need of light and room!

Then hungry grew her soul: she looked around,

But nothing to allay that famine found;

She felt it die a little every day,
Flutter less wildly, and more feebly pray.

Still it grew; at times she felt it pull
Imploring thinly something beautiful,
And in the night was painfully awake,
And struggled in the darkness till day-break.

For not at once, not without any strife,
It died; at times it started back to life,
Now at some angel evening after rain,
Budded like early Paradise again,
Now at some flower, or human face, or sky

With silent tremble of infinity,
Or at some waft of fields in midnight sweet,

Or soul of summer dawn in the dark street.

Slowly she was aware her soul had died

Within her body, for no more it cried,
Vexed her no more; and now monotonous life

Easily passed; she was exempt from strife;

And from her soul was willing to be freed,

She could not keep what she could never feed;

And she was well; above or bliss or care;

Hunger and thirst wore her emotions bare.

For the great stars consented, and withdrew,

And music, and the moon, greenness and dew.

Yet for a time more heavily and slow

She walked, and indolently worked, as though
 About with her she could not help but bring
 Within her busy body the dead thing.

That is the story; with what masterly hand the teller of it is sketched, you must read to see. It is plain enough that here the instrument in the poet's hand is severely taxed; some of the lines are obscure, some awkward. The thing is done roughly, yet somehow it is done, and this woman, sipping gin by the bar, grows into a tragic figure, though in all her life nothing has happened that can be related as an event. The tragedy ceases to be squalid, and rises to the dignity of calm sorrow, hopeless, if you will, yet not merciless; the framer of this creature has his opiates, and for those less unhappy there is the beauty of the world. There is still dawn and evening, still the wonder of created things, and for those who cannot feel them there is forgetfulness. What was said above must be repeated here; Mr. Phillips has caught in his opening lines the tragic atmosphere of this human moth-trap; yet, in a few more verses he renders the very spirit of breathing fields and dewy sky, and thought of the one renders the other endurable.

"The Wife," his other tragic idyl of London streets, tells how a woman, left with her child and her sick husband starving in a bare garret, goes out to sell herself for bread, and returning with it, finds her man dead. It is a material tragedy, as the other was spiritual; the mind can conceive of nothing more deeply tragic, and the story is told with the barest words. Here is the passage upon which one would insist:

But at the door a moment did she quail,
 Hearing her little son behind her wall;
 Who, waking, stretched his arms out
 to her wide,

And softly, "Mother, take me with you!" cried;
 For he would run beside her, clasping tight
 Her hand, and lag at every window bright,
 Or near some stall beneath the wild gas-flare
 At the dim fruit in ghostly bloom would stare.
 Toward him she turned, and felt her bosom swell
 Wildly: he was so young almost she fell;
 Yet took him up and to allay his cries
 Smiled at him with her lips, not with her eyes,
 Then laid him down; away her hand she snatched,
 And now with streaming face the door unlatched.

Everything is reduced to the baldest statement, and by deliberate choice the physical fact is insisted on with unrelenting vision. Once we think the method betrays Mr. Phillips—the touch intended to convey the woman's hurried, stooping gesture is hardly plain enough—and once it is worthy of Dante, in the line—

Smiled at him with her lips, not with her eyes.

In the passage which follows the metre breaks into octo-syllabics, and the writer strains language and grammar desperately in his effort to render the strange drift of human beings in the gaslit Strand, into which the woman passes on her dreadful going out, and her more dreadful return. Then comes the worst artistic mistake with which we have to charge Mr. Phillips. To the inevitable brutality of his subject he adds wanton brutality of words and ideas:

With her right arm the door she pushed,
 And to the dead the *widow* rushed.
 But at the sight so deeply was she torn,

She babbled to him like one lately
born;
And sorrowful dim sounds about him
made,
That were not speech: at last she
grew afraid.
"He is not dead!" she cried, "I'll think
it not!
I shall go mad to see my darling rot.
I cannot imagine, O my Father, God,
That this kind hand will moulder in
the clod!
Dead! Is he dead? But I will find
him fast,
I'll catch his spirit up upon the blast.
We have been so long together, much
have known,
And old friends out of sadness have
we grown."

The whole of that is ill written, violent, almost turgid, and, in our judgment, false. What follows makes amends when the woman, like a stranger, makes "meek advances" to her own child, weeps over him, and pours out to his baby-ears her sorrow, thinking over past days, till nature works upon her its terrible and soothing compulsion; though in the last line again the dreadful nakedness of phrase stamps the unspeakable tragedy:

So the mild beauty of old happiness
Wandered into her mind with strange
distress,
Till slowly with the gathering light, lo
Life
Came back on her; Desire and Dust
and Strife;
The huge and various world with mur-
mur grand.
Time had begun to touch her with soft
hand,
And sacred passing hours with all
things new,
Divine forgetfulness and falling dew.
Then hunger fell on her; she set a
plate;
Mother and child that food together
ate.

The volume of poems then showed upon the whole, one would say, an artist with imperfect but increasing

technical mastery; an imagination, even in the region of pure fancy, as in the sun-god's speech, always fed with reality, not constructing dreams *in vacuo*, but vivified with the processes of life; and a mind not merely serious, but tragic in its cast, drawn to the soul of sorrow in things, apprehending to the uttermost the desperate issues of human existence. There was ripe work and there were crudities; but everywhere there was the strong sap of a new growth. Since then have appeared stray poems exhibiting the same genius and the same imperfection. Now, there is published what is a new thing in the literature of England since the days of Shakespeare and his friends; a play written in close conformity with stage requirements, which is, in every respect, a poem. And it is on the strength of this work that we are bold not to predict, but claim for Mr. Phillips a place among the really great names in English poetry. The story is that of Giovanni Malatesta, tyrant of Rimini, who married Francesca, daughter to Polenta of Ravenna. As Arthur sent Lancelot, so Giovanni sent his brother Paolo to bring home his bride; and the new Lancelot and Guinevere fell under the old fate. Drawn together against their will, Giovanni found them in each other's arms, and stabbed them *eodem ictu, eodem gladio*. For the rest Dante tells their story in the most famous passage of all poetry, ancient or modern. It was, indeed, a bold man who dared to handle again in verse that scene of the lovers reading from one book; and the highest thing we can say of Mr. Phillips is that he stands justified of his daring.

The scene opens in the dark hall of the Malatesta castle where Giovanni, the warrior-statesman, dark, fierce, and humped like Richard, waits for his bride. Among the attendants stands chief a personage whom Mr. Phillips

has invented—*Lucrezia degl' Onesti*, Giovanni's kinswoman—once, as it seems hinted, something nearer than that—but for years the ruler of his household. Giovanni speaks first in words that, from the earliest syllable, stamp the irony of the scene. For this is a story whose ending all the world knows, and we come, as they did in Greece, to watch the poet unfold it. The opening word is "Peace," and the succeeding lines take up the irony:

Peace to this house of Rimini, hence-
forth.
Kinsmen, although the Ghibelline is
fallen,
And lies out on the plains of Trentola,
Still we have foes untrampled, waver-
ing friends,
Therefore, on victory to set a seal,
To-day I take to wife Ravenna's child,
Daughter of great Polenta, our ally,
Between us an indissoluble bond.

The lines move stately and stiff; this is no marriage hymn. And while Giovanni speaks, the chains fall at the gate—for this house is a fortress or a dungeon—a door opens, sunlight streams into the dark place, and down the ray comes Paolo leading Francesca by the hand. She kneels to her husband, he raises her, and her face is disclosed from the veil. The battered statesman, "beat with many blows, death-pale with gushing of much blood, and deaf with war," speaks to her and to the assembly of himself and of his bride, "hither all dewy from her convent fetched." It is essential to visualize this scene, for the restraint which throughout Mr. Phillips observes bids him leave the contrast of youth and age, sunlight and prison-house, to speak for itself. Then the girl, too, unfolds her story:

My lord, my father gave me to you: I
Am innocent as yet of this great life;
My only care to attend the holy bell,
To sing, and to embroider curiously:

And as through glass I view the windy
world.

The poet is not lavishing ornament; the last line is an image beautiful in itself, but cut down to the barest limit of suggestion. Giovanni calls his cousin, the woman "widowed and childless" who "has ruled till now this fort of soldiers—a rough hostelry," and bids his bride take counsel of her. And so the bride is brought home; her waiting woman leaves her with a last word:

Be tender with her, even as God hath
been.

Yet, before they go, Giovanni speaks, holding his bride by the hand before them all:

Yet one word more—be sure
That, though I sheathe the sword, I am
not tamed.
What I have snared, in that I set my
teeth
And lose with agony.

And as he speaks, *Lucrezia* interrupts him; in the passion of his thought he has gripped the girl's hand till the tears stand in her eyes. It is an ugly omen. All depart except the central three, and Giovanni's first word is of affairs. Delegates from Pesaro expect his instant decision on the matter of some disputed tax, so with a word of excuse he leaves his bride for one more moment with his brother—with the youth who has borne her company, and whom she does not fear. Instantly there comes a change. She shivers like a trapped beast—as *Cassandra* started and shivered when she entered the house of the *Atridae*—and she speaks:

O Paolo,
Who were they that have lived within
these walls?
Paolo. Why do you ask?

Franc. It is not sign or sound,
Only it seemeth difficult to breathe;
It is as though I battled with this air.

The house has its own atmosphere,
and though she brought her sunlight
into the dark, the dark is about it,
strangling it; and she fears, not know-
ing what she fears—hardly knowing
what it is to fear. She is more child
than woman; she has not known the
initiation of grief, and to Paolo's ques-
tion—"You are not sad?"—she an-
swers:

What is it to be sad?
Nothing hath grieved me yet but an-
cient woes,
Sea perils, or some long-ago farewell,
Or the last sunset cry of wounded
kings.
I have wept but on the pages of a book,
And I have longed for sorrow of my
own.

He replies to her with kind words,
and bids her joy of her tranquillity.
For himself, that night he must be
gone. And with the word comes her
initiation, the first hint of sorrow. She
will not have him go; she is "but a
child," not yet used to her "grave place
and duty:"

Can we not play together a brief
while?
Stay then a little.

But before he can answer Giovanni
enters, and in every word spoken there
is again the double meaning—hidden
from him who speaks, menacing to the
hearer:—

Stand either side of me—you whom I
love.
I'd have you two as dear now to each
other
As both of you to me. We are, Fran-
cesca,
A something more than brothers—
fiercest friends;
Concordia was our mother named, and
ours

Is but one heart, one honor, and one
death.

Any that came between us I would kill.
Franc. Sir, I will love him: is he
not my brother?

So she replies in her ignorance; but
you are to conceive that an actor will
make it apparent how far from igno-
rant is Paolo of the peril about him.
And when Francesca is summoned by
her tirewoman, Paolo speaks at once
to Giovanni, "I'll say farewell to-
night." But his brother remonstrates.
Surely there is some mystery, and
none yet has been between them!
Eagerly he plies his questions till a
thought comes:

Ah, some lady you beheld
There at Ravenna in Francesca's train!
Was it not so?

Paolo. Urge me no more to words.
Giov. What woman draws you thus
away from me?

Paolo. No woman, brother, draws
me from this house.

Giov. You like not then my mar-
riage!—but, indeed,
No marriage can dissolve the bond be-
tween us.

Here you are free as ever in the
house—
Once more, what is the reason of your
going?

Paolo. Brother, 'tis nothing that has
chanced, but rather
That which may chance, if here I am
detained.

Giov. Darker, and yet more dark.
Now speak it out.

Then the fierce temper which Gio-
vanni has already avowed—the vio-
lence that showed its teeth when he
held the girl's hands—breaks out, and
to save a quarrel Paolo yields. And
so the toils close about the victims—
on the one that sees, and on the two
that are blind. But now there enters
on the scene the one actor who is not
merely the sport of fate—who forces
the issue—the "bitter, barren woman"

Lucrezia. She comes to Giovanni seemingly to bid him joy, really to rouse his fear, in a speech that tells of first love with a woman's memory of her own dreams:

O beware
This child yet scarce awake upon the world!
Dread her first ecstasy if one should come
That should appear to her half-open eyes
Wonderful as a prince from fairyland,
Or venturing through forests toward her face.

Instantly the wild beast in him rises to defend its prey; and, under show of calming, she spurs him, goads him with the phrase, "Youth goes towards youth," and hints of his "mounded back and sullen gait," till the man turns and cries out upon her bitterness. And in the intimacy of that fierce word-play the brooding thought of her life suddenly forms itself into speech—the first great speech of the play. "Bitterness—am I bitter?"—she flings the word in his face.

How else? my husband dead and childless left,
My thwarted woman thoughts have inward turned,
And that vain milk like acid in me eats.

. . . Does great God
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind
For ever? And the budding cometh on,
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:
At night the quickening splash of rain,
at dawn
The muffled call of birds, how like to babes!
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve—
I, with so much to give, perish of thrift,
Omitted by his casual dew.

Giov. Well, well,
You are spared much: children can wring the heart.

Lucr. Spared! to be spared what I was born to have!

I am a woman, and this very flesh
Demands its natural pangs, its rightful throes,
And I implore with vehemence these pains.

If that is not great poetry, what is? And the speech goes on; the woman's soul reveals itself, not seeking to conceal her hatred, the peril and the menace that are in her:—

It is such souls as mine that go to swell
The childless cavern cry of the barren sea
Or make that human ending to night wind.

There, at last, is set before us the actor with a motive, the spring of fate's engine. But—for Mr. Phillips clings to the outline of the story as related in the Italian book, which tells of an astrologer's prediction—there is other food to Giovanni's passion of jealousy. The blind old woman who has been his foster-mother demands to see him, and she, too, feels the strange commotion, the troubled atmosphere of the house:

Ah, but a juice too pure hath now been poured
In a dark ancient wine, and the cup seethes.

As he holds her she shivers as Francesca had shivered. She fears for him, for the man once mailed and impenetrable, who has now taken into his life this "strange, soft thing," and grows at once vulnerable. While she broods upon her fear, the dark eyes begin to see two sitting in an arbor—his wife and another. But as he tears the words from her stammering lips she checks; "the face was dim;" only this she can tell him—in words dark as night to him, plain to the listener:—

He shall be
Not far to seek: yet perilous to find:
Unwillingly he comes a-wooing; she

Unwillingly is wooed: yet shall they
woo—
His kiss was on her lips ere she was
born.

As he still questions a sound breaks
in on them. "What is that sound?"
she asks, and he answers, "My marriage
trumpets."

So the first act closes with a last
touch of the tragic irony. One may
cavil, perhaps, at the scene of second
sight; yet the episode is in the story,
and enough belief in the possibility
of such vision lingers or revives to
justify its introduction on the stage;
and the old blind nurse might be a
figure scarcely less effective in her way
than even Cassandra.

In the second act the net closes, and
the victims know themselves meshed.
Paolo urges his going, yet Giovanni
has a new reason why he should stay.
He has been warned of peril to Francesca,
and since he himself must shortly
be absent on affairs—for the trouble
grows fast in Pesaro—who shall defend
Francesca like Paolo from this
peril, this dread of "one stealing in to
woo her?" But the more Giovanni
urges, the more strongly Paolo recoils.
Then the elder brother, summoned
away himself, bids Francesca plead
for him, and she in her innocent ignorance
tortures the man with pretty entreaties,
till he breaks out upon her
with words "sweet, but dark." Vaguely
she knows her power over him; innocently
she tries it; till at last he tears
himself away, and she is left to her
thoughts, the mystery of her own
magic. As she questions in the glass
with her own face—

Slight face and yet the cause of woe to
men—

her maid comes in, and with a brief
exchange of words—but all this scene
is the most exquisite poetry—the truth
is flashed on her:

Nita. He is, my lady,
Your husband's brother.

Franc. O, I had not thought,
I had not thought—I have sinned and
I am stained.

And so she has her answer. Now
sorrow comes; she is awake, a woman
now, blossoming into the fulness of
her beauty, and her dark husband,
returning, can scarcely take his fingers
out of her bright hair. Yet she
leaves him, and on the instant he is
a prey again to his fears, and to Lucrezia,
who sowed them, he imparts
the crop. She, quick on the scent,
pauses, hovers for a moment over
blind Angela's words, then swoops
upon their meaning. But it is gradually
and by slow steps that she leads
him on to the narrowing of the circle
till the name is on his lips, yet he
shrinks from uttering it till she drives
him:—

Giovanni, who shall set a shore to love?
When hath it ever swerved from death,
or when

Hath it not burned away all barriers,
Even dearest ties of mother and of son,
Even of brothers?—

Giov. (seizing her arm). Is it Paolo?

Then the strong man, shaken with his
pity and rage, falls into a fit, but
awakens with the cry:

Henceforward let no woman bear two
sons.

And he, too, is now a worker with
fate, not a passive victim. Yet, one
obstacle remains. Paolo is gone—gone
with his troop of horse; but at a way-
side inn the troop is halted, just clear
of Rimini, and here there passes a
scene in prose of a curious ringing
quality, with a drinking song that
could hardly be bettered for its purpose
here; the spirit of recklessness is in it.
The soldiers are bidding their
girls good-bye; they have come thus far

together, but, with laughter and not without tragic tears, they part. The men march out, and their officers enter; with them Paolo, whose eyes can look only down the straight road to Rimini. His comrades rally him on his sadness; he is apt to quarrel, but they leave him, and he stays to fight the losing battle against his heart. For a moment the drums passing stir him, and he makes to follow the soldiers, yet cannot. One way alone remains, "a straight path to the dark."

And they that find me dead shall lay
me down,
Beautiful as a sleeper at her feet.

Thus the escaping quarry is herded
back into the trap, and the net is
drawn.

So far, setting aside Lucrezia's speech—and even that is germane to the matter—not a word has been spoken that does not advance the action, except the drinking scene of the soldiers, deliberately thrown in to relieve, for a moment, the increasing gloom. And the third act opens with another passage where, for a moment, life is at play, though in a sinister shadow. In the apothecary's shop at nightfall girls are buying and a girl is selling love philtres and drugs against love. But darkness comes quick, the doors close, and the apothecary Pulci comes in to send his daughter from her play with the cosmetics that she is applying to her pretty face. Then comes a knock, and a man enters masked—not Paolo but Giovanni. He, too, has come for a drug—"some dreamy potion that can enthrall a woman's wandering heart." As they debate upon Pulci's offers, another knock comes; Giovanni hides himself. The door is gently unbarred, and from the night Paolo enters. He flings down his purse on the counter, demanding in exchange

Some drug
That can fetch down on us the eternal
sleep
Anticipating the slow mind of God.

And, under cover of desire to know the purpose for which the poison is needed, the old man draws from him his confession—the frank speech of one unknown, having no more concern with life, to one who neither knows nor cares. And Giovanni, half shrouded in the darkness, hears, and is silent while the desperate lover goes again into the dark, and the poison merchant follows him, fearing lest he should kill himself at the very door. So Giovanni is alone, torn between his love, his pity, and his dreadful relief. In this hasty analysis of the action one cannot indicate the poetry. But for an actor who could act surely there should be a wonderful occasion in this scene of silence; for even when Giovanni steps into the light, and exchanges phrases with the old man, he is really silent, crushing down a cry in his throat.

The second scene is laid outside the Malatesta Castle, in a lane divided by a wall from the garden, and to this point Paolo is drawn like a homing pigeon. On to the garden Francesca's window looks; if he die, it must be near her; more than that—

At least I must behold her before
death,
And go straight from her face into the
grave.

So through the postern he passes into the garden. Quick on his heels come two couriers, rousing the household with urgent news for Giovanni, and while they still seek, the Prince himself enters, treading the same straight way from Pulci's house to his bride's chamber. By torchlight he reads the message: "Pesaro is risen; not a moment to be lost." Another messenger; San Arcangelo is ready to

break out. What should detain him now? He has no more to fear; his hidden foe is dead or dying, and so he hastens out to mount and ride, while Paolo wanders in the dark garden; and thither the scene shifts. It is the still hour between night and day, and Francesca, sleepless with the new torment in her blood, wanders out into the coolness, and with her Nita bearing a lamp. She sets it in the arbor, and leaves her mistress to read herself into quiet. As Francesca begins to read Paolo enters, and from this prelude they pass into a scene which is the emotional centre of the play, a scene where Mr. Phillips, borrowing from Dante, makes what he borrows his own. One cannot quote the whole, and it must not be mutilated; but it tells how, in the simplest and most natural way, the speech between them—the strange, thrilling speech where every word has its echo, where the true speech is that which is not spoken—turns upon the book she holds, and they speak of the story and those “famous and unlucky names” of Lancelot and Guinevere. And from the answering melody of their own words they pass to another antiphony, where he reads till his voice breaks, and she takes up the reading; but her eyes fill and swim, and he once more reads, till at the close—the *disiato riso*—words fail, and they kiss.

Two days pass before the next act. Giovanni returns stained and triumphant from his descent on Pesaro, but looking in the eyes of men at the gate for some tidings that are kept back. They huddle together before his fierce gaze and questioning, but no word can be drawn from them. He cannot understand. (“Lies he so quiet that none has found him?”) and he sends for Lucrezia. “What news at home?” he asks, and she answers, “Paolo is returned.” For an instant he is struck dumb; then he masters himself. Paolo

has “crept back like a thief into the house,” and he will be “wary of this creeping thing:”

Oh, I have no emotion now, no blood.
No longer I postpone nor fight this
doom:

I see that it must be, and I am grown
The accomplice and the instrument of
Fate,

A blade! a knife! no more.

Yet he will not “rashly kill.” But how to take them in each other’s embrace, and “stab them there enfolded and entwined?” The woman’s cunning prompts him. Let him give out that this is only a moment’s pause in the war, that the camp calls him back; then, leaving the lovers in this fancied security, watch, take, and kill. And he acts accordingly; Francesca, sent for, enters. He tells her he must be gone again, and commends her to Paolo, but in words where his bitterness pierces through:

Loyal he is to me, loyal and true.

He has also a gaiety of mind

Which I have ever lacked: he is besides
More suited to your years, can sing and
play,

And has the art long hours to entertain.

Yet, as he goes, he turns in a moment
of remorse:

Come here, Francesca, kiss me—yet
not so;

You put your lips up to me like a child.

’Tis not so long ago I was a child,

she cries, then seizing him, implores him not to leave her; there are terrors in the house, dreadful faces of “the dead who smile”—she dare not be alone. He bids her—relenting as it should seem for an instant—take some one to sleep with her, Lucrezia or Nita; yet she clings to him; but he shakes her off, and the two women are left alone. Then, suddenly, the plot takes

a new turn, quite unlooked for, yet quite natural and harmonious with the opening. Francesca bids Lucrezia lie with her that night, and the older woman consents cunningly, but goes about her insidious purpose. Francesca is lonely; why not seek company? Paolo, too, seems sick for companionship. But the hunted thing turns:

Oh, why so eager?
Where would all those about me drive
me? First
My husband earnestly to Paolo
Commends me; and now you must call
him in.
(Wildly) Where can I look for pity?

and with a flash of divination she appeals to the mother-longing of the childless woman:

I have no mother: let me be your child
To-night: I am so utterly alone!
Be gentle with me; or if not, at least
Let me go home; this world is difficult.
O, think of me as of a little child
That looks into your face and asks
your hand.

(Lucrezia softly touches Francesca's
hair.)

Why do you touch my head? Why do
you weep?

I would not pain you.

Lucr. Ah, Francesca! You
Have touched me where my life is
quivering most.

I have no child, and yet if I had borne
one

I could have wished her hair had been
this color.

So the hunter is now the defender;
but the meshes are woven and must be
undone. Giovanni must be found, and
from that moment Lucrezia leaves her
newly-discovered love and goes to seek
and to turn aside the slayer. So, striving
to combat fate, she works with it, for
Francesca is left alone. Night is drawing
on; she paces in her chamber, and
her unrest is evident even to Nita, so
plain that the maid offers her own

coarse counsel. Why should Francesca fret? it is so easy for a woman to humor an old man, and yet to take her pleasure. Francesca answers her:

O Nita, when we women sin, 'tis not
By art; it is not easy, it is not light;
It is an agony shot through with bliss,
We sway, and rock, and suffer ere we
fall.

But as she speaks a knock comes at the door. Paolo asks entrance. He is sent away; yet the girl's unrest grows every moment. She bids her maid talk to keep her thoughts moving, but as the maid chatters her mistress starts—a step is heard in the garden, "a sad step, and it goeth to and fro." Then his voice comes and at last he gains admission. Nita goes as he enters, and there follows a second love scene, the climax and completion of the first. Love, no longer tremulous, is now confessed the master. For a moment Francesca struggles, but she is overborne:

Franc. Kiss me and leave me, Paolo,
to-night.

Paolo. What do you fear?

Franc. One watches quietly.

Paolo. Who?

Franc. I know not; perhaps
the quiet face

Of God: the eternal listener is near.

Paolo. I'll struggle now no more.
Have I not fought

Against thee as a foe most terrible?

Parried the nimble thrust and thought
of thee,

And from thy mortal sweetness fled
away,

Yet evermore returned? Now all the
bonds

Which held me I cast off—honor, es-
teem,

All ties, all friendship, peace, and life
itself.

You only in this universe I want.

Franc. You fill me with a glorious
vastness. What!

Shall we two, then, take up our fate
and smile?

Paolo. Remember how when first
we met we stood
Stung with immortal recollections.
O face immured beside a fairy sea
That leaned down at dead midnight to
be kissed!

O beauty folded up in forests old!
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's
nights.

Franc. Thy armour glimmered in a
gloom of green.

Paolo. Did I not sing to thee in
Babylon?

Franc. Or did we set a sail in Car-
thage Bay?

Paolo. Were thine eyes strange?

Franc. Did I not know thy voice?
All ghostly grew the sun, unreal the air,
Then when we kissed.

Paolo. And in that kiss our souls
Together flashed, and now they are one
flame

Which nothing can put out, nothing
divide.

Franc. Kiss me again! I smile at
what may chance.

Since one must mangle, there is the
fragment; few will be willing, of those
who love poetry, to leave the rest un-
read.

The lovers pass together behind the
curtains. Scarcely are they gone be-
fore Nita returns, and, after her, Lu-
crezia, desperate with a vain search.
She has hunted every corner, but Gio-
vanni is subtly hidden. And now,
where is Francesca? She wrings the
truth out of the maid, and rushes to
the curtains, but as she reaches them
a hand parts their folds; in the one
place where Lucrezia has not sought,
the place to which the lovers were in-
evitably drawn, Giovanni waited.
He speaks at first in a strange calm;
he and Lucrezia gaze into each other's
eyes, but his are inscrutable. But
she goes to take his hand, and there is
blood on it:

Giov. 'Tis not my blood.

Lucr. O then—

Giov. "O, then" is all.

(As in a frenzy) And now their love
that was so secret close

Shall be proclaimed. Tullio, Carlo,
Biagi!—

They shall be married before all men.
Nita!

Rouse up the house and bring in lights,
lights, lights!

There shall be music, feasting, and
dancing.

Wine shall be drunk. Candles, I say!
More lights!

More marriage lights! Where tarry
they the while,

The nuptial tapers? Rouse up all the
house!

(All this while servants and others, half-
dressed, are continually rushing in with
lights and torches. They stand whisper-
ing).

Giovanni bids the bodies be brought
out with ceremony, as for a wedding;
the old blind nurse comes in, feeling a
crowd about her, and a crowd of others
than the living. Then the litter is
borne in, and Lucrezia sobs, but Gio-
vanni stills her:

Break not out in lamentation.

(A pause . . . The servants set
down the litter.)

Lucr. (Going to litter.) I have borne
one child, and she has died in
youth!

Giov. (Going to litter.) Not easily
have we three come to this—

We three who now are dead. Un-
willingly

They loved, unwillingly I slew them.
Now

I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

(He bends over the bodies, and kisses
them on the forehead. He is shaken.)

Lucr. What ails you now?

Giov. She takes away my strength.
I did not know the dead could have
such hair.

Hide them. They look like children
fast asleep!

(The bodies are reverently covered over.)

That is the end, tragic, heartrending,
but solemn and harmonious, to which
the whole stream of the action tends.

The analysis we have given is designed to show how everything is subordinated to the development of the plot, and that the fate moves relentlessly, with motion back and forward like that of waves, but advancing irresistibly as a tide to its appointed conclusion. There are no redundancies; the temptation to eloquence, even to lyrical poetry, is everywhere severely repressed, yet in every scene there is poetry, and in almost all there is great poetry. Since the "Cenci" no drama at all approaching it in the essential qualities of passion and beauty has been written, and this is, what the "Cenci" is not, an acting play.

That brings us to the last word we have to say. After the appearance of "Marpessa" and the other poems, Mr. George Alexander, knowing that Mr. Phillips had been at one time an actor, commissioned him to write a play. What M. Alexander expected, it is not possible to say; but if he expected anything a tenth part as good as what he has got, he was a sanguine man. However, he has had the play for a year, and not having produced it, nor seeing his way to produce it within a reasonable period, has given the author leave to publish it as a book. Alfred de Musset's comedies, which most of us would think the finest flower of French drama within this century, appeared in the same way, yet they are played still, and probably will hold the stage

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indefinitely. Every nation has the stage and the press that it deserves; and it is no longer possible to affirm that good plays are not produced because no good plays are written. If the theatre-going public does not wish to see "Paolo and Francesca" acted—and to have its full effect this play, which is written to be acted, needs to be acted—the theatre-going public has lost all capacity for enjoying serious dramatic art. That is a thing which we see no reason to believe; we still trust that we are not damned to an eternity of "Charley's Aunts" and "Gaiety Girls." "Paolo and Francesca" is finer poetry, stronger in passion, stronger in logic, and more dramatically effective—in a word, more interesting—than Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," yet "Pelleas and Melisande" had a considerable success—quite sufficient to prove that a taste for poetry exists among theatre-goers. "Robespierre," a savage pantomime about as artistic as a bull-fight, drew crowded houses, and we are entitled to deduce from this that farce and comedy have no monopoly. But whether "Paolo and Francesca" be seen on the boards in this country or not—even if it have to be translated into German to find actors and audience intelligent enough to play and understand it—the fact remains that a great play has been written which is also a great poem.

CLIMB UPWARD ON THY PRAYERS.

No prayer did ever speed aright,
But forth it steals anon,
And hangs in heaven a little light,
To lead its brothers on.

Frederick Langbridge.

THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

The Intelligence Division of the War Office is an affiliated but locally-distinct branch, having no abiding place in that labyrinth of dark staircases and blind passages, situated on the south side of Pall Mall, which is still as difficult to perambulate as when Charles Gordon refused to remain there, saying it was easier to find his way about Central Africa. The "Intelligence," as it is commonly called, has always had its own separate home; first in Spring Gardens, then in Adair House, until that building was swallowed up by the extension of the Junior Carlton Club. Now it is lodged in a lofty and commodious mansion in Queen Anne's Gate, the other side of St. James's Park, none too big for the archives and masses of material knowledge it has now accumulated.

Its presses are filled to overflowing; the matter, too, is admirably tabulated and indexed, and reports on any reasonable, not too recondite, subject, are almost immediately available for the use of those entitled to ask for them. This means much more than the War Office—all the public departments, Foreign Office and Colonial Office included, draw upon the Military Intelligence; the Admiralty has its own machinery for collecting information, but it is also in touch with Queen Anne's Gate. Alone among War Office branches the Intelligence is entitled to correspond direct with the various departments. In addition to the stores of papers and documents filed for reference, the Intelligence is provided with a very well-chosen and fairly-comprehensive library, and access to the shelves is cordially extended to all who seek special information.

Before passing on to speak in de-

tail of the important and useful work done by a department which has been of inestimable service—and this can be fully proved, present grumbling notwithstanding—it will be well to describe the personnel of the office. It consists of a chief or Director, an Assistant Adjutant-General as second in command, six Deputy Assistant Adjutant-Generals, six staff-captains, and a small number of clerks, the whole theory of the establishment being that the work should, as far as possible, be conducted by officers of responsible rank and position.

The Director has always been an officer of mark, and among those who have held the post may be mentioned Sir Archibald Alison, Sir Patrick MacDougall, Colonel Cameron, Sir Henry Brackenbury, at present Director-General of Ordnance, Sir William Chapman, now commanding the forces in Scotland, who was Lord Roberts's right-hand man in the Afghan campaigns, and especially in the notable march from Cabul to Candahar. The present director is Sir John Ardagh, who is, perhaps, the best equipped for the control of the department of any who have exercised it. Two or three faculties which he possesses to a marked degree especially qualify him; one is indefatigable energy, another great powers of concentration on the subject in hand, a third is a marvelously-retentive memory. He surprised every one when he returned to the office—in which, years ago, he occupied a subordinate place—by the accuracy and fulness of his knowledge of all that had gone before. He could tell at a moment's glance when and how a subject had been raised and how decided, could often point to the very

pigeon-hole where it was "P. A.," or "put away," and this without any reference to index or notes. Sir John Ardagh is a member of one of the scientific corps, a Royal Engineer, who has seen much and varied service and devoted much thought to the military problems of the day.

The business of the Intelligence Department is entrusted to several subdivisions, six in all, each of which deals with a particular branch of the whole. The various subjects comprise:

1. The collection and collation of all information with regard to the military defence of the Empire, and the examination of all schemes of defence, in the strategical and scientific aspect.

2. The accumulation of all facts that can be obtained as to the military strength and resources of foreign powers. This covers accurate information on the military geography of the several countries concerned, the physical features and the artificial treatment of their frontiers, and generally the value of their defensive lines. It embraces the fullest details that can be obtained of the armed strength of the three arms, not merely numbers of personnel and quantity of material, but their organization and the system of mobilization, or, in other words, of raising the peace establishment to a war footing. The same sort of information is collected and recorded from all British colonies and possessions. It is the especial duty of the department under this head to provide at short notice the comprehensive reports already mentioned, upon any of these points.

3. Map-making in a military sense; the correcting of all existing maps by the light of latest knowledge, noting the changes made by the rectification of frontiers, the pressure of war, the improvements in the methods of mov-

ing troops by the creation of new railway lines or other communications.

4. The translation of foreign documents received by public departments, for which purpose the staff of the office is always strengthened by the employment of officers who are skilled linguists. There are generally some to be found in Queen Anne's Gate who are familiar with one or more of the languages current in the civilized world abroad.

Taking next the various subdivisions in detail, with the staff and the nature of the business apportioned to each, we have:

A. Controlled by a Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, with the aid of a staff-captain and one military clerk. "A" has at this moment only an "acting" head; its permanent chief, Major Cooper, is, at this moment, in South Africa, serving as senior A. D. C. to Sir Francis Clery in Natal. "A" deals with all facts concerning

(a) France, (b) Belgium, (c) Italy, (d) Spain, (e) Portugal, (f) Central and South American States, (g) Mexico.

B. With a similar staff, although its Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, Major Altham, Royal Scots, is, at this moment, chief Intelligence officer in Ladysmith to Sir George White, takes

(a) The British Colonies and all British Protectorates with their spheres of influence; (b) Polynesia and Oceania; (c) Cyprus; (d) South African Republic and Orange Free State, with the adjoining native states; and generally (e) Imperial defence.

C has for its permanent head Captain the Hon. H. A. Lawrence, 17th Lancers, Intelligence officer with Lieut.-General French, and it deals with

(a) Germany, (b) Netherlands, (c) Denmark, (d) Switzerland, (e) Sweden

and Norway, (f) United States, (g) Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands.

D has for permanent head Lieut.-Colonel Waters, an officer who speaks Russian, and is also an accomplished Oriental scholar; he is at present attached to Sir William Gatacre in the northeast of Cape Colony. "D" is charged with

(a) Russia, (b) India, (c) Burmah, (d) Siam, (e) China, (f) Central Asia, (g) Japan, (h) Afghanistan, (j) Persia and Muscat, (k) Sokotra.

E has for its chief Major Count Gleichen of the Grenadier Guards, now serving with his regiment in Lord Methuen's force upon the Modder River, and, till lately, assisted by, as staff-captain, Captain Forestier-Walker, also in South Africa with the 18th Field Battery in Lord Methuen's column. "E" is responsible for

(a) Austro-Hungary, (b) the Ottoman Empire, (c) Roumania, (d) Greece, (e) Servia and Montenegro, (f) Bulgaria, (g) Crete, (h) Egypt, (j) Somaliland, (k) Congo Free State, (l) Morocco, (m) Abyssinia and all parts of Africa still under native rule.

F, which is under Major Grant and Lieut. Gwynn, R. E., is the map branch, and is concerned with the preparation of all military maps and their issue to the army, always excepting those under the Ordnance Survey and needed for engineer service. This subdivision considers all frontier questions, everywhere. It has attached to it a large map-room, with an extensive collection of maps, plans, and charts; it has charge of astronomical calculations and records of positions fixed by the stars; it indexes all fresh geographical information, and notes the movements and discoveries of travellers and explorers.

L is the Librarian's sub-division, and it is controlled by Captain Cromie, L.L.B., who is himself a mine of knowledge, loving the books on his well-filled shelves, and always courteously ready to assist the authorized student and inquirer. The Librarian has the control of the office cipher, and the Government telegraphic code, and the records of telegraphic address.

The methods by which the Intelligence Department obtains the information which is as the breath to its nostrils, the main object, indeed, of its existence, cannot, and naturally ought not, to be publicly made known. But it may be taken as certain that they are, for the most part, open and avowable. In the first place any system of espionage is abhorrent to our spirit and traditions, and even if bribery and corruption were considered necessary, there are no funds easily available for the payment of secret agents, and the purchase of news and facts underhand. The Intelligence Department has never been allowed to dip deep into the funds appropriated for secret service, and, failing them, there is no money to be had; every item of military expenditure is much too closely watched both by antecedent estimate and subsequent audit to leave any loophole for the appropriation of a single farthing to any purpose not distinctly and specifically stated. It may be argued that there are no very portentous secrets closely guarded against inquiry even by the most jealous of military hierarchies; this was the one fact plainly proved at the Dreyfus trial—the alleged leakage was not of serious consequence. Most things in the nature of very new inventions and warlike appliances become public property sooner or later, for the scientific mind works commonly in the same direction, and, as we have often seen, great discoveries are made in many different places at much the same time. Of

course an expert may come upon the fringe of something he has long suspected but could not quite evolve, and then gain his last inspiration by some happy chance. Some time back an eminent inventor and manufacturer of explosives verified the constitution of *mélinite* when it first came in by the adherence of only a few grains of the powder to his finger-nail when it was casually and unguardedly shown to him. From this to minute investigation and analysis, with the exact result he needed, was not difficult for the adroit chemist. But had he not succeeded in this way the discovery would, no doubt, have been made by some one else.

The rôle of the Intelligence Department is not, however, the prying out of coming changes and improvements so much as keeping abreast of all established and recognized facts. It aspires to possess ample and exact knowledge of the condition of foreign armies and the military resources of foreign countries. It may not be always and immediately successful, nor is its information necessarily brought down to the latest date. We have heard unpleasant rumors of late that it was hoodwinked by the guileful Boer, and that the Transvaal Government (as General Joubert has claimed) did really lay in vast stores of war material, altogether unknown to our agents. How far this charge can be substantiated remains to be seen when all the *arcana* of our present War Office is laid bare. The "Intelligence" in this matter must have depended upon the main channel for supplying news, namely, the British representative at Pretoria, for there was no military attaché accredited to Mr. Conyngham Greene, and that diplomatic agent possessed no especial and technical skill to help him in acquiring military facts. Other sources of information were limited to officers

travelling in or visiting the Transvaal, whose identity was, for the most part, known, and who would certainly not be permitted to see or verify much. It is on record, however, that in one case a British officer spent some time in Pretoria on the very eve of war, and was allowed to secure a number of mules for transmission across the frontier. He was, no doubt, in disguise; but even so, he could not have learnt much of the advanced state of preparedness of the Boers, nor probably would a full and particular report thereof have attracted much attention from a Government obstinately determined not to think evil of our most undisguised enemies.

As against this alleged ignorance of their true strength and the consequent underestimate of the resistance to be expected, it is stated on seemingly unimpeachable authority that the confidential reports supplied by the "Intelligence," but not at present made public, did really call attention to the numbers, efficiency, and general excellent character of the Boer forces; that, as regards the first, the totals approximated pretty closely to those said to be now in the field, a statement still, of course, to be tested; that in the matter of ordnance, both in the quality and quantity of the Boer artillery, these were known almost gun for gun; and, lastly, that their possession of Mauser rifles and vast stores of ammunition great and small was known as an undoubted fact. It is anticipating the fierce controversy that must soon rage on these points to claim no more than that the Intelligence Department actually raised its voice in warning, and that it, at least, is not to be blamed if the authorities entered too lightly upon the present costly struggle. The chief and acknowledged props of our "Intelligence" are the military attaché to our various ministries abroad. Theoretically, they

have no means of acquiring knowledge other than the official; practically, they are, of course, aided by their powers of observation; the trained professional skill which can note at a glance things most worth knowing, such as the handling of artillery, the speed and weight of a cavalry charge, the probable value of some new "order of attack." The attaché, to be really useful, must be a *persona grata* to the foreign officers of the country in which he is serving, and he often learns much from the *camaraderie* of the cloth and the free discussion of measures and methods. All this is work that is open and above board. We may not inquire too closely whether or not intelligence is gained by other means, but it is pretty certain that there are plenty of secret agents in every capital, eager to sell it at a price, and often very pertinacious in their offers of some particularly valuable bit of news. The game is seldom worth the candle, and it is exceedingly dangerous. Not many years back an attaché to the English Embassy to a great Power is said to have narrowly escaped arrest through intrigue with one of these unavowable persons. Possibly the foreign government would not have proceeded to extremities with one of the *corps diplomatique*, but the pressure must have been very severe, for the story ran that the attaché found a passport waiting for him at his chancery, and was hurried across the frontier in rather undignified haste. The rumor said that other military attachés, of other nationalities, that is to say, were involved in the scrape, and had also to fly the country.

A glance at any of the papers prepared by the Intelligence will sufficiently prove that it obtains much that is worth knowing by legitimate means. Thus, in the report on the changes in foreign armies, which was published a couple of years back, and to which ref-

erence may now be made without breach of confidence, it will be found that ample information was afforded on many most interesting points. The question, then somewhat in its infancy, of the attitude of the great military powers towards quick-firing field guns, was discussed at length, how they were waiting on each other, France watching Germany, and *vice versa*, each flinching from the outlay and pausing till the other began. Now we know that France has made the first step, and, according to the best-informed artillerists, has re-armed the field artillery with a very light quick-firer, no more than a seven-pounder, with such facilities for "laying" and serving that it can be discharged with extraordinary rapidity. All this, which is now fully known, was long foreshadowed by our Intelligence Department; so was the general introduction into the Austrian army of the Mannlicher 8 mm. repeating rifle. Again, the whole of the army reorganization of Japan, under the Bill brought in in 1896, is explained in detail; also the new cavalry drill introduced into Russia; the short-comings of the Turkish army in every respect, the word "neglect" written on every part of its organization, are described in plain language. To these were added full particulars of the inadequacy of the armaments of the United States for serious war just then imminent with Spain, and the still more deplorable unfitness of that last-named country to cope with it. The fullest information is afforded of the peace and war strength of the nations, and special attention is paid to the development of railway systems for military purposes, especially by Russia, Austria-Hungary, Japan, and even Turkey, which has, of late years, completed long lines of immense strategic importance.

It cannot be said that our Intelligence Department has been idle or

that it does not fully justify existence. On the one subject which has been questioned, that of its failure to keep pace with Boer activity in armament, the last word has not yet been said, and not the least important branch of

the inevitable inquiry into the conduct of the present campaign will be to elicit how far the Government was warned of the Boer strength, and the weight it attached to the information received.

Cornhill Magazine.

Arthur Griffiths.

FROM "POUR LES TREIZE PORTES DE LA VILLE."*

V.

FOR THE BEGGARS' GATE.

The bitter blast freezes us, and the sleet
And rain like tears upon our faces beat;
Winter and Spring alike are pitiless
To beggars, and in vain does their distress
Plead to the pity of the passer-by!
The careless swallows graze us as they fly;
Scenting our rags afar, the watch-dogs bark;
Men fear to meet us in the forest dark;
Yet we are gentle—we who listen oft
Where reeds beside the river rustle soft;
We who, alas, have seen o'er wood and dale
So many times the dawn, alas, rise pale,
So many a time the sun sink in the sea—
The wayside thorns have torn us cruelly;
Never have the hard stones along our path
Once served us for a threshold or a hearth,
For hearth-flames are of gold and naked we;
Men of ill-will entreat us evilly.
All doors are barred, all bolts are fast for us.
And thou, rich city, perfumed, amorous!
Thou openest to the trickster and the slave
Thy portals proud, while we in vain must crave
An entrance 'neath thy postern dark and low—
May our curse light on thee as back we throw
Against thy brazen door, with thankless palms,
The bitter crust of thy un pitying alms!

VI.

FOR THE NUPTIAL GATE.

Behold the dawn! Take thou in thy soft hand
The painted wax, lit for our nuptial brand,

* Translated for The Eclectic Magazine by Mary D. Frost.

Which over our embraces shone last night,
As home we came, with train and solemn rite;
The brand has kindled on our hearth the blaze
And in our hearts love's torch; and future days,
Whether for weal or woe, to us can bring
Only one fate, and one same harvesting,
Whether the bramble twines where bloomed the rose,
Or where the hemlock sprang, the myrtle grows—
The gray dawn glimmers through the open door.
O rise, and don thy robe and go before,
Wearing thy opal ring and bearing high
The torch, if darkness still doth veil the sky;
We will go hand in hand, and lest some harm
Should come to thee, I'll shield thee with my arm;
Three times we'll wander round the fountain's brim
Where the nymph sleepeth, and as o'er the rim
Of night the morning peeps, we'll quench for aye
In the still pool the useless torch—'Tis day!
Let us go seek the forest or the sea,
The city's gates are open wide and free,
And as beneath their marble arch we go
O'er the hard pavement worn by tread of woe,
Let echo the soft cadenced steps repeat
Of those who go toward Life with lightsome feet!

VII.

FOR THE BURIAL GATE.

O thou who dlest young, dawn on thy brow
Rosy and gray, as thou didst dream e'en now
Life's page should open, tinged with grief and joy—
Happy thy fate! for grandsire and fair boy,
Gold locks and gray, shall follow, hand in hand,
As thou dost enter on the peaceful land
By the Eternal path that all must tread;
For o'er the marble tomb where rests thy head
And 'neath the portal where with carolling
Shall pass the glad procession of the Spring—
The *endless* Spring that o'er my threshold goes—
The softest petals of the early rose
April shall waft o'er thee on her return.
But if illustrious ashes fill thy urn
And thou hast writ in glory and ripe age
A proud and tragic name on History's page
With lightning of thy sword, and echoing fame,
Go to thy grave amid the sunset's flame,
Great shade! And as the night through ebony gate
Doth pass, let the harsh wind that bloweth late
Quench, as the bearers bend beneath my porch
The gleam of cresset and the flare of torch!

VIII.

FOR THE GATE OF THE SEA.

I, steersman bold, and watcher at the prow,
 Who know the sting of surf upon my brow,
 The dashing spray that the wild sea-winds spurn,
 The lustral water, and the funeral urn—
 I, who have seen the ruddy torch gleam bright,
 And the pale watch-lamp glimmer through the night—
 Welcome with eyes of dawn, and sad Exile
 With sombre eyes—I, who have watched the smile
 Of happy love, and eke love's tears forlorn,
 Seen the gay mantle rent by wayside thorn—
 I, who have stood where heads of warriors slain
 Before war's pruning-hook have fall'n like grain,
 Have ridden the wild steed, and wilder gale,
 I, vagabond of highway and of sail,
 Within whose ear the sound has lingered long
 Of shepherds' bag-pipe and of rowers' song.
 Behold me, home again from seas unknown
 And stony lands where I have walked alone
 With destiny! Here naked stand I now,
 The wild sea-horses snorting round my prow;
 I enter with spread sails and plunging keel
 As on their silver wings the sea-gulls wheel—
 A wanderer like them, jocund and free,
 I enter by the portal of the sea!

*Henri de Régnier.**The Revue des Deux Mondes.*

ANIMAL CHIVALRY.

One of the most delightful things about our own species is its colossal, but quite unconscious conceit. Until within the past few generations it would scarcely have even occurred to us to doubt that we were the central figure of the universe and that our fate was the chief concern of the gods. With an equally naïve self-satisfaction, we have quietly arrogated to ourselves the sole possession of a moral sense. We cannot deny to our animal cousins the possession of many, indeed nearly all, of

the primitive virtues—affection, courage, loyalty, and faithfulness to the death; but we do deny them the moral credit for them, on the ground that they are the result of "mere instinct."

The position is one which, for the sake of our own peace of mind, it were best not to pry into too curiously, as we should, I fear, find ourselves face to face with the discomfiting fact that not only are many of the best and noblest things of which we are capable done purely on instinct, but also some

of our worst and cruelest actions from a sense of duty, or for "conscience sake." So that, before an impartial bar, we might well find difficulty in proving that the practical conduct of many animals does not somehow manage to reach as high an average as our own, even though they be utterly devoid of, in Arnold's celebrated phrase,

"The sense in us for conduct, the sense in us for duty."

I am not so presumptuous as to desire to raise this wide and wrathful question in any formal way, but merely to direct attention to the very small corner of it pertaining to the possession by animals of a sense of chivalry, of *noblesse oblige*, of duties towards the weak and defenceless, and letting a few instances speak for themselves.

I do not refer to the impulses rising out of the sense of guardianship over the family and loyalty to the herd or pack upon the part of the male, or devotion to the young on the part of the female, as I think that no one who has been admitted to terms of intimacy with many animals will feel any hesitation in his own mind as to the existence of a very distinct and high sense of duty in this regard in the animal mind, and a keen sense of shame at failure to live up to it. It is with the more Bayard-like feelings, of less intensity but wider range, that I am here concerned. These may be roughly grouped under three heads: the attitude of animals towards the young or the defenceless females of their own and other species, towards "the ladies," and towards men.

Although many painful instances are on record of the ruthless destruction by animals of the young and females of other species, or even of their own, yet there is, I think, little question that in the main there runs a sort of unwritten law through the animal

kingdom that infancy, and even childhood, are entitled to certain rights of immunity which must be respected. Indeed, I think most exceptions to this rule would be found to depend on some curious connection in the animal mind between strength and size, for most of them are in the cases of small animals, between whom and their young victims there is not so much discrepancy in size. In fact, the balance may be in favor of the victim. Certainly the smallest animals, such as stoats, weasels, martens, etc., are the worst offenders in this respect, and dogs, who can be easily urged to chase a lamb or a calf, will turn aside from and refuse to attack blind kittens or very young rabbits.

The attitude of animals towards the young of their own species is, we think, almost uniform, most of us having probably seen instances of it. I was once the proud possessor of a fine English setter, a dog of handsome presence and a most Hibernian delight in the "fog o' fightin'," and extremely jealous, to the degree of quarrelsomeness, of every rival that came about the place. He would face any dog, and, indeed, had thrashed and been recognized as the master of most of the neighborhood, but if a young puppy or kitten were suddenly presented to him, he would turn tail and flee in apparently abject terror. Upon several occasions I tried the experiment of holding him with one hand by the collar and presenting the sprawling and whining object with the other, and it was really comical to see how he would shrink and shut his eyes, turn his face aside and whimper, just as if I had been thrusting a burning brand into his face. If he came into the house and found a puppy (of which there were usually one or two in stock in those days) sprawling upon the hearthrug, he would turn and bolt as if he had

seen a snake, and refuse to return until he thought the coast was clear. And several of my hounds appeared to possess this curious "puppy-dread" in less degrees.

Obviously, there is a possibility of mixed motives in this feeling, which would strongly suggest, for one thing, that there was a long standing, instinctive tradition in the canine tribe that young puppies are strictly taboo to adult males other than their parents, and that even the very appearance of evil or possibility of temptation must be avoided. I am afraid we must also include a remembrance, either derived from personal experience or crystallized from a succession of ancestral episodes, and handed down as an instinct, of what is likely to happen if the doting mother suddenly appears upon the scene. To this day it is notoriously unsafe for any stranger or even casual acquaintance, human or canine, to interfere, even in the friendliest manner, with young puppies when their mothers are present. I have seen many dogs flown at for approaching too near a nest of puppies, but I have never seen one of them offer any resistance, let alone retaliation, even though quite sharply bitten.

It is, of course, also possible that the feelings of the big dog are merely comparable to those of the average bachelor when suddenly brought into the presence of a wee infant, and asked to "hold the baby," or left alone and defenceless before one. Or have we here an ancestral basis for this well-known and widespread embarrassment in our own species? One thing I feel quite clear of, and that is that the dog distinctly understands that there are reasons why he should avoid all contact with a very young puppy, entirely unconnected with his ability to defend himself against it or its mother. This, I think, is clearly

shown by the next stage of development in his attitude, when the puppy becomes able to run about, and he may be permitted to be seen in its company without exposing himself to the suspicion of having sought it for unfriendly purposes. There are few prettier sights in the world than to see a great, dignified, battle-scarred wolfhound lying in the sun, with an impudent little doll's-doormat-on-four-legs of a terrier puppy yapping in his face, tugging at his ears, and tumbling all over his back. If you can come upon him unawares, so that he does not know you are watching, you will see that he is not merely submitting with passive toleration to these indignities, but is actually entering into the sport of the thing, taking the puppy's head, and even half his body, into his great mouth, flattening him down gently with a stroke of his huge paw, and I have actually seen them get up and follow the little chap as he toddled about the yard as if loath to relinquish the sport.

But some dogs' sense of personal dignity is so great that if they once see you are watching their attitude changes at once. They assume an attitude of the most superior indifference, and either affect barely to tolerate Master Puppy's familiarities, as the excusable foolishness of youth, or send him about his business with a low growl, or a blow from their muzzle if this be not sufficient, much to the little fellow's dismay and perplexity. Gradually, however, they will go on playing with him, but, as a rule, never quite so cordially as before, for fear you will think them lacking in dignity.

It is quite unnecessary to adduce instances of this delightful, grandfatherly attitude on the part of big dogs towards puppies, for examples can be seen on every hand. The puppy is a privileged character everywhere in the canine world, and no matter where

he may enter or what he may do, he will either be passed over unnoticed, or his abject apology and explanation that he is only a puppy promptly accepted. And this flag of truce is extended even to their natural enemy, the cat, while in the kitten stage. I have never had the slightest difficulty in bringing up kittens to cathood on terms of intimacy, even of warm friendship, with from two to a dozen dogs, any one of whom would have instantly flown at a strange cat, merely by introducing them as very young kittens.

Two of the most keenly cat-hating dogs that I ever knew—a fox-terrier and a bull-terrier of notable prowess—actually adopted a kitten of their own to raise! I found her down in the veranda one night, a ball about the size of my fist, from which radiated in all directions fur and furious spittings. I picked her up and brought her into the house and told both the dogs to go up and speak to her (an attention which she promptly required by a "spat" on the nose), then left them to themselves. In a very short time she found out that they did not mean to hurt her, smoothed down her rumpled little back and tail, and they all became the best of friends, the dogs expecting their regular game of play with the kitten when they came in at night, just as a busy man might his "children's hour." It was a pretty sight to see the fluffy little thing throw herself headlong upon the great square head of the bulldog, pat at his eyes, bite his ears until he fairly winced, and festoon herself round his neck. Their friendship remained unbroken until they were separated at the close of the year, while all that time both these dogs were the terror of every other cat in the neighborhood. But in my association with dogs I have found that it is only a very morose and ill-tempered dog who will seriously attack young kit-

tens, and usually even he requires to be urged on by the "higher" (?) animal man.

As for the positive side of their sense of obligation to the young, especially of their own species, the evidence is overwhelmingly clear. I have several times seen a young and foolish puppy, just torn from the maternal care and placed in a strange house, like a new boy at a boarding school, adopted by some of the older dogs, taught his manners, protected from imposition by the bullies, and given a guarded Christian education generally, extending over months. A bull-terrier puppy of mine was thus adopted by an old and rather short-tempered fox-terrier of redoubtable fighting prowess. But as the puppy grew up a curious *bouleversement* took place. The display of chivalry and forbearance became reversed, for Pukka's idea of education, like the traditional human one, included a considerable number of vigorous corrections of the puppy "for his own good." And he never could seem to grasp the fact that this did not continue to be just as appropriate when the bull-terrier was nearly twice his own size. And now the obligation of size asserted itself on the bulldog's part, and it was positively amusing how, when he had submitted to as much as he thought just and reasonable, in the way of correction for his offences, he would quietly knock his infuriated little schoolmaster over and put his paws on him until his righteous indignation had moderated. But, alas, even bull-dog forbearance has its limits, although, contrary to general impression, they are extremely good-natured and mild-tempered dogs, unless carefully "savaged" by their masters. And one day Pukka's attack went beyond all bounds. The slumbering demon of five generations of pit-trained gladiators awoke in the younger dog. In an instant his teeth were

locked in one of the fatal bulldog holds upon the neck of the terrier. When once this has happened the bull-dog has really no further control over or responsibility for his actions; he knows only one thing, to hang on until the fight is over or he is forcibly torn off. Fortunately, one of my friends was within hearing of the fray and rushed up and separated the dogs, or the quarrel would have come to a sudden end. After this I was obliged to give away the older dog, because within a week he was as overbearing as ever, and "Tadpole" as forbearing, but I never knew at what moment the limits of endurance on his part might again be reached.

It might also be mentioned in this connection that, as a rule, no dog of size or courage will condescend to attack a smaller or obviously-weaker dog, unless the remarks and actions of the latter become insulting beyond endurance. The little dog seems to realize this thoroughly, so that it may almost be taken as a general rule that the smaller the dog the more quarrelsome and abusive he is.

My little fox-terrier would fly at half the dogs he met, apparently knowing that the big ones would either pay little attention to him or let him off easily, without making pursuit, and feeling a well-founded confidence that he could give a good account of most of the small or medium-sized ones in a rough-and-ready street fight, which, as a rule, never lasts more than one or two rounds, and in which all the advantage is on the side of the aggressor.

My bull-terrier, on the other hand, would avoid almost every attack that was made upon him, if it were possible to do so without displaying positive cowardice. Even where he judged it necessary to do something, instead of trying to take hold he would content himself with a single, wolf-like slash

of his great canines, often without even slackening his stride, as he raced after my buggy, and this was usually enough for most dogs.

A splendid great Dane, of almost lion color and size, would usually absolutely refuse to fight with small or even medium-sized dogs, or, if he did, would content himself with knocking them over and holding them down with his huge paws. This, by the way, was excellent policy also, for his assailant was thus not only defeated, but made to look ridiculous as well, a thing far more keenly dreaded and vividly remembered by most dogs. But even chivalry has its drawbacks. It is not advisable, as a rule, to go out walking with dogs which vary widely in size, for if you do the little dog will start the quarrels and the big one promptly join in, to assist his friend, and you will have no end of complications on your hands from the combination.

This sense of obligation to interfere actively on behalf of the younger or weaker members of their species is widely spread throughout the animal kingdom. In attempting to capture young pigs, which have escaped from their pen, and are running at large among the herd of perhaps fifty or sixty full-grown hogs, it is necessary to be most circumspect in your method of picking up a youngster, for if once his shrill little squeal of distress is raised you will have the entire herd down on you at once, bristles up, tusks gnashing, and fierce, barking war-cry ringing. It would be most unwise to await the onset, for a half-wild pig, when his blood is up and that danger-cry is ringing in his ears, is one of the most reckless and ferocious fighters that can be met with. The only thing to be done is to dash for the nearest fence with your shrieking burden, or drop him before you reach it if the herd is gaining on you.

As soon as the danger-cry ceases your pursuers will stop suddenly, stare about them in a dazed and puzzled manner, and then proceed to work off their surplus excitement by a series of indiscriminate free fights one with another.

Cattle have the same curious susceptibility to the cry of a frightened calf, especially in their half-wild condition, up on the ranges. To startle suddenly a young calf from its nest in the long grass or the sage-bush upon the plains is one of the riskiest experiences that can fall to your lot, if on foot or at any distance from your horse or wagon. The little goose is almost sure to do one of two things: either to trot confidently towards you and shamble along after you as though he were your dog, which means that he does you the compliment of mistaking you for his mother; or, with head and tail erect, and rigid with terror, he will give voice to an appalling succession of barking "blarts," totally unlike his ordinary dinner-cry to his mother.

And every horned creature within three-quarters of a mile will go fighting mad at once and come charging and bellowing down upon you. And woe betide you unless you can reach your horse or wagon before they arrive on the scene. If the youngster chooses the former alternative and honors you with his confidence, he is simply adding to your embarrassment and postponing your calamity, for even though he remains perfectly satisfied with his adopted protector, yet if his mother happens to heave in sight in the course of your little promenade across the prairie, the only view she is capable of taking of the matter is that you are trying to steal her baby, and she will act accordingly with great promptness.

Your only policy is to walk quietly and quickly away in the direction of safety, fervently hoping that his

mother may be grazing in the other direction. You may not even attempt to drive the little fellow back, for if you once fairly succeed in calling his attention to you, and he discovers his mistake, then the danger-cry will be raised at once, and you will have not merely the mother but all the herd within hearing of it to reckon with.

All very young calves or lambs, both upon the northern plains and the southern pampas, have this curious instinct for following practically any large moving body—a horse, a man, a wagon, or even, it is declared, in some cases, one of those curious round weed-bushes known as "tumble weeds," as they roll slowly across the plain before the wind. After a few days or weeks at the outside this completely disappears and the instinct of flight takes place.

A friend of my brother's had a most perilous adventure of this description from rousing a calf in a little valley scarcely a mile from his own ranch-buildings. As the little stupid insisted on following him, he turned and made for the house with a shivery feeling running down his spine, and about half way to safety the mother appeared upon the scene.

Of course she charged at once, but he fortunately kept his wits about him and ran for the nearest "blow-out," or eddy-pit, scooped in the loose sand of the hills by the force of the prairie winds. He gained the perpendicular border of this with only about twenty yards to spare, and leaped over the edge, hoping that the cow would not venture to follow him, on account of the nearly precipitous drop of some twenty feet, but would go round and attempt to attack him from the opposite or sloping side of the pit.

By digging his heels vigorously into the bank he succeeded in arresting his descent about five or six feet below the top, and when the infuriated cow had

managed to check her wild charge, just in time to stop herself from coming over on top of him, he found himself in a comparatively safe position, as the bank below was much too steep for her to charge up.

Here he remained for about half an hour, when, thinking that the cow had forgiven the mistake and gone back to her calf, he cautiously scrambled up the edge again, only, however, to find the indignant lady waiting for him about fifty yards away, so that the appearance of his head and shoulders was the signal for another charge, and, as he had not even his revolver with him, he was perfectly helpless. It was only several hours later—when some of his own riders, attracted by his shouts for assistance, rode up and drove away the infuriated animal, who was disposed to resist even this superior force—that he was rescued from his humiliating position.

Among our bird-cousins the response to this cry is almost equally prompt. By far the most effective means of bringing birds about you for the purpose of cultivating their acquaintance, after you have settled yourself, field-glass in hand, with your back against a tree-trunk, is to place your lips to the back of your hand in the kissing position and suck in the air vigorously while keeping them firmly pressed, this giving rise to a half-squeaking, half-whistling sound that closely resembles the cry of a young bird in distress.

It is astonishing how quickly this will sometimes cause an apparently-deserted thicket to become fairly alive with birds, all in a state of anxious excitement.

The attitude of dogs and other domestic animals towards the babies or children of the family to which they belong, and which they probably regard as adopted into their own family circle, is a familiar illustration of this

same feeling. Nor is this simply a matter of affection for the particular individual; on the contrary, its purely impersonal and, if we might use the term, abstract character is something most curiously shown.

One of my brothers, when a young man, owned a handsome Newfoundland answering to the name of "Skuk-kum," the same being Chintook Indian for "good," and amply deserved. When my brother married, Skukkum was graciously pleased to approve of his choice, and extended a courteous but distinctly-condescending friendship to the new member of his family, evidently thinking that perhaps, after all, three might be company in spite of the proverb. But he drew the line at four, and when the first baby came his courtesy gave way.

He not only absolutely refused to come and look at the little tot, and be introduced to the new member of the family, but if it was brought into the room would instantly either leave it or march off to the farthest corner and lie down with an air of offended dignity.

And yet the moment the baby was placed in his perambulator and started out through the garden gate, for a constitutional down the street, Skuk-kum would promptly range up alongside of the carriage, and escort it through the entire trip, keeping a most vigilant eye upon any stranger, canine or human, who ventured to approach his charge without a cordial greeting from the nursemaid. The minute, however, that the gate was safely reached again, he considered his duty done and relapsed at once into his former attitude of jealous contempt.

He evidently felt that, no matter how much he might disapprove of the baby personally, and even feel free to express this feeling within the privacy of the family circle, yet the youngster was, nevertheless, *de jure* a member of

the family, and entitled not merely to defence, but to respectful attention before the eye of the outside world. As the baby grew older he soon came to like him for his own sake, and they were the best of friends.

The broad and beautiful catholicity of the maternal instinct in animals, throwing its mantle of protection over even the young of their legitimate prey, may also be claimed as a sort of female chivalry. Nor, fortunately, is there need to multiply instances of it, as it has attracted affectionate admiration from the dawn of history.

I have known young squirrels, young rabbits, and even young chickens adopted for longer or shorter periods by mother-cats, and every collection of pets can furnish one or more instances of strange and often incongruous foster-children. Even the disappointed instinct of maternity will assert itself in this regard, for an orphaned mother hound of my pack was only prevented with great difficulty from appropriating the puppies of a younger and more fortunate sister. And I have twice known sour, old-maid cats carry off *vi et armis* the kittens of "the favorite of the harem;" though, in these last two instances, there was, I fear—as often, alas, in even the most pious of human actions—a suspicion, at least, of a strain of the green-eyed monster as well.

I think it is quite possible, indeed probable, that the innumerable old folk-lore stories, told in every region of the world, among the most widely-divergent of races, of deserted infants being adopted and nourished by wolves, panthers, deer, and other wild animals, of which the Romulus and Remus myth is the most famous example, had an actual foundation in fact. Indeed, a number of instances are on record of actual wild or "wolf" children within historical times, and although many of these must be dis-

counted as simply instances of a well-known form of insanity, a few seem to have been genuine. When we remember the far greater frequency with which infants were left to take their chance in the open air in earlier times, on account of the now almost incredible risks of war, famine, and pestilence, to say nothing of the cheerful custom, followed by many tribes, of deliberately exposing their weaklings, it would be strange if, out of the innumerable opportunities of this sort of adoption, some successful instances had not occurred. So that we may cast aside our scruples and believe in the irresistible "Mowgli" to our heart's content.

Animals, I am thankful to say, have never yet succeeded in absolutely steeling their hearts against the cry of infantile distress. Man alone has reached this pinnacle of virtue. And it is not the only elevation of the same sort of which he has a monopoly.

The toast of the "ladies" would be cordially received at any canine banquet, and the courtesy with which the privileges of the sex are respected is a most creditable feature of canine conduct. I do not, of course, refer merely to the elaborate display of politeness and fine manners seen everywhere during the period of courtship. Courtesy to and respect for the weaker sex go far beyond this. No self-respecting dog will bite a female, except in the extremest need of self-defence; though I am sorry to say that the lady herself, as a rule, has no scruple whatever about punishing, to the full extent of her power, any individual of the opposite sex that happens to be inferior to her in size or strength. And indeed, like the woman in the crowded 'bus, she is inclined to demand her privileges as rights. A vixenish female will make more trouble in a pack of hounds than any three of the sterner sex, for, whenever

dissatisfied, she hasn't the slightest reserve about speaking out at once, and, as her cause is extremely likely to be championed upon general principles by some chivalrous male, a free fight is frequently the result.

So strong is this unwillingness to "strike a female," that it really becomes a most annoying obstacle in attempting to clear a neighborhood of wolves, as few male dogs will attack a she-wolf, or, in some cases, even follow her trail. I well remember an exasperating experience of this sort in the early days of my wolf-hunting. A she-wolf had been clearly marked down, in a certain wild tract of dense hazel-brush, by the fearful havoc which she was making among the lambs of the farmers in its neighborhood. In response to their Macedonian cry, an older hunter and myself united our packs and rode over to draw the thicket. Leaving our friends posted in the open country around, we proceeded to ride down through the middle of it, to direct the movements of our pack. Working my way through the thickest of the tangle, my mare suddenly snorted and reared so violently as almost to unseat me. I saw at once that she had scented something, and, looking quickly down the slope of the hill in front, I was just in time to catch the flash of a gray back and brush as it leapt across the valley of a little stream below me. It was only the work of a minute to swing the hounds on to the hot scent, and away they all went in a compact body and with the ringing chorus that stirs the heart of the hunter as no other sound can. Up the hill and over the next ridge they swept at full speed, with the scent breast high, and we were just galloping off to our respective run-ways, in the hope of getting a shot, when all at once the chorus ceased as suddenly as it had begun. We listened anxiously for several minutes, thinking that they

had turned up a side valley, and we would soon catch the cry again, but not a sound could we hear. I was completely puzzled, but my companion swore picturesquely, and remarked in a resigned tone that this was just what he expected; the sons of unmentionable maternal ancestors had caught up with the wolf, found that she was a vixen, closed the episode on the spot with apologies, and were now on their way back to us. Sure enough, in ten or fifteen minutes back they trotted, looking much ashamed of themselves, but quite determined to have nothing more to do with *that* trail. My friend assured me that they would often refuse to take up the trail of a vixen in the first place. And I found that it was the custom with most hunters to run at least one bitch-hound in every pack, simply because she would have no hesitation whatever in attacking at once any vixen or even half-grown cub which might be come up with. When once the fight is started, then the rest of the hounds will join in to help their friend.

Something of the same deference to the gentler sex may be seen among horses. Although a horse will promptly attack any other horse which may interfere with him, either in the field or in harness, he will very seldom attack a mare. Farm horses, which cannot be worked alongside of any other horse on account of their savage tempers, may be safely yoked in double harness with a mare. Mares, on the other hand, will attack either their own or the opposite sex without the slightest hesitation whenever they "feel dis-poged," yet I have never seen serious or retaliatory resistance offered by the latter. It is usually quite safe to stable a mare alongside of a strange horse in a double stall, when stable-room is at a premium, but most risky to "double up" two strange horses in this way.

Woods Hutchinson.

TWO CENTURIES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

If any one is ignorant in these days of the smallest detail concerning the American War of Independence and the men who fought in it, that is certainly his own fault. But the domestic side of colonial life, with its endless make-shifts resulting in inventions, has been left comparatively untouched till Mrs. Alice Morse Earle told its story.

In the four or five volumes already produced by this lady, she has shown herself as hard working as any of the ancient colonial dames, whose "daily round" she describes. If she does not herself spend her time in making soap, like Abigail Foote, during the autumn, and dipping candles in the spring, or spinning, weeding, washing, and carding like that young woman—"I carded two pounds of whole wool, and felt Nationly," says Abigail, in her diary—we are convinced from the way these things are related by her that she could do any one of them if she chose. In "Home Life in Colonial Days,"¹ Mrs. Earle gives minute accounts of the occupations of her ancestresses; and when every article worn and eaten is raised on the premises, it is evident that the labor must be both long and severe. Why, any one of these home industries "from birth to burial," sounds enough to fill the day of a single person, and yet there are, or seem to be, dozens of them. "If *they* had not been so vigorous, perhaps *we* should not have been so nervous," remarked an American lady, discussing this very book, adding, "and I owe them a grudge for it." It is certainly amazing what these women did, when there was no one else to do it, and later, when the first difficulties were overcome, and the rude implements had

given place to something better, what useless though ingenious arts were developed! The chief idea of the colonists was that they would be behind nobody. If hideous little bead or hair landscapes were fashionable in England, America would show that she could produce some that were finer and more fantastic still. If Mrs. Delany exhibited the Flora of Great Britain and Ireland cut out in colored paper, Madam Demming, a Boston lady, delighted her friends with a whole view of Boston, that reminds us, of all things in the world, of the perspective of one of the Assyrian friezes.

In the beginning each man helped his neighbor; cleared ground for him, felled trees for him, split logs for him. Any stranger was welcome to the best, and in the end, owing to this boundless hospitality, ruin came upon more than one splendid southern home. When society consisted of half a dozen small hamlets of two or three houses each, known in common talk as "the Mason Neighborhood," the "Johnson Neighborhood," life was on a much more friendly footing than when the population became more numerous and classes were divided. Then Masonville and Johnstown drew sharp lines as to their acquaintance, and only behaved civilly to their kinsfolk. Reverting to the early manners of many parts of the world, they did not encourage marriages out of their tribe, and, when a match took place, and "love found out a way," the interloper never ceased to be a stranger, and was never allowed to stay a night with his "in-laws," just as an Australian black must never speak to his wife's mother.

Whatever the colonists required they went at with the doggedness of the English race when things are going

¹ Macmillan, 1890.

wrong. If the stage coaches provided for travellers were apt to be faulty in balance—the first ran in 1766 between New York and Philadelphia, and took two days over the journey—matters were set right by the driver signalling at a given moment, and the occupants flinging themselves from side to side to prevent the coach being overturned. This must have been a warming process on a cold winter's day.

When war with England was imminent, and there were no great contractors to provide the soldiers with clothes, each provincial congress requisitioned 13,000 thick coats to be got ready before the winter came; and not one of the 13,000 was missing, and in each coat was sewn the name of the woman who had woven it at home, and that of the town she lived in.

As to dyeing, the colonists were always fond of gardens, and were mostly good botanists, and there was no lack of plants from which to extract beautiful hues. Red was produced from moss, madder or sassafras; yellow from laurel, or from a certain kind of clay. Large tracts of wild indigo afforded a splendid blue, and purple came from the tops of the cedars.

With these resources, the love of fine clothes developed with rapidity. In the year 1676, thirty-eight women living in the Connecticut valley were arraigned before the magistrates as being of too small an estate to wear silk, and "excess in clothes" was an abomination to the Virginians. Indeed they went so far as to assess unmarried men according to their dress, and married men according to that of their family, which must have caused strife in many a household. Of course the Puritans never ceased to wrestle with this hydra-headed dragon, but unluckily, they could not always agree in the matter to be reprobated; Roger Williams, for instance, enjoining one Sunday the women of Salem to wear

veils, while the following week the minds of the parish were upset by John Cotton, who held that a covered face betokened slavishness, and was not to be endured.

When clothes were made at home, the material was stout and strong, but very soon the love of color and finery crept in among the women. Even in these days, silk dresses play an immense part in the lives of the very poor and humble folks, about whom Miss Wilkins writes. Not to have two silk dresses when you are married is a humiliation that no village girl, however obscure, can bring herself to face. And we all remember the old workhouse woman who, being irritated at the recital of her companions' splendors, invented surpassing ones of her own, in which the number and beauty of her silk dresses awed her friends into silence. This attitude of mind is entirely without a parallel in England. Even thirty or forty years ago no cottage girl dreamed of possessing a silk dress, any more than the vicar's wife expected to have a tiara. Life was, and is, looked on from a different standpoint. A beautiful gown has, from the earliest times, given an amount of pleasure to an American woman that no Englishwoman can grasp. *Her* equivalent would be a horse to carry her across country, or more spacious nurseries, or a boat, or something of that sort; her dress would probably be a question of make-shift, and she would take it for granted that it mattered to others as little as to herself.

In the States, as riches increased, the passion for fine clothes increased also, and an English traveller notes in the year 1740 that "Boston men and women dressed every day as gay as courtiers in England at a coronation." And they did not "save" upon the children either; for in every point the children were the replicas of their par-

ents. Miss Custis, Washington's step-daughter, aged four, had an array of pack thread stays, fans, and silk coats sent with her to England, where she was to be educated, while the twelve-year-old Miss Huntington carried twelve silk gowns with her to Boston, yet her teacher thought these not enough and demanded more. As to "those horrid bushes of vanity," wigs, the sums *they* cost were quite incredible. Whether they were "gravefull-bottom," "giddy feather top," "long-tail," "fox-tail," or anything else, a wig would cost as much as 25*l.*, with another 10*l.* for the care of it. Many gentlemen had eight or ten, of different colors and fashions, and bound and braided with colored ribbons. In 1754 William Freeman was given, on his seventh birthday, a wig for which his father paid 9*l.*, and as he had two elder brothers, naturally bewigged also, the headgear of the family must have cost a considerable sum.

Not less interesting than the dresses of the colonists are their food and the utensils connected with it. The dining-table was originally a mere board laid on trestles, and on it stood chafing-dishes to keep the food hot, cups, large "chargers" or dishes; spoons and knives, but no forks. There were also trenchers or bowls, pieces of wood hollowed out into squares twelve inches wide and three or four deep, which were generally shared between two people. One Connecticut deacon insisted on every child having its own trencher, and was held by his neighbors to give himself airs.

Mrs. Earle refers to a table top she has seen made of heavy oak six inches thick. At intervals of about eighteen inches round the edge, bowls were scooped out in which every man's dinner was placed. Now, curiously enough, a friend of the present writer's, and a soldier who had seen long service told her that he had once induced the

police to take him with them on their nightly raids in some of the worst parts of London. He saw many things to astonish him, but the strangest of all was the table of a Greek eating-house, scooped out in exactly the manner described by Mrs. Earle, except that down the middle and across the sides leading to each bowl were trenches. The thick soup was poured by a man into the middle trench from which it made its way to the bowls! The visitors did not trouble themselves, for the most part, about spoons, but stooped down and lapped like dogs. The colonial tables needed to be strong, for the fare spread upon them was ample, especially in the luxurious Philadelphia. John Adams, the President, who lived well in his Boston home, had his eyes considerably opened by his travels in the South. He stopped at Philadelphia and visited the house of one Miers Fisher, a young Quaker lawyer. Plenty he had expected, but not such profusion. "This plain Friend," he says in his diary, "with his plain but pretty wife [*sic*], with her thees and thous, had provided us a costly entertainment; ducks, hams, chickens, beef, pig, tarts, creams, custards, jellies, fools, trifles, beer, porter, punch, wine, and a long" —whatever that may mean. "Chief"-Justice Chew was no whit behind the Fishers, indeed, there was probably a sort of rivalry in all this hospitality. "About four o'clock we were called to dinner. A most sinful feast again! Every thing that could delight the eye or allure the taste." But it seems to have been a lighter and more elegant repast than the Fisher's, for, besides "turtle and every other thing," great quantities of sweets were mentioned, as well as twenty kinds of tarts. Carving was considered as one of the fine arts, and must have formed the study of a lifetime. Woe be to him who had not mastered the intricacies of the matter

or its appropriate language. "How all must regret," exclaims one old author, "to hear some Persons, even of quality, say, 'Pray cut up that chicken or hen,' or 'Halve that plover,' not considering how indiscreetly they talk, when the proper terms are—'break that goose,' 'thrust that chicken,' 'spoil that hen,' 'pierce that plover.' If they are so much out in common things, how much more would they be with herons, cranes, and peacock?"

Cold must have been among the severest trials of the early colonists, who mostly sat in the kitchen, as being the warmest room in the house. Even there tales are told of the sap being frozen at one end of the burning log, and what, then, could the bedrooms have been like. To be sure they soon learned from the Dutch to place their beds in alcoves, and lie on one feather-bed with another over them, but feather beds are slippery things, especially in alcoves, and must have been poor substitutes for roaring fires. What these earnest Christians must have endured in church is something fearful to think of. There was not the smallest effort at heating the building, and the members of the congregation were thankful to be allowed to have their dogs in their seats to use as muffs or foot warmers. And here they sat the best part of the day, for the prayers were always from one to two hours long, and the sermons from two to three. The doors were watched over by a verger and none could leave, except in cases of undoubted illness. And by that time the poor victims must have been frozen too hard to move. Yet the young men contrived to make so much noise that they were frequently brought before the magistrates, and, worse still, the instances of Sunday tobogganing were by no means uncommon.

Such, roughly, was the setting in which colonial women grew up. To

begin with, there were few, very few, of them, and they were not, perhaps, at first "a felt want," for the Puritans of New England clamored for ministers rather than for wives. But in Virginia things were otherwise. In the softer climate men sighed after homes and families, and declared they would never settle until they had them, and in the end the English Emigration Society and Shakespeare's friend, Lord Southampton, declared they would give them what they wanted. So one fine morning, in the year 1620, about four hundred young men dressed in their best, with feathered hats and shining swords assembled eagerly on the beach of Jamestown, Virginia, to welcome the ninety "young, handsome, honestly-educated maids, of honest life and carriage," after their tedious voyage, and to gain acceptance, if possible, as husbands, before the girls were out of the roll of the breakers. Surely the marriage fee of 120 lbs. "B. D. V.," then worth about eighty dollars, was never paid with so light a heart!

It must have been a glorious time for the young women, but no bullying was permitted, and no flirtation was allowed. Perhaps things may not have been on quite such a straightforward and business-like footing when other maidens arrived to try their fortunes, but anyhow the colony flourished, and in three years 3,500 English emigrants set sail for Virginia.

This was in comparatively early days, but nearly a century later, Louis XIV, who was quick to note what was happening in the world, sent a company of virtuous girls to the governor of Louisiana with orders to get them well married, and to place them where they might train the Indian squaws. The king was a wise man in many ways, but he did not know his own countrywomen, or rather, perhaps, he knew them at that period, chiefly

through the eyes of Mme. de Maintenon. His female emigrants were not chosen from the strong peasant women of Normandy or Brittany, or any of the provinces where they were accustomed to hardships, but from *Paris*. The girls seem, as far as is known, always to have led "godly, righteous, and sober lives," yet they abhorred the Indian corn which formed their staple of diet, nearly as much as they did the teaching of the squaws. It was the old story—"Frou-Frou sans Paris."

Fifteen years later another attempt was made in Louisiana—this time in the year which saw the death of the Regent, and, knowing what we do of that highly-gifted person, we shall hardly be surprised to learn that these young women were taken from the Houses of Correction, and had not even a *succès d'estime* in the Colony of Louisiana. *Filles à la Correction* they were called, in contradistinction to the *Filles à la Casette*, who landed seven years later in Louisiana, whose aristocracy prided themselves on their descent from these, at any rate, spotless lives. Poor Manon Lescaut was not of the proper division.

On looking through the history of the various colonies, it is curious to note how each State has its peculiarities—peculiarities not always to be explained by those who belong even to the inner circle. Why did Maryland hail convicts—not necessarily criminals—with delight? Why were the transported Jacobites taken to Maryland instead of elsewhere? And why did an English husband, whose wife was condemned to death for stealing 3s. 6d., beg that her sentence might be commuted to exile to Virginia?

The most marked feature of the whole civilization is the pre-eminence held by widows in all the society. Indeed the number of "chances" possessed by every lady member of the society was such that we can only imagine

that the boys and girls married at as early an age as they now do at Clapham. And if so, what became of the men? "*Je n'y comprends rien*," as the man said, when he rushed, tearing his hair, to the front of the stage box during the play!

However, there the widows were and the husbands kept on dying. That is all we know.

The widows, at least most of them, arranged their own settlements, and bargained quite as hard and shrewdly as any lawyer could have done for them. But, though no one's sensibilities were hurt by this process, the marrying of widows and widowers was not devoid of complications. Mr. Sergeant, a Boston builder, was reputed "as remarkable in his marriages as his wealth; for he had three wives, the second having been a widow twice, before her third venture; and his third also a widow, and even becoming his widow, and lastly the widow of her third husband, who had had three wives himself." However, it was not only in America that these hasty marriages were made, though, perhaps, it may have been there that widows were most appreciated. John Rows, for instance, tells of a gentleman who died in London in the year 1638, at eight at night, leaving his wife 500*l* a year in land; and the lady and the whole of her property was transferred to the custody of the journeyman draper who had come about her mourning before twelve next day. The memoirs of the Verney family teem with "woolings" which were "not long adoining," and "old men's wife" had certainly no difficulty in providing herself with suitors.

The circumstances of the times, when everything was disjointed and people had to use any material that came ready to their hands, was favorable to the growth of strong natures, either of men or women. There were no special grooves made for the women to

walk in, and there were many who seized the chance to fashion others more agreeable to their feet. One of the most conspicuous of these ladies was Margaret Brent, who stepped so far from the conventional path of her own day that she almost found herself in ours. She reached Maryland in 1638, in company with her sister Mary and two brothers, took up land, built several good manor houses, sent for other colonists, and before others would have dug the foundations, Margaret was signing herself, "Attorney for my brother" (what a confiding brother!) and Mary holding "court-baron" and "court-leet" at her own house. Men were known to ask for her help in military uprisings, and when the indomitable "Mrs. Margaret Brent requested to have a vote in the House for herself, and voyce allsoe," she probably had many partisans. However as "the Governor denied Mrs. Brent that she should have any vote in the House," Mrs. Brent was forced to retire protesting all the while against the injustice of her exclusion.

Several "acute and ingenious gentlewomen" in Virginia cultivated tobacco plantations and drained slopes, and, indeed, such women were far more common in the Southern States than in the Northern ones. "Maid-cotes" were discouraged, and the "maids" admonished frequently, and "harrassed" and "considered dangerous" by their acquaintance, and it required all the obstinacy of the Lady Deborah Moodys of the world to "persist" as they had begun.

Not that agriculture absorbed all the business talent of the colonial ladies. Besides the many employments considered suitable for women in all countries, there were a large number of capable and industrious females who carried on their husband's trade, first as his assistant, and last as his successor. Women pub-

lishers and women printers were numerous during the whole of the eighteenth century, and of these the Goddards, mother and daughter, were the most business-like and most prominent. The Maryland Gazette was continued after the death of the publisher by his widow, under the title of Anna Katharine Green & Son, who printed also for the whole colony. At the time Mrs. Green undertook this arduous task she was about thirty-six, and the mother of six sons and eight daughters. It was from this Green family that thirty-four anti-revolutionary printers sprang.

It is new and pleasant to note among these stern religionists a "Vow Church" raised in Philadelphia by a Scotch Presbyterian immigrant, who had been shipwrecked on her way out, and was reduced with the rest of the survivors to such straits that they never ate without first drawing lots who should fast that day. She was rescued, and eventually prospered in her business, and her first savings went to the fulfilment of her vow.

The colonial ladies were great gardeners, and the hours they passed with their fruits and flowers must have been moments of much pleasure in their busy lives. The most famous of these ladies was the daughter of George Lucas, a planter of Carolina, and at the same time Governor of Antigua, at which place he appears to have resided, leaving Miss Eliza at home. From Antigua he sent her all sorts of tropical seeds of fruits and flowers, to try if any would take kindly to the soil of Carolina. Eliza observed certain hopeful signs with regard to the indigo, and undismayed by repeated accidents to young plants at length obtained a good crop. Governor Lucas was so delighted at this unlooked-for success, that he sent over an Englishman to teach Eliza the whole process of indigo working. The

Englishman, bearing gifts, seems to have been rather a sly and tricky sort of person, but when did England ever get the better of America? The youthful Miss Lucas saw through the Englishman's dodges (his name was Cromwell) and "finally obtained a successful knowledge and application of the complex and annoying methods of extracting indigo." A bounty of 6d. a lb. encouraged the planting, and through its profits more children were sent over from Carolina to be educated at home, than from all the other colonies put together. Indigo was looked upon, at last, as a sort of current coin, and it is on record that when a little boy was sent to school at Philadelphia, he took with him a wagon of indigo to pay his expenses.

After studying the labors of these monumental women, it is with a sense of relief that we turn to the enactments against "blabbing, and discovering the faults and frailties of others," to which colonial ladies were especially prone. One would have thought that in the early times they were so hard worked they would have been "mum budgets of silence" and "magazines of taciturnity" by nature, but the court records tell a very different story. One minister's wife—to be sure she was a Dutch woman—was accused of lifting her petticoats in crossing the street and exposing her ankles in an unseemly manner. After a minute inquiry into the state of the roads and the height of the petticoat, it was decided that Vrouw Anneke had been justified in her action, and her slanderers were fined and punished. Other evil speakers were gagged, or had cleft sticks placed on their tongues, and worse offenders were ducked in special ponds near the court houses.

Churchgoing was not considered as binding on women as on men in the State of Virginia. Their seats were suffered to remain vacant on the slight-

est excuse, while a man was condemned for the first offence to "lie neck and heels that night, and be a slave to the colony for the following week; for the second offence to be a slave for a month; for the third, for a year and a day." Probably, if we were to visit these churches now we should find the balance readjusted.

The first great female traveller on the other side of the water, predecessor of the Miss Kingsleys and Mrs. Bishops of our own day, was a Boston lady, Mrs. Sarah Knight, who rode from Boston to New York, in 1704, and back again. She sprang of a bold stock, as her father, Captain Kemble, had to spend two hours in stocks nearly fifty years before to explate his "lewd and unseemly behavior in kissing his wife publicly on the Sabbath Day on the door step of his house, after he had returned from a voyage of three years." Madam Sarah had need of all her father's courage during her long and lonely ride. A price was set on the heads of wolves, and bears must have been nearly as common as sparrows, to judge by the fact that long after Mrs. Sarah's adventure, twenty of them were killed in a week just outside Boston. Besides all these were swarms of Red Indians, and Indians were fearfully on the warpath just then.

It seems odd that she should have chosen the winter with all its added horrors for her journey, but probably it was unavoidable, for she left on October 2, and took more than two months reaching New York, visiting many friends on the way. The customs of Connecticut struck her as particularly strange, with the frequent divorces and laws against kissing, which was almost as much a matter of course then as shaking hands is now. But however distant the relations between the sexes may have been in Connecticut, they were less icy in other States, notably in Virginia and Penn-

sylvania. In 1772 an ancestor of the present writer, and one of the family of the celebrated "downright Shippen" of Pope, gave umbrage to the belles of Philadelphia by his free exercise of endearments. "What a pity it is," writes Miss Sarah Eve, "that the doctor is so fond of kissing. He really would be much more agreeable if he were less fond. One hates to be always kissed, especially as it is attended with so many inconveniences. It decomposes the economy of one's handkerchief, it disorders one's high roll, and it ruffles the serenity of one's countenance."

The account of certain frolics in Virginia reads not unlike the horse-play fashionable in country houses of our own time wherein the humor appears to consist in gentlemen bouncing into ladies' bedrooms and chasing them over the garden. To escape from these assiduties the young ladies seem to have gone to their room, taking with them "a large dish of bacon and beef, after that a bowl of sago cream, and after that an apple-pye. While we were eating the apple-pye in bed—God bless you making a great noise—in came Mr. Washington" (not George), "dressed in Hannah's short gown and petticoat, and seized me and kissed me twenty times, in spite of all the resistance I could make; and then Cousin Molly. Hannah soon followed, dressed in his coat. They joined us in eating the apple-pye, and then went out. After this we took it in our heads to want to eat oysters."

As might naturally be expected, the New England States were far more strict in the matter of amusement than the laxer South, and, to judge by the stories, the moment you get beyond the wealthier classes in the Puritan settlements, matters are very much as they always were. Thursday lectures, singing schools, bees, were all the opportunities the young people had of

bringing about marriage, or at least, so we might think, did we not know that marriage is indifferent to opportunity! In the south they were better off. Sleighing parties, turtle frolics, but balls above everything, these formed the diversions of the youth of Virginia, and if, as a matter of course, each gentleman asked permission to fetch and carry a lady, "no monopoly" was allowed in the ballroom by the master of the ceremonies.

Perhaps the fact that the United States have no Established Church has favored the growth of the immense number of sects which strikes every reader of American stories. It is not only the excitable negroes who congregate in the forests to hold "camp meetings," it is the steady-going, narrow-minded Puritans who are "forever seeking something new." They do not strike you as being easy to impress, these hard-headed gentlemen, yet they have more than once been as wax in the hands of some religious fanatic, and went down in hundreds before the handsome, vain and lazy Jemima Wilkinson, who posed for over forty years in the middle of the last century as the "Universal Friend." It was really the world in general who was the Universal Friend to Jemima, for it kept her in comparative luxury, and even gave her money in return for perpetual sermons on sin, death, and repentance. Perhaps an ideal is necessary to the hardest lives, and may account for much that is perplexing and contradictory in the existence of these practical men and women. To many natures the "Unknown God" is, of necessity, more attractive than the Known One, and the feeling may be a remnant still lurking in us of the children we once were.

At any rate, not only Priestesses like the Universal Friend, but Princesses such as "the daughter-in-law of Peter the Great and the sister of the Queen

of England," found ready acceptance and much kindness among the people of the States.

The first of these ladies (her name was Charlotte, not Christine, as stated by Mrs. Earle), was the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and so unfortunate as to become the wife of the Grand Duke Alexis. She stood him for several years, and then is reported to have given out her own death, and to have fled to America, where she found peace and a new husband in an old adorer, le Chevalier d'Aubant. The whole story has been produced in an interesting novel by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, called "Too Strange Not to be True." The English Princess had a very different fate, and her story was all the stranger as she had neither beauty nor charm to recommend her. Sarah Wilson had been maid to one of Queen Charlotte's maids of honor, and had managed to steal some jewels belonging to the Queen. She was caught and condemned to death, but was afterwards pardoned and sent as a convict to the States. It was not long before she managed to escape from servitude, and on the strength of the jewels which she had somehow kept concealed about her, she declared herself the Lady Susannah Caroline Matilda, sister to the Queen.

Longman's Magazine.

The end of this enterprising young person is wrapped in obscurity. We know that some fat years were rudely broken in upon, and she was arrested, prosecuted, and whipped in Charleston. But a lady of her resources is not easily discouraged, and it is probable she may, under some other disguise, have played a prominent part on some other stage.

These few remarks may serve to show the immense amount of labor expended by Mrs. Earle in collecting matter for her work. The number of houses she has visited, both in England and the States, in order to see or to verify some special object, is a testimony to the thoroughness of her methods, and the accuracy of the statements. And besides all these she is familiar with endless old books bearing on her subject, and has studied the letters and records of countless private families. Tusser, Piers, Plowman, Hollinshed, are at her fingers' ends, as well as the records of Mrs. Martha Smith, and the journal of "the young lady of Virginia." It is in this way, and this way only, that history, whether domestic or political, should be written, and Mrs. Earle has steeped her mind so completely in her materials, that she tells her tale as one who has taken a personal part in all she describes.

L. B. Lang.

STEVENSON OF THE LETTERS.

Long, hatchet face, black hair, and haunting gaze
That follows, as you move about the room,
Ah, this is he who trod the darkening ways,
And plucked the flowers upon the edge of doom—

The bright, sweet-scented flowers that star the road
To Death's dim dwelling. Others heed them not,
With sad eyes fixed upon that drear abode,
Weeping, and wailing their unhappy lot.

But he went laughing down the shadowed way,
 The boy's heart leaping still within his breast,
 Weaving his garlands when his mood was gay,
 Mocking his sorrows with a solemn jest.

The high Gods gave him wine to drink; a cup
 Of strong desire, of knowledge, and of pain,
 He set it to his lips and drank it up,
 Then smiling, turned unto his flowers again.

These are the flowers of that immortal strain
 Which, when the hand that plucked them drops and dies,
 Still keep their radiant beauty free from stain,
 And breathe their fragrance through the centuries.

The Spectator.

B. Paul Neuman.

IN THE NORTH-WEST.

One night, when the lonely wilder-
 ness which stretches north from Ed-
 monton, past the firs of Athabasca to-
 wards the barren lands lay silent under
 the snow, a white man, wrapped in fur
 robes, crouched beside a fire in a musk-
 ox-hide teepee. The resinous smoke
 curled round him, smarting his sunk-
 en eyes, and the ruddy light showed
 curious streaks of greyness mingling
 with the bronze of the snow-glare on
 his hollow cheeks, while a gaunt and
 starving creature, more like a wolf
 than a dog, nestled close in to his side,
 watching him pitifully.

"I can't do it, not even for Charlie's
 sake, and I led him into this," he said,
 laying down the Winchester rifle which
 rested on his knee. "No, we have
 marched too far together, poor old Cou-
 reur, and there would be little to eat
 on you." Then, raising a strip of the
 ox-hide, he looked out into the night.

Above, the vault of azure was pointed
 with lambent stars, ranged one behind
 the other, through a long perspective
 of infinite space, while, far beneath
 the nearest the Streamers of the North

leaped up from horizon to zenith, and
 flamed back, green, and blue, and crim-
 son, to the horizon again. Below, the
 dwarf firs were silhouetted in silver-
 filigree as the strange fires came and
 went, and the snow-bound breadth of
 river shimmered with many-colored ra-
 diance where it flung back the pulsat-
 ing light. It was weird, unearthly,
 majestic, but only spoke of death, for
 leagues of desolation rolled south to-
 wards the open prairie that leads to
 Edmonton—muskeg, lake, and river
 one plain of untrodden white.

By-and-by a dusky figure came
 through the scattered spruce, and,
 shaking the snow-dust from a rifle, en-
 tered the teepee, saying, hopelessly.
 "Nothing—not even a timber-wolf—
 there's no living thing in this country
 except you and me, and we won't be
 alive very long."

"Charlie," answered the other,
 "there's only one thing to do. We'll
 divide the few last handfuls, and you
 will start for the south—you may find
 an Indian encampment somewhere on
 the way. You are young, and there

may be good fortune before you. I have played my game—and lost it; but there's no use grumbling when the reckoning comes."

Charlie Clayton made no reply, but stared out through the opening with longing eyes turned south, a fierce struggle going on within him, until he flung the hide strip to, saying, "No—there is not one chance in ten, and I am weak in sentiment, but it is not quite the thing as an Englishman to leave you helpless. We must wait and see what happens—perhaps some H. B. voyager may turn up by-and-by."

"More likely some hungry timber-wolves," answered the other, with a mirthless laugh, though when the two men's eyes met both were satisfied. Next Clayton stretched himself on the furs in silent apathy, and heard the spruce boughs crackle under the frost, while his thoughts went back to the time when, full of hope and energy, he entered the prairie land. Then there was a frozen wheat crop, followed by a season of drought, and he had invested all that was left to him in a fur-trading venture which led him into the North. What his partner Morrison's past had been, Clayton never knew, but he was evidently used to the business—a fearless, determined man, cynical and self-confident, and, like other wandering adventurers, of good education, too. The expedition prospered, even in a region where the free-lance traders meet keen opposition from the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, and it was with two well-loaded dog sleighs that they set out from a little continental mission on the last long stage to the south. Charlie remembered that morning very vividly, for the grizzled Frenchman who dwelt in solitude there had vainly tried to persuade them to traverse a better-known route.

Morrison laughed at the warning, and, referring to a matter they had

discussed the night before, answered, jestingly, "This is a world of material things, and if you know the causes you can calculate the result—there's nothing can stop the foreseeing man if he has the means in hand. The present case is an instance: you believe our journey is dangerous; I have proved it safe—so many pounds of provisions, so many days' march, and then we strike the caribou on their journey south."

"The mistake is," said the gray-haired teacher, "that you leave the chief factor out, and some day the neglected quantity will reverse your sure result," and, with a wave of his mittened hand, Morrison started his teams away.

For two weeks all went smoothly, as Morrison had figured it would, and then, as they pitched camp in a muskeg one evening, his snowshoe caught in a twig. He stumbled over it, laughing, but his face contracted when he got up again, and next morning Clayton, who had harnessed the dogs, found him sitting curiously still in the teepee.

"It is really too ridiculous," he said. "A tiny piece of birch twig to upset the whole thing so—but I cannot stand upon my feet. A trifling sinew or something has gone behind the knee."

That commenced the trouble, for they had to sacrifice many furs to make room for Morrison, and even then the dog teams were taxed heavily. The snow was also softer, and the days' march dwindled to half what it should have been. Provisions had been cut down, and now decreased rapidly, while, with the fear of starvation before them, the Indian packers would not wait, but hurried on towards the south, promising to send assistance if they found food on the way. Then the dogs perished, one by one, and Clayton had to haul at the traces himself, until, with but a few morsels of food in hand, they lay that night in the teepee, star-

ing death in the face. So the long panorama of weary march and lonely camp rolled through the young man's brain until the pain of hunger vanished at the touch of sleep, while his companion stared into the firelight with reddened, hopeless eyes.

About this time it happened that Kenneth Mackenzie, agent of the all-powerful H. B. C., sat in his moss-caulked log house beside a glowing stove. Kenneth was grim of aspect, with eyes which the Indians feared, and a power of caustic language that hid a kindly heart. His business was to purchase peltries for powder, tobacco and tea, and, when possible, to edge out intruders from the preserves of the Hudson Bay. The room glowed with warmth and comfort, there were books as well as guns upon the wall, while outside the spruce firs were splitting in the intense frost. Presently there rose a howl from the sleigh dogs, followed by a guttural Indian shout, and some one pounded on the door while the agent rose to his feet. When he threw it open an object that resembled a Polar bear, so thick were the caribou wrappings powdered with dusty snow, stumbled across the threshold, and stood there gasping for breath, for the shock of entering a heated room, fresh from the Northland frost, tries the strength of the strongest man.

Then, shaking off the wrappings, the object resolved itself into a half-starved Dogrib Indian, holding a strip of birch bark in his mittened hand. This, he said, was a letter of much importance, and, true to his peddling nature, demanded sundry pounds of tea before he gave it up. But the agent was also a trader, and a Scotchman, too, and with native diplomacy desired to read it first. At last the bargain was settled, and the hungry Dogrib handed the strip across with details, how it had been given him by two Indian packers on the march.

Kenneth read it hurriedly, then, wrinkling his brows, said, half aloud, "Morrison crippled an' stairvin'—weel, he has found it dangerous to meddle with this trade. Still, it's no the thing for a Christian man to let another starve. Malcom's at the Garou Lake, Eau Claire at Juniper Camp; it's a sair an' wearisome journey, but I must go myself. Pierre, ye'll feed this Dogrib, an' keep him aff the store."

Half an hour later, with a double team of pack dogs tugging at the sleigh and the white dust whirling behind, Kenneth swept down the incline out of Sapin Rouge. When presently he cried the hauling cry, and a long howl went up, a group of drowsy Indians grunted as they stared out of their teepee at the muffled whitened figure and the line of panting dogs which raced past them out of the night and vanished into the snow. They were born in the northland, but there were few among them who could travel faster or farther than the keeper of the post. On the level the snow was looser, or the way cumbered by fallen trunks and dwarf junipers as they traversed a frozen muskeg, and here Kenneth sank to the knee of his moc-casins, for the snow-shoes were of no avail.

But he had learned the full meaning of starvation in the white wilderness, so he floundered panting beside the team, running a race with hunger for a rival's life. Then they slid out on the levels of a great lone lake, with the polar fires flickering before them as they pressed on towards the north, until the late dawn dimmed the starlight, and the low red sun appeared. At this Kenneth halted on a spruce-clad isle to boil a can of green tea, and the dogs fought over the white fish, while he munched a half-thawed strip of dried caribou; then he started again with the snow-shoes across a shimmering expanse which was wind-ribbed and

rough. All day the march was heavy, for their path wound through scattered groves of birches, and straggling twisted spruce, where rotten branches fouled the snow-shoes, and ripping, crackling undergrowth had to be struggled through. At dusk man and dogs lay huddled together in a scooped out trench of snow, until the moonlight silvered the branches, and it was time to start again.

Then they struck the frozen river, a smooth and white highway, and Kenneth settled down to the swinging gait which breaks the heart of a novice in one short hour, though the man who is used to the birch-bow shoe may travel by it nearly fifty miles in a day. There was no sound to break the silence save the "whish" of the runners and the panting of the dogs while their breath hung a moment like steam in the air, then turned to ice on the fur, and a bitter wind followed voiceless behind them, lifting the silvery crystals which whirled in the wake of the sleigh. Here and there the breast of the river was seamed by two parallel lines and the uneven print of snow-shoes, and Kenneth read the meaning of the latter plainly, while twice, as they passed the clean-picked bones of a dog, the long whip crackled like a pistol shot, and the pace grew faster.

Then, with a howl of fierce encouragement in a mixed-up dialect of English and Indian and French, he drove his team at the slippery bank, and, floundering and plunging, they hauled the sleigh up the slope, to cut off a great bend to the east. But ere they reached the first plateau of a juniper-sprinkled rise, the wind had freshened steadily, and plodding on, still climbing, it wrapped them round with a cloud of impalpable dust, that weighed down the wrappings and clogged the polished runners as fine sand would have done. At this Kenneth grew anxious, for no man could face that snow-

laden rush of north wind for more than a few hours' time, while there was nothing larger than a juniper for several leagues ahead. Then he knew that he must fight for his own life as well as another man's, and struggled with the temptation to lighten the heavy sleigh. But the H. B. C. agent came of a stubborn race, and, setting his teeth, determined if ever he reached the starving camp he would bring it full relief.

So, hour by hour, they fought their way to the north, until, breathless, half-blinded, and limping, Kenneth blundered across the summit of a dividing ridge, beyond which a long slope of smooth-packed snow led down to the river beneath. The dogs saw the belt of spruce firs far away below, and knew there was shelter there; so, when the sleigh shot forward, Kenneth flung himself down on the load. The whirr of the runners grew sharper, the scream of wind increased, and the birch frame rocked and trembled as the junipers rushed by. Then the dogs were running their hardest to keep the traces clear, white smoke whirling about them, and a confused powdery smother streaming away behind like the wash of a propeller. Staring ahead through the stinging drift Kenneth saw a steep drop draw near, and fancied he caught a glimmering among the spruce; then the sleigh leaped forward on the heels of the team, and slipping out the clevis he cast the traces free. Next moment the dogs were far behind, though they were doing their best, and, with one leg ploughing a furrow in the snow, he strove to keep the birch frame fairly on end down the slope. There followed a space of giddy rocking, a breathless lurching rush, something flashed among the trees, and a detonation fell, scarcely heard, on his ears, as man and sleigh came down, mixed up together upon a level of snow. Then the dogs raced

past him, barking frantically, and when he had scraped the powder from his eyes, he saw the flicker of a fire ahead. Presently a faint voice hailed him, and a man came staggering forward from a hide teepee.

"I'm very glad I found ye," Kenneth said, holding out a mittened hand; and when Charlie Clayton gripped it his voice was harsh and dry, as he answered:

"You did not come an hour too soon—we have been eating musk-ox-hide. Thank Heaven you brought food with you—we could not have held out another day."

"Weel, I've plenty for ye," was the brief reply; though Kenneth, after crawling into the tent, where he stirred the smouldering fire and filled a cooking-pot with snow, coughed several times huskily as his glance fell on the haggard faces and wolfish eyes of the men inside. Soon an abundant meal was ready, and when the two had eaten ravenously he flung the rest away, saying, "That's enough for the present, ye'll get nae mair for a while. How can ye thank me?—we'll talk of that tomorrow. I've made a wearisome journey, an' it's sleep I need the noo."

Clayton never forgot the delicious sense of returning warmth and life which crept through him as he lay down thankfully, and when he opened his eyes once more the red sun was in the sky, and their visitor busy over the fire again. Then there followed another meal, during which the agent watched them approvingly, and afterwards made them tell the story of their journey. Morrison did so, and concluded:

"So, except for the little birch branch that fouled my snow-shoe, we

would have had the pick of the buyers for a costly load of furs."

Kenneth listened grimly, and, when it was finished, said:

"It's aye the unforeseen trifle that spoils the cleverest plan, though ye'll learn in due time there are nae accidents. It's ill to drive hard bargains with stairvin' men, but noo ye are fed and rested, ye'll listen to what I say. I'll give ye fresh provisions an' lend ye a hauling team; the furs that are left ye can keep as weel—ye won them hard enough—on Morrison's promise he'll no come back here again."

The free-lance trader's face was grave as he answered:

"You can call it a deal. This trip has taught me several things, and has opened my eyes to a bigger mistake I made. It happened a long time ago, and has nothing to do with furs, so I'm going back to the old country, and Charlie, I think, has had enough of this land to last the rest of his life."

Clayton nodded approval, and thus the bargain was made.

On the following day they started back to Kenneth's post, and the latter proved as good as his word, for with a fresh team and provisions they safely reached the south. After several vicissitudes Clayton found himself comfortably established in Brandon Town, and the last letter he received from his former partner in England concluded significantly: "So you see it is foolish to be over-certain of what you are going to do, and the little twig that nearly brought starvation helped me to straighten a trouble which had set a mark on my life. And now, when all goes well again, I know that lonely Frenchman was a much wiser man than I."

Harold Bindloss.

THE SENTIMENT OF THACKERAY.*

Mr. Lewis Melville, who has just published a "Life" of Thackeray in two thick volumes, has not presented the public with a living portrait, but he has done several other things. He has, for instance, put a rather doubtful word to heroic use. "Though," he begins his preface, "it is more than five and thirty years since his death, until now there has never been published a *Life* of Thackeray which has had any pretensions to finality." Are we to interpret this as meaning that the last word about Thackeray had not been spoken before Mr. Melville published his "Life," and that Mr. Melville has at length spoken it? If so, we have only the author's own testimony that his work is final, and it remains to be seen whether it has anything more than the "pretensions" to finality, which, according to him, have as yet been unknown.

It is courageous of this new writer to challenge comparisons by publishing his book whilst the reading world is still enjoying Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's biographical introductions to the last edition of her father's works. Her knowledge of every intimate or important fact, not to speak of her enchanted pen, might have daunted men more talented than Mr. Melville. Not so; he is without fear—if not without reproach—for, while gleaning much from Mrs. Ritchie's pages, he claims to have produced a work of a higher order. He brushes away his obligations with the somewhat contemptuous remark: "Mrs. Ritchie's interest-

ing biographical Introductions are little else than material for a full *Life*."

What, then, we must ask is Biography? Is it a picture which conveys the living presence of a man, or is it a discursive collection of remarks and facts? And what are the qualities necessary to a biographer? Not only courage; of this, as we have pointed out, Mr. Melville has enough. Not only industry and hero-worship, for of these virtues also he possesses full measure; and if they sufficed to create a work of art he might found an artistic reputation. But these qualities are not enough, though many recent examples seem to show a widespread opinion that industry and hero-worship are sufficient capital to begin writing upon, and some recent "Lives" are little more than bundles of excellent testimonials tendered to posterity. These are not the biographies that live, that possess "finality." Yet there have been, in comparatively recent times, not a few biographies which, if not "final," are, at least, permanent—not merely chronicles of a man's life, but literary achievements, sometimes literary monuments. To confine ourselves to our own century, we can quote such different examples as Scott's "Life of Swift," Lockhart's of Scott, Stanley's of Arnold, and Mrs. Gaskell's of Charlotte Brontë, besides Carlyle's "Sterling," Froude's "Carlyle," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," Canon Angler's "Lamb," and Mrs. Oliphant's "Edward Irving." All of these books leave us with a vital impression of their subjects, not because of the actual facts that they contribute—for inferior works may contain as many or more—but because the facts are stamped with the biographer's person-

* The *Life* of William Makepeace Thackeray. By Lewis Melville. Two vols. London: Hutchinson and Co., 1899.

The *Works* of William Makepeace Thackeray, with Biographical Introductions by his daughter, Anne Ritchie. Thirteen vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1898-99.

ality; and art may be said to consist in this impress of an individual mind upon its material. It is obvious, too, that the biographer must be in strong sympathy with the man whose life he is recording; and, for this purpose—though proximity is not without its disadvantages—the closer they have actually stood to one another in life the better. Nearly all the books we have just cited were the result of long friendship; and the three exceptions (Scott's "Life of Swift" and the two last-mentioned works) are inspired by the only valuable substitute for personal knowledge—a strong sympathetic imagination, which gains in a flash the insight that months of intercourse may fail to produce. There are, if we may so express ourselves, friendships of the soul, independent of time and space. They are the most enduring of relationships; and great men remain magnetic after death. Canon Angier, we feel, knew Charles Lamb as intimately as did Coleridge, and more intimately than Wordsworth.

Imagination, delicacy, and vigor, such are the qualities which go to make good biography and good style; and personal acquaintance or, if that is impossible, a rare intellectual and moral sympathy, are indispensable to the biographer. It cannot be said that these qualifications belong to Mr. Melville. Personally unacquainted with Thackeray, he appears to know as little of those who were near to him. This, if his misfortune, is not his fault; but instead of being content to write from the outside point of view, with warmth for the writer and respect for the man, he has endeavored to make up for the want of intimacy by adopting an air of familiarity and a tone

of hearty assurance which is sometimes apparent in persons new to the society in which they find themselves. His authorities, when not the books of others, seem to be of the mysterious kind whose friends have known friends of the great, as, for example, the daughter of a doctor who at one time saw Thackeray at Boulogne.

This is a pity—the more so after the recent appearance of so much new and authentic information in Mrs. Ritchie's work. Literary traditions are within everybody's reach; they are, indeed, the business of a biographer; yet our writer can hardly be familiar with the memoirs concerning the circle he is describing. Nor, when he touches on that circle, can his observations be described as happy. "When, a little before the end," he writes, "one of his daughters asked Thackeray which of his friends he had loved the best he replied, 'Why, dear old Fitz, of course, and Brookfield.'" "It is a singular fact," adds Mr. Melville,¹ in a note to the word "Fitz," "that Tennyson also regarded 'dear old Fitz'—after the death of Arthur Hallam—as 'his best-loved friend,' though, like Thackeray, he saw but little of the Recluse of Woodbridge in later life." We are at a loss to discover why it is "a singular fact" that three men of genius, who have been warm friends at Cambridge, should remain true and sympathetic to each other through life, especially as the "Recluse of Woodbridge" (who would have been the first to laugh at such a pompous title) was in every way made to be the crony of the two others. It seems also unnecessary to announce to "Sir Walter Besant and many others" that Thackeray did not owe his knowledge "of the manner of

¹ Vol. II, p. 71. Mrs. Ritchie thus recounts the incident in her Introduction to the "Christmas Books": "In the autumn of 1863 some impulse one day made me ask my father which of his old friends he cared for most. He was

standing near the window in the dining-room at Palace Green. He paused a moment, then he said in a gentle sort of way, that of all his friends he had best loved 'Old Fitz'—'and Brookfield,' he added."

the "Upper Ten" to the position brought him by "Vanity Fair," and that there were other reasons: his University friends, "Edward Fitzgerald, Monckton Milnes, W. H. Thompson, R. C. Trench, John Sterling, Alfred Tennyson, James Spedding, John Allen, William Brookfield, . . . were all gentlemen of good social standing."

The imagination which is a substitute for personal knowledge has evidently not been vouchsafed to Mr. Melville, but, even apart from this, there is another and an excellent way. The best moments of biography are when a great man speaks for himself, and there are plenty of Thackeray's delightful letters in print. As Mr. Melville's book is made up of extracts, some acknowledged and some unacknowledged, as well from other volumes as from the countless articles he enumerates at the end of his work, the reprinting of Thackeray's correspondence would hardly have been objectionable to him. Yet he has given us the fewest possible letters in the largest possible space.

Mr. Melville's passion for scissors and paste is astonishing; he not only gives us his own cuttings, but those of other people—scissors and paste to the second and third generation. We do not mean to be ungrateful, far from it. Good extracts are excellent in their place, and scissors are an instrument which Mr. Melville wields more skillfully than his pen; and for much of his work in this line we are truly thankful. His quotations from Thackeray are remarkably well chosen, and we owe him a debt for collecting the novelist's art criticisms and putting them all together in one interesting chapter. We owe him another debt for his model biography, a monument of patient research. And when his hero-worship gets the better of him, he can write simply enough.

He was a man! he says of Thackeray in his second volume. There have been great men who, for goodness (in the right sense of the word), for kindness and tenderness and thoughtfulness, can be compared with him; there have been some men of genius as good, as kind, as tender, and as thoughtful; but, as far as I know, there have been none who have possessed these qualities in a greater degree.

So far, so good; these remarks show a capacity for admiration, the lack of which has been well said to be a sure sign of a dull man. But the quality is also found in connection with a tendency to platitudes, and is not necessarily an accompaniment of literary gifts. The want of these is only too apparent in the primitive clumsiness of such chapters as "Thackeray and his Friends," "Thackeray and the Theatre," "Club-life," and others; and if a young adventurer in letters should ever wish to make an Anthologia of Platitudes, he would find good material in these pages. Our readers will be pleased with a few specimens. "Thackeray had a fine instinct for high art." "Thackeray's sense of humor seems to have been very early developed" (which does not appear to have been the case with his biographer). "To take a mean view of Thackeray because he could so thoroughly understand Becky Sharp is as though we were to denounce Shakespeare as a treacherous dissimulator because in Iago he has portrayed that type of character with marvellous fidelity." "The profound admiration of Thackeray has always been a tradition in the late Poet-Laureate's family. Not long ago the present Lord Tennyson remarked to a friend that 'he always regarded Thackeray as the head of English literature of the Victorian Era.'"

From what has been said it will be evident that Mr. Melville has taken

great pains. His is a new and conscientious departure—Suburban Biography we may, perhaps, call it—and in this genre he has succeeded. Still, it is to be regretted that Mr. Melville did not consult Thackeray's relations before bringing out his book; had he done so, he would have avoided several blunders about family matters. In other cases a closer study of already-printed material would have sufficed to set him right. In Vol. I, for instance, he states that Thackeray's eldest daughter was born in Albion Street, but, as Mr. Merivale tells us, the event took place in Great Coram Street. Later we learn that Thackeray's wife is buried at Kensal Green, instead of near Southend, where her grave really is. In his second volume Mr. Melville alludes to the marriage of Miss Amy Crowe with Colonel Edward Thackeray, V. C., and their departure for India, "where" (he informs us) "the gallant soldier succumbed to the tropical climate." But, fortunately for his friends, "the gallant soldier" (who lost his wife in India) survived all vicissitudes, and is still in the full possession of his strength. We are also bidden to lament that Thackeray was not alive "to smile approval" upon the authoress of the "Story of Elizabeth;" yet all of it, except the last instalment, came out in the Cornhill before his death, and rejoiced him by its success. Five pages further on we hear that when Thackeray resigned his editorship of the Cornhill, "Leslie Stephen reigned in his stead;" but for eight years after Thackeray's retirement the magazine was managed by Mr. Greenwood and others, and Mr. Leslie Stephen only became editor in 1871. Again, Mr. Melville says that soon after Thackeray left Cambridge he went abroad and spent several months at Dresden and Rome and Paris and Weimar." To Weimar he certainly went—it was in the year 1830

—but he did not go to Rome till fourteen years later, in 1844.

Taking everything into consideration, we find ourselves wondering why Mr. Melville undertook to give us a "Life of Thackeray," especially when we remember the great author's well-known wishes to the contrary. It might have been because he had found something new to tell us; but, excepting a few anecdotes of little importance, he has told us nothing new. No, we must seek the reason elsewhere, and Mr. Melville himself enlightens us. We are to understand that he has "endeavored to fill a void in the literary history of the century." He may be allowed to regret the void, and, like Quintus Curtius, he has leaped into it; but then it must also be acknowledged that once there he has failed to fill it. Nor can he be congratulated on his answer to the above-mentioned objection. Of Thackeray's wishes he is fully aware, but some private inspiration teaches him that the tradition is only founded on "a popular rumor"—that his daughters "interpreted this remark too literally"—that "even assuming the story to be true," Mr. Melville "cannot think Thackeray wished the story of his life to remain unwritten." We can hardly accept all this on Mr. Melville's *ipse dixit*, when we have before our eyes no mere "popular rumor," but a plain sentence in the little preface to Mrs. Ritchie's Introductions. "My father," she says, "did not wish a biography of himself to be written."

It is certainly refreshing to turn to these Introductions, and we wish they were not inseparable from the new edition of Thackeray's works. They are not a biography—in the circumstances they could not be one—but they are a Life. We must not expect from them a history of events in chronological order; the scheme of the edition precludes this, each novel being prefaced by an account of the associations

belonging to it, and of the circumstances in which it was written. But we get something better than chronology—a breathing picture. The freshness of Mrs. Ritchie's portraiture obliterates the thirty-six years since her father's death; he is in the next room the whole time she is writing. And she conveys this impression of him by those little touches at once delicate and vivid which are her special gift; by that loving insight which belongs as much to her genius as to her relationship.

Mrs. Ritchie possesses—it is almost trite to say it—that mysterious thing called Style. This is not surprising, for with her we have something of her father still among us. The breadth and tenderness of judgment which distinguished him are hers also, by nature and not by imitation. The tenderness in him made the woman in the man—an attribute of all great imaginative writers; the breadth in her strengthens the woman. Besides, she has inherited his humor, a quality rare among her sex. There is a passage of Mrs. Ritchie's own about different kinds of people, which seems almost as applicable to different kinds of style. "Besides people's being and appearance," she says, in her Introduction to the "Christmas Books," "there is also the difference of impression which they create. Some people come into a room with a rustling and a sound of footsteps, of opening doors; their names are announced, their entrance is an event more or less agreeable. There are others who seem to *be* there, or to *have been* there always, . . . and I think these are perhaps among the best-loved companions of life." It may surely be said that many of Mrs. Ritchie's books are like these sweet and beloved presences; and the passage in which she describes them is characteristic of her style.

Among her most life-like sketches are those of her father when he was writing. In 1853 he was travelling abroad and working at the "New-comers" all the time.

On one occasion, she says, he was at work in some room in which he slept, high up in a hotel—the windows looked out upon a wide and pleasant prospect, but I cannot put a name to my remembrance; and then he walked up and down; he paused, and then he paced the room again, stopping at last at the foot of the bed, where he stood rolling his hand over the brass ball at the end of the bedstead. He was at the moment dictating that scene in which poor Jack Belsize pours out his story to Clive and J. J. at Baden. "Yes," my father said, with a sort of laugh, looking down at his own hand (he was very much excited at the moment); "this is just the sort of thing a man might do at such a time."

And again later on:—

I remember writing . . . to my father's dictation. I wrote on as he dictated, more and more slowly until he stopped short altogether, in the account of Colonel Newcome's last illness, when he said that he must now take the pen into his own hand, and he sent me away.

Equally vivid is the impression of Thackeray at a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which his daughter remembers seeing with him—

in the front row of the stalls. . . . And as the scenes succeeded one another, and as one after another of the actors stood by the footlights, droning their parts in turn, suddenly he lost all heart and patience. "Don't murder it; oh, don't murder it!" he cried aloud to one of the poor astonished fairies, who stared in amazement.

With children and with the humble folk of life he was always at his best—

at his gayest and his tenderest. He used to say that perhaps, on the whole, the most charming thing in the world was a little girl of two years old. Of a little boy he wrote: "Your heart would have melted over a little boy of two last night, strolling round the Christmas tree. He looked like a little cherub just peeping into heaven; and he didn't like even to take away his own share of toys from the general splendor." "Pray God!" he exclaims elsewhere, "I may be able some day to write something good for children. That will be better than glory or Parliament." Mrs. Ritchie tells us how this something good was written.

It was, she says, for a children's party in Rome that the pictures of "The Rose and the Ring" were drawn. It was just after the New Year. We wanted Twelfth Night characters, and we asked my father to draw them. The pictures were to be shaken up in a lottery. We had prizes and cream-tarts from Spillman's, the pastry-cook down below—those cream-tarts for which Lockhart had so great a fancy. My father drew the King for us, the Queen, Prince Giglio, the Prime Minister, Madam Gruffanuff. The little painted figures remained lying on the table after the children were gone, and as he came up and looked at them, he began placing them in order and making a story to fit them. One or two other sketches which he had already made were added; among them was a picture of a lovely Miss Balliol going to a ball, who was now turned into a princess. Then the gold pen began writing down the history of this fairy-court.

As we turn over Mrs. Ritchie's pages the number we should like to transcribe becomes tantalizing. One more from the Introduction to the "Roundabout Papers," seems to come naturally after the last, for it is about "an old school-girl of ninety":

One of the last "Roundabouts" is called "On some Carp at Sans Souci," but all the same it is dated from Kensington. My father had taken a fancy to a little old woman who used to come sometimes to tea at Palace Green, and he made her the heroine of this particular paper. A friend who discovered her in a workhouse used to carry her some occasional tokens of goodwill. "Ah, you rich people!" says the old lady, "you are never without a screw of snuff in your pockets." The old woman used to come to tea and chatter away to my father when she met him in the hall; she curtsied with equal deference to the page-boy, who treated her with more haughtiness perhaps. Our page-boy had serious views and doubts about her way of life. "John," says the Roundabout Paper, "when Goody Two-shoes comes next Friday, I desire she may not be disturbed by theological controversies. . . . Make her comfortable by our kitchen-hearth, set that old kettle to sing by our hob, warm her old stomach with nut-brown ale and a toast in the fire. Be kind to the poor old school-girl of ninety, who has had leave to come out for a day of Christmas holiday."

The whole of Thackeray—the Thackeray we love—school-boy, philosopher, fellow-man and humorist, seems to lie in that last sentence.

Besides giving us her own charming descriptions, Mrs. Ritchie lets her father tell his story himself in his journals and letters—a real addition to the moral as well as to the literary wealth of the world. It is almost impossible for any biography of a great man to be written without some statement concerning his religious views, and Mr. Melville's chapter on "Thackeray as a Man" contains some well-felt writing, besides some beautiful quotations from Thackeray on the subject. But, like other biographers of other men, he makes the mistake of trying to smooth the picture and turn it into the portrait of a

bishop, instead of a Thackeray. He seems to be constantly asking himself, "What will clergymen think?" instead of "What did Thackeray think?" The desire to prove that leading minds believe a great deal, and thus to give fresh confidence to a tired and vacillating world, is a natural and even a lovable one; but it is unsafe and misleading, and, in a case like Thackeray's, superfluous, for his manly, hopeful letters tell us all that can honestly be told. Whoever will read these in his daughter's Introductions to "The Newcomes" and "Esmond" will get a pretty complete notion of Thackeray's inner life, and there are others of a like nature scattered throughout the prefaces. The publication of these letters is, we feel, a charity to daily life, and the more they are known the better, especially as, strangely enough, this deeper side of him has been little dwelt on by those who have written about him.

Reverence, humility, charity were the watchwords of Thackeray's creed—the only dogmas he inculcated. It was naturally to his children that he preached most tenderly about them; and the following letter was written to the elder of the two, when they were living in Paris with their grandmother, who held Evangelical views:—

My Dearest A—.

. . . I should read all the books that granny wishes, if I were you; and you must come to your own deductions about them, as every honest man and woman must and does. . . . I have not looked into half-a-dozen books of the French modern reformed Churchmen, but those I have seen are odious to me. D'Aubigné, I believe, is the best man of the modern French Reformers; and a worse guide to historical truth (for one who has reputation) I don't know. If M. Gossaint argues that, because our Lord quoted the Hebrew Scriptures, therefore the Scriptures are of direct Divine com-

position, you may make yourself quite easy; and the works of a reasoner who would maintain an argument so monstrous need not, I should think, occupy a great portion of your time. Our Lord not only quoted the Hebrew writings (drawing illustrations from everything familiar to the people among whom He taught—from their books, poetic and historic, from the landscape round about, from the flowers, the children, and the beautiful works of God), but He contradicted the Old Scriptures flatly; told the people that He brought them a new commandment—and that new commandment was not a complement, but a contradiction, of the old—a repeal of a bad, unjust law in their statute-books, which He would suffer to remain there no more. . . . And if such and such a commandment delivered by Moses was wrong, depend on it, it was not delivered by God, and the whole question of complete inspiration goes at once. . . . To my mind Scripture only means a writing, and Bible means a book. It contains Divine truths, and the history of a Divine Character; but imperfect, but not containing a thousandth part of Him; and it would be an untruth before God were I to hide my feelings from my dearest children, as it would be a sin if, having other opinions, and believing literally in the Mosaic writings, in the six days' cosmogony, in the serpent and apple and consequent damnation of the human race, I should hide them and not try to make those I loved best adopt opinions of such immense importance to them. And so, God bless my darlings, and teach us the truth. Every one of us in every fact, book, circumstance of life sees a different meaning and moral, and so it must be about religion. But we can all love each other, and say, "Our Father."²

A kind of loving good sense is characteristic of all Thackeray's religion. It illuminates his letters to his mother—and never, surely, did any one con-

² Introduction to "Esmond," p. xxiv.

trive, as he did, to agree in spirit and to disagree in opinion with one so close to him. Towards the end of his life he wrote to her:

A brick may have knocked a just man's brains out, a beam fallen so as to protect a scoundrel who happened to be standing under. The bricks and beams fell according to the laws which regulate bricks in tumbling. So with our diseases—we die because we are born, we decay because we grow. I have a right to say, "O Father, give me submission to bear cheerfully (if possible) and patiently my sufferings;" but I can't request any special change in my behalf from the ordinary processes, or see any special Divine *animus* superintending my illnesses and wellnesses. Those people seem to me presumptuous who are forever dragging the Awful Divinity into a participation with their private concerns.

. . . Yonder on my table in the next room is a number of the "Earthen Vessel." Brother Jones writes of Brother Brown, how preciously he has been dealt with. Brown has been blessed by an illness; he has had the blessing of getting better; he has relapsed, and finally has the blessing of being called out of the world altogether. I don't differ with Brown essentially—only in the compliments as it were, which he thinks it is proper to be for ever paying. I am well: Amen. I am ill: Amen. I die: Amen always. I can't say that having a tooth out is a blessing—is a punishment for my sins. I say it's having a tooth out.

After letters like these, nothing further need be said of Thackeray's gentleness towards other beliefs than his own. The Roman Catholic faith alone excited his anger. He thought its symbols puerile and its spirit false, and could not bear the notion of asceticism—or indeed any idea which tended to make the world "a timid, ascetic place, in which many of the finest faculties

of the soul would not dare to exercise themselves."

The attitude of a man towards death is a fair test of his attitude towards life. For himself, as he often reiterates, Thackeray had no fear of dying; and, as for the death of others, we will go straight to his own words, and make one more quotation from his correspondence:—

I thought when I read the news, he writes to Mrs. Procter in '56, how very lately I had tried to give courage to my own mother, who lacked it, with an account of Mrs. Montagu's wonderful endurance and self-abnegation. It was so *kind* of her to be courageous at that time, and spare grief to you all . . . Little children step off this earth into the infinite, and we tear our hearts out over their sweet cold hands and smiling faces, that drop indifferent when you cease holding them, and smile as the lid is closing over them. I don't think we deplore the old, who have had enough of living and striving; . . . where's the pleasure of staying when the feast is over, and the flowers withered, and the guests gone? Isn't it better to blow the light out than to sit on among the broken meats and collapsed jellies and vapid heel-taps? I go to what I don't know—but to God's next world, which is His and He made it. One paces up and down the shore yet awhile, and looks towards the unknown ocean, and thinks of the traveller whose boat sailed yesterday. Those we love can but walk down to the pier with us—the voyage we must make alone.

Few correspondents have been as abundant as Thackeray, few have kept at such an equal level of excellence. We have chosen to cite letters from the Introductions, because they are new to the public, and there are amongst them more of the deeper sort; but several in the same order are to be found in Mrs. Brookfield's collection, along with those brilliant descrip-

tions of society which are more familiar to the world.

It is difficult, even now, to define Thackeray's place in the domain of art. He has been compared to Sterne, to Hogarth, and to Fielding. To the first he bears, no doubt, some resemblance in form, and some in what may be called his sentimental method—but, then, how different the sentiment! To the second he has a more real likeness—a likeness of spirit—but how much more of grace and tenderness besides! As for the comparison to Fielding, it is, perhaps, too obvious to dwell on; again there are affinities in style; and the generous kindness and mercy towards their fellow-men are alike in both; but Thackeray's refinement and sense of beauty are not only those of his century—they are his own. Trollope, in his "Life of Thackeray," classes him with the realists. "His manner," he says, "was mainly realistic." But for Trollope the term realistic had a different sense from that in which it is now used, and only implied a natural as opposed to an artificial style—the manly description of sordid facts as compared with the high-flown romance of a Bulwer. "Society will not tolerate the natural in our art," says Thackeray in his preface to the "Yellowplush Papers;" "many ladies have remonstrated and subscribers left me, because, in the course of the story, I described a young man resisting and affected by temptation." This is certainly not the reason why ladies would remonstrate at present. There has been an enormous change in the last five and forty years. We cannot, for instance, have a greater or more characteristic contrast than a novel of Tolstol's and one of Thackeray's; the big canvas of the first filled to overflowing with all sorts and conditions of men, each character taken from its own point of view; Thackeray's brush, on the other hand, working in a limited

area, on certain chosen groups of people, seen through a Thackeray atmosphere—a delicious compound of all the fine shades of feeling.

Perhaps the restricted nature of his art has something to do with the decrease of his readers amongst the rising generation; they like striking effects and massive subjects—from other hands than Tolstol's, alas!—or pages of elaborate self-analysis which would have seemed unintelligible in the forties. It is natural, too, that each successive age should demand its own heroes and heroines. The "sweet woman," beloved of all grandfathers, is not at all to the liking of the present time, and the early Victorian types have never been less in vogue. The popular heroine of to-day is the lady in panther-skins, whether literally on the stage, where she holds heavy and improper conversations with illegitimate relatives on a Scandian Olympus, or figuratively in print, where she lives cramped by the duties of a country parish and visits her cramps upon her family. As for the fashionable hero, he has a wide and flabby mind, and spends the best hours of his day in speculating about himself or his religion. Thackeray would have had none of him; wild oats and the crude selfishness of youth he could sympathize with, but he would have had no patience with emotional egoisms and oscillations—or ought we to call them self-development? It would be a great calamity for the world if it always liked the same thing—if new views and new ideals did not constantly press forward; but the old is bound to get temporarily displaced in the process, and just at this moment it has been rather rudely pushed aside. Sentiment is considered an old-fashioned quality, and the delineation of passion or romantic adventure is much more attractive to the writers and readers of the moment.

Prose writers of sentiment—we use the word in its largest and deepest sense—are few and far between. The great ones may be counted on our fingers: Rousseau, Goldsmith, Sterne and Thackeray—perhaps we should add Richard Steele and Charles Lamb, though the scale and digressive nature of their writings rather separate them from the rest. So strange do the names of Rousseau and Thackeray look in juxtaposition, and so opposed are they in aim, in spirit, in the whole scope of their work, that we hesitate to put them together. Yet Rousseau—the Rousseau of the “Confessions”—regarded apart from his philosophy and purely from the literary side, is the Prophet of the Sentimental School, the first who really looked at life from a sentimental standpoint. As such, if only by way of antithesis, his name must stand with Thackeray’s, although so much in one was antipathetic to the other. The same may also be said of Sterne and Thackeray, in spite of the resemblance in form which we have already pointed out. Who can imagine Sterne loving a child, unless it were a little girl and he thinking what she would be like when she grew to be a woman? His mind is much more akin to Rousseau’s than to Thackeray’s. Goldsmith, Steele and Lamb, on the other hand, each in his own way, have strong sympathies with the mind of Thackeray. If we read Steele’s recollections of his childhood—of his father’s death, when he beat with his battledore on the shut coffin, and his mother caught him in her arms—or Thackeray’s description of the baby’s death in “The Hoggarty Diamond,” we are moved in the same way. “O Death, thou hast a right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty, but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless?” Thackeray might well have written that sentence,

and the likeness between the two only serves to set off their originality. It is a likeness in style, but in something deeper, too—the something that endeared Lamb to Thackeray, and that he himself expresses for us.

That precious natural quality of love, he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield, speaking of some friends, which is awarded to some lucky minds, such as these Charles Lambs, and one or two more in our trade; to many amongst the parsons, I think; to a friend of yours by the name of Makepeace, perhaps, but not unalloyed to this one.

“The precious natural quality of love” is a gift transformed by the nature of him who receives it. In the case of Jean Jacques, it became hardly a precious, and certainly an unnatural, quality. Nothing so forcibly marks the contrast between two men as the way in which they express this faculty. There is no need to descant upon it; Jean Jacques has spoken for himself. “It was necessary,” he says, in the “Confessions,” “that the sweetness of an intimate domestic life should make up to me for the brilliant lot I was renouncing. When I was absolutely alone my heart was empty; but I only needed one creature to fill it; . . . for me there never existed a mean betwixt all and nothing.” This is characteristic of Rousseau; a superb demand for the life of the heart if it could be exactly as he wished it—a mirage of false sentiment which, when we approach it, proves to be made of nothing better than the arid sand of the desert. There was but one person to fill Jean Jacques’s heart, and that was Jean Jacques. Neither one nor two people would have satisfied Thackeray; children, friends and family—his fellow-creatures—he wanted them all. Real love can only satisfy itself by loving, and he needed to give as much as he received.

A large and devout view of love distinguishes all that he wrote on the subject—this letter, for instance, which he sent to his mother when he was working at "Vanity Fair":—

What I want is to make a set of people living without God in the world (only that is a cant phrase), greedy, pompous men, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue. Dobbin and poor Briggs are the only two people with real humility as yet; Amelia's is to come when her scoundrel of a husband is well dead with a ball in his odious bowels, when she has had sufferings, a child, and a religion. But she has at present a quality above most people, whizz—Love—by which she shall be saved. . . . I wasn't going to write in this way when I began. But these thoughts pursue me plentifully. Will they ever come to a good end? I should doubt God who gave them if I doubted them.

The same spirit is in the following letter to his wife:—

. . . Here have we been two years married and not an unhappy day. Oh I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me. It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness?) our hope is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without; and, as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that He might not be led into temptation. . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture, you see only a little bit of it when you are

close to the canvas; go a little distance and then you see how beautiful it is.

That is true sentiment as opposed to false—no mirage, but a rock upon which to build a house. The heart of Rousseau is capable enough of sacrifice, but it is incapable of austerity, which is, after all, one of the essentials of all profound feeling.

Again, let us take each man's attitude towards himself and his work; can anything be more significant of their respective natures?

Let the Last Trump sound when it will, cries Rousseau, I shall come with this book in my hand, to present myself before the Sovereign Judge. I shall say aloud: "Here is what I have done, what I have thought, what I have been. I have told the good and the evil with the same frankness. . . . I have shown myself as I was—vile and contemptible, when I was so; good, generous, sublime, when I was so. I have revealed my inner self as Thou hast seen it. Eternal Being! call around me the innumerable throng of my fellow-creatures; let them hear my confessions, groan at my unworthiness, blush for my meanness. Let each one of them uncover his heart at the foot of Thy throne with the same sincerity—and then let one single individual say, if he dare, I was better than that man there."

What a sublime fussing he treats us to! Even at the vast Day he must have an audience, and the rest of the world must be occupied about him. His sins he will confess, but only on condition that every body thrills at his frankness; and, weeping over himself, he never loses confidence that his eloquence will over-persuade even the Deity. There is an immeasurable difference between his boastful self-abasement and Thackeray's unpretentious humility. It is not with his works in his hand that the latter proposed to approach his Creator; and

there is surely no humbler prayer upon record than that with which, within two years of his death, he entered his new house in Palace Green—built from the proceeds of his books:—

I pray Almighty God that the words I write in this house may be pure and honest; that they be dictated by no personal spite, unworthy motive, or unjust greed for gain; that they may tell the truth as far as I know it; and tend to promote love and peace amongst men, for the sake of Christ our Lord.*

So he wrote in his diary, and when we read "Denis Duval" and the "Roundabout Papers," we know that this prayer was granted. To "tell the truth as far as I know it," might have been stamped upon every page he created, from first to last. To-day, when the work has long since been accomplished, and we have become accustomed to its results, we do not enough realize all that Thackeray did for us. We must look back at the fiction of the thirties and the forties, re-read Bulwer, and remember the public enthusiasm for his novels; we must call to mind all the charade-acting there was in art and in literature, and then we shall be better able to gauge the power of the pen that gave us "Vanity Fair."

Since (it wrote elsewhere) the author of "Tom Jones" was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to deplete to his utmost power a Man. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. . . . You will not hear—it is best to know it—what moves in the real world. . .

It is this that he told us in his incomparable way; he set the pendulum going to a new—perhaps we should say

* Introduction to "Philip," p. xxxviii.

a renewed—measure, and, however wide the temporary oscillations, it will remain true to it. The classical is out of favor for the moment, but Thackeray remains a classic, read by the lovers of literature in all ages. What, after all, is a classic? The question has been answered for us by one of the people best qualified to do so—Sainte-Beuve—and his words on the subject seem to make a fit ending to any discussion of Thackeray:

A true classic, as I should like to hear the word defined, is an author who has enriched the spirit of man, who has really increased its treasure, who has made him take a step forward, who has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or re-discovered some eternal passion in that heart every corner of which seemed to be known and explored; who has embodied his own thought, observation, or invention in some form, no matter what, so long as it is broad and great, delicate and reasonable, healthy and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in a style that belongs to himself and happens also to be that of everybody else, a style which is new without "neologism"—new and old—without an effort the contemporary of all times.

Sainte-Beuve would have been satisfied with Thackeray as an illustration of his meaning. "Broad and great, delicate and reasonable, healthy and beautiful"—these seem epithets made for the man, as Mrs. Ritchie has painted him. He explored the human heart to good purpose, and believed in it while he explored it. The truth that he has preached is unequivocal; and with the help of his hand we have made a step forward—a step towards true feeling and the knowledge of realities divested of conventional trappings. "If Truth were again a goddess," said Charlotte Brontë, "I would make Thackeray her High Priest."

SIDNEY LANIER.

A friend asked me the other day where a certain quotation in one of my articles came from. This was the quotation:

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on
the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the
greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as
the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space
'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass
sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the
greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the
greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal
marshes of Glynn.

It made me proud and happy thus to have an opportunity of introducing another reader to the poetry of Sidney Lanier. Seven years ago Messrs. Gay & Bird published an edition of his poems in this country, yet he remains virtually unknown—and hundreds of poetry lovers are the poorer for it. I had been fortunate enough to know him two or three years before, through an article by Mr. Stedman in an American magazine. Some of the extracts then made had never forsaken my memory. With the publication of Messrs. Gay & Bird's edition I took the opportunity of knowing the whole poems; and two of my friends, not inglorious as poets themselves, will, I know, recall a night of poetical debauch—I mean a debauch of poetry!—in which I passed on my new-found treasure to them. They thought him no less wonderful than I did; and his strenuous, romantic, pitiful history moved them as it moved me. For Lanier fought a battle with death (technically, consumption) to which Keats's

classic consumption was child's play. It is so easy to fight anything, even consumption, if you have nothing else to do; but if you have a home to keep going as well, and only a pen to keep it going with—well, you look upon John Keats as one of the sybarites of immortality. Fortunately, Lanier had a flute, too, and thereby hangs much of his history, as well as the explanation of his temperament and gift. Lanier was one of the few poets who have loved music as well as, if not more than, poetry; and the music in him had an interesting ancestry: it came all the way from one Jerome Lanier, a Huguenot refugee, a musical composer, at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and it was successively transmitted by Jerome's son Nicholas—who was "in high favor" as a musician with both James I and Charles I—and Nicholas's son Nicholas, apparently no less favored by Charles II. "A portrait of the elder Nicholas Lanier, by his friend Van Dyck," I read in Mr. W. Hayes Ward's memorial introduction to Lanier's poems, "was sold with other pictures belonging to Charles I, after his execution." Thus, Lanier's flute originally came from that enchanted period of English music when Campion was making his "Books of Aires." There can be few more romantic instances of the transmission of taste and faculty than this reincarnation of Stuart music in a boy born at Macon in Georgia February 3, 1842. As a child he learned to play, "without instruction," on every available instrument—"flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar, and banjo, especially devoting himself to the flute in deference to his father, who feared for him the powerful fascination of the violin." In fact, his relatives generally were more alarmed than happy about his music,

as a man's relatives—very naturally—are at the appearance in him of a serious passion for any art. Besides, music used to induce in the young Lanier states of trance ecstasy which left him shaken and exhausted. That ecstasy, so feared by his friends, is, we shall see, the very quality of highest value in his poetry. But that all this artistic sensibility meant no lack of manly fibre the war between North and South was soon to prove. At the age of nineteen he was drafted—not forgetting his flute—into the Second Georgia Battalion of the Confederate Army, and with that army he was to remain, seeing much active service, and no little distinguishing himself for four years. Among other things he was a blockade-runner. His blockade-running resulted in five months' imprisonment in Point Look-Out, from which he was released in February, 1865, to do a long tramp home to Georgia. It was the strain of this that gave his apparently hereditary consumption its opportunity; and henceforth, till his death at the age of thirty-nine, his life was to be a long fight with death—a fight carried on with a heroism which, in one or two instances, seems almost excessive, and from which, it almost seems, he might have been spared by friends who helped him now and then so much, that it seems as though they should have helped him more. He gained his livelihood during this time partly by writing and lecturing, and partly by his flute. He was "the first flute" in the Peabody Concerts at Baltimore, and his director has written of him as something like a great performer. Only nine months before his death we read that "when too feeble to raise his food to his mouth, with a fever temperature of 104 degrees," he pencilled his finest poem, called "Sunrise." Such, indeed, is what Mr. William Watson calls "the imperative breath of song."

All this, then, and how much more, lay behind the quotation which took my friend's fancy. That quotation is from an all too-curtailed series of "Hymns of the Marshes," which Lanier had intended to make one big, ambitious poem. There are four "hymns" in all, but only two are of real importance, namely, "Sunrise" and the "Marshes of Glynn." In fact, had he written all his other poems, and missed writing these (striking, suggestive, and fine-lined as those other poems often are), he could hardly have been said to succeed in his high poetic ambition—as by these two poems I think he must be allowed to succeed. In the other poems you see many of the qualities, perhaps all the qualities, which strike you in the "Hymns"—the impassioned observation of nature, the Donne-like "metaphysical" fancy, the religious and somewhat mystic elevation of feeling, expressed often in terms of a deep imaginative understanding of modern scientific conceptions; in fact, you find all save the important quality of that ecstasy which in the "Hymns" fuses all into one splendid flame of adoration upon the altar of the visible universe. The ecstasy of modern man as he stands and beholds the sunrise or the coming of the stars, or any such superb, elemental glory, has, perhaps, never been so keenly translated into verse. Those who heard Lanier play remarked upon "the strange violin effects which he conquered from the flute." Is it fanciful to feel that in these long, sweeping, and heart-breakingly sensitive lines, Lanier equally cheated his father, who, we have seen, "feared for him the fascination of the violin?" I shall need a long quotation, and even that may, properly, be inadequate to illustrate what I mean. Lanier is often exquisite and lovingly learned in detail; but his verse is large in movement and needs room.

The tide's at full: the marsh with
flooded streams
Glimmers, a limpid labyrinth of
dreams.
Each winding creek in grave entrance-
ment lies
A rhapsody of morning-stars. The
skies
Shine scant with one forked galaxy,—
The marsh brags ten: looped on his
breast they lie.

Oh, what if a sound should be made!
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of
beauty and silence a-spring,—
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the
hold of silence the string!
I fear me, I fear me yon dome of dia-
phanous gleam

Will break as a bubble o'er-blown in a
dream,—

Yon dome of too-tenuous tissues of
space and of night,

Over-weighted with stars, over-
freighted with light,

Over-sated with beauty and silence,
will seem

But a bubble that broke in a dream,
If a bound of degree to this grace be
laid,

Or a sound or a motion made.

But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—
mystery, where?

In the leaves? in the air?

In my heart? is a motion made:

'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of
shade on shade.

In the leaves 'tis palpable: low mul-
titudinous stirring

Upwards through the woods; the lit-
tle ones, softly conferring,

Have settled my lord's to be looked
for so; they are still;

But the air and my heart and the
earth are a-thrill,—

And look where the wild duck sails
round the bend of the river,—

And look where a passionate
shiver

Expectant is bending the blades
Of the marsh-grass in serial shim-
mers and shades,—

And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast
fleeting,

Are beating

The dark overhead as my heart beats,
—and steady and free

Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to
sea—

(Run home, little streams,

With your lapfuls of stars and
dreams),—

And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,

For list, down the inshore curve of the
creek

How merrily flutters the sail,—

And lo! in the East! Will the East
unveil?

The East is unveiled, the East hath
confessed

A flush: 'tis alive: 'tis dead, ere the
West

Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding,
'tis unwithdrawn:

Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis
Dawn.

I think this bears out what I have
said—more than I have said. Any one
who pleases may find little literary
faults. Even I could do that. But if
only I could praise it as it deserves!
Those who should imagine that Lanier
wrote in this apparently "loose" Atlan-
tic-roller metre from metrical ignorance
are, of course, very much mistaken. On
the contrary, he was a very learned
metrist, as those who have grappled
with his book on "The Science of Eng-
lish Verse" will know. In that book
the inherited music in him came out
once more as theory, his contention be-
ing that metrical law must be based on
musical law. Personally, I have no
opinion on the subject; and, however
valuable in its province Lanier's treat-
ise may be, I can only wish he had
spent the precious six weeks it took to
write it (only six weeks for over 300
closely-written pages—consumption,
too!) in writing another of his "Hymns
of the Marshes."

I wonder whom these learned treat-
ises on metre benefit. Not the poets, I
am thinking. I imagine that Mr. Ste-
phen Phillips would have written as
good blank verse though Mr. Robert
Bridges's treatise on Miltonic blank
verse had never seen that dim light of

publicity vouchsafed to technical masterpieces. It is to be feared that poetry comes by nature—and there is no poetry without a musical ear—and that all the metrical training a poet needs is birched into him at school. Indeed, I think most poets take lessons in

The Academy.

metre after they are famous; for fear of awkward questions. The only training in metre a poet needs is the reading of great poets; not anatomically, but just—naturally. The study of metre is the study of skeletons. The study of skeletons never yet helped a man to dance.

R. Le Gallienne.

THE ETHICS OF CRITICISM.

A WORD TO SIR WALTER BESANT.

Dogberry: You shall also make no noise in the streets; for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured. . . . If you meet a thief you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man, and for such kind of men, the less you make or meddle with them, why the more is for your honesty!"—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

When I was editorially informed that my article on the "Voice of the Hooligan" had "started the doves," and that no less a person than Sir Walter Besant was "going to reply," I thought I knew the fate in store for me at the hands of that good old custodian of the city's peace. Long and respectfully had I observed the amiable Knight, becloaked like Dogberry of old, and carrying the official staff and lantern, sallying from the round house of the literary watch, with more or less decrepit followers at his heels; and always, I observed, had his spiriting been done gently, so that, even when he "ran in" a publisher or other "malefactor," he had dismissed him speedily with little more than a reprimand. His disposition, I knew, was liberal and kindly; so much so that he had loudly proclaimed to all young citizens that there was no occupation

easier or more profitable than his own daily one of bookmaking, the only endowments necessary for its pursuit being a pen, a sheet of paper, and a copy of the *Author* published monthly! His own career had been sunny, and had ended, as all the world knew, in a knighthood; so it was fitting and natural that he should uphold the ways of literature as ways of pleasantness and profit, and should devote his leisure to patrolling Grub Street, and proclaiming "All's well," through the still small watches of the present intellectual Darkness.

Knowing this much, if not more, of Sir Walter, I rejoiced to hear that I was to fall into hands so merciful. My treatment would be, I thought, neither fierce nor savage; if I were seized and taken to durance vile, I should, at least, not be beaten black and blue by the bâton of a mere policeman; there would be no handcuff business, and, above all, no false swearing, when I was brought before the Bench. Yes, I said to myself, with the good old literary watchman I shall be all right, even if he *does* call on me to "stand" as a malefactor! But, alas! I had to discover that even the best of us is human, after all! I had forgotten that on a

recent occasion (on the very occasion that he was proclaiming garrulously that literature was the easiest of all trades) I had offended this good man deeply.¹ With my denunciation of the literary Hooligan came his opportunity, and—well, he has taken it to the best of his power. Not content with calling on me to “stand,” he flatly proclaims me a rogue and a liar! Not satisfied with disliking my opinions, he affirms that they are founded on the basest and most selfish of all motives, those of envy and disappointed vanity! This is so unlike Sir Walter, even Sir Walter in a rage, that I scarcely know what to make of it; and I am forced to the disagreeable conclusion that he, like so many worthy souls nowadays, has caught the prevailing epidemic and grown positively homicidal.²

But rightly or wrongfully, justly or unjustly, here I stand “charged,” with Sir Walter Besant (Lord love him) bearing angry witness against me. I have disturbed the town’s peace; I have wantonly assaulted a good young genius of Christian disposition; and for the rest I bear a bad character as a person of very doubtful literary morals. Have I anything to say in my defence? Marry, yes, a good deal, if that worshipful magistrate, the public, will listen, and if the dear old watchman will only be quiet, even when I accuse him (as I am reluctantly compelled to do) of malice and false swearing.

First, however, let me examine his contention that literary people disgrace themselves and their profession whenever they say severe and unsympathetic things about each other. This, from a literary person who calmly imputes the basest and meanest of mo-

tives to his opponent, and who taunts him from the witness-box with want of trade-success and the most despicable of trade-vanity, is rather a rich contention to begin with! But let us try to ascertain what it means, or, rather let me try to make this not too-sapient guardian of literary morals see what *I* mean. From the point of view of Sir Walter Besant, literature is a little ring of amiable and worthy gentlemen, whose mission it is to make an honorable subsistence by writing works for the market, and to extend to each other, under all circumstances, the polite courtesies of their trade-union. Their duty is to support each other, praise each other, in every way be loyal and kindly to each other. Members of the medical and legal professions, it is contended, *never* denounce each other. We cannot imagine “the late Lord Coleridge contributing articles to the magazines in abuse of the late Sir George Jessel (this, by the-by, is a little necrologically mixed, but such is Deponent’s way), or “Bishop Wilberforce attacking Archbishop Sumner for alleged heresy, atheism, or immorality,” or “Sir Frederick Leighton asking for a dozen pages in which to call Millais a humbug in art, an imposter, a corrupter of the popular taste.” “Even if these charges were proved,” says the witness, “would Leighton’s be the hand to write them down? No; self-respect, dignity for the calling” (please note this phrase) “would impose restraint and reticence. It is only in literature that the world feels no astonishment when one more chapter is added to the long list of venomous attacks by one author upon another.”

Now, what Sir Walter means is perfectly clear, although the language in which he expresses himself is somewhat difficult to construe. His references, however, are unfortunate, since

¹ “The Profession of Literature, an Open Letter to Sir Walter Besant,” published in the Sunday Special.

² “Is it the Voice of the Hooligan?” By Sir Walter Besant. The Eclectic Magazine. April, 1900.

they chiefly concern individuals less noteworthy for candor and originality than for prosperous trimming and social finesse. One can hardly conceive Bishop Wilberforce belonging to any ethical forlorn hope, or Sir Frederick Leighton sounding the note of any intellectual revolt. All the men whom Sir Walter names as incapable of personal discourtesy were, I fancy, quite as incapable of personal originality or heroism; at any rate, if the truth had to be told concerning either art or religion, one would hardly have selected the speaker from among the magnates of the English Church or the President and Council of the Royal Academy. A clique is a clique, whether it is concerned with the practical business of organized Episcopacy, or the equally practical business of selling pictures, or the quite as practical business of producing books for the market; and whenever a new thing has to be uttered to the world, it is seldom or never voiced by those who have interests vested in the high officialism of any prosperous trade union.

Putting aside Sir Walter's assumption that personal attacks and accusations are altogether confined to literature, and that our doctors, lawyers, and artists are quite angelically incapable of expressing their honest opinion of each other, what follows? That the ethics of literature is lower and baser than that of medicine, or the bar, or pictorial art, and that men of letters—men who use the pen—are less generous, less dignified, less amiable, than the followers of those other professions? By no means. Literature, although itself only a very small part of life, is a much broader and larger part of life than either medicine, the bar, or art; indeed, it includes all these branches of human activity, of only one of which, the last, can we say that it is something more than a mere profession. The pursuit of medicine is

very indirectly concerned with the question of ethics, while the profession of the law is to a large extent absolutely opposed to the highest ethical sanctions. Of literature alone can it be said that its very breath and being, its essential *fons et origo*, is ethical; that without ethics, without ethical truth and beauty, literature would be non-existent. A man absolutely without heart or kindly sympathy may be a great physician. A man utterly devoid of common humanity may be, and often has been, a great lawyer. A man of very inferior literary and moral sense may be, and occasionally has been, a great painter. But no man who is devoid of prescience and wisdom, of commanding insight and humanity, can ever be a great author.

However much this last assertion may be traversed and confuted, illustrations being at hand of very strong and powerful and prosperous writers, in whom the highest moral qualities seem more or less deficient, it will be found that all writers who have achieved permanent immortality have done so by virtue of their ethical greatness. Even Rabelais, with whom our good Sir Walter consorted during his literary youth, has been justified to posterity by the clean part of him, that which startled the church and scared the cows, not by that which has turned so many stomachs, and, I honestly admit, turns mine. If we glance at random over the line of noble names, from Socrates to Shakespeare, from Virgil to Dante, from Aristophanes to Fielding and Dickens, from Chaucer to Milton, from Milton to Wordsworth, from Shelley to Walt Whitman, we shall discover that our poets and thinkers are great exactly in proportion to the wisdom and beauty of their message to the world; and that whenever a writer has proved a traitor to progress and humanity, whenever he has shouted with the

crowd, and has represented the villainess and not the purity of his generation, he has been doomed to more or less rapid oblivion, as practically a criminal against his kind.

This being admitted, and I think few individuals except members of the old-fashioned literary watch will seriously dispute it, is it not a matter of some importance that we should attempt to discover such traitors to truth and to humanity, when, from one cause or another, they are really devitalizing the very air we breathe? Even accepting Sir Walter's delectable conception of literature as a Pickwick Club of amiable and prosperous shopkeepers, dutifully admiring and praising each other's wares, ought there not to be a limit to friendly nepotism, and an end occasionally to the compounding of moral felonies against mankind? Is it not now more than ever notorious that the evils of the literary profession, the evils which still break many hearts and drive many honest aspirants to the workhouse and the grave, are due to the system of log-rolling and personal collusion, expressing itself through the endless tricks of the trade? And then to come to the crucial moral question, if a baker sells poisoned bread, is no other baker in the town to say so?

According to Sir Walter, literature is the only profession the members of which denounce wrong-doing in each other. If this were so, how proud and unique would be the position of literature! Unfortunately, it is not so. Members of the medical profession may hesitate to denounce individual quackery, although they punish in the severest manner the slightest breach of professional etiquette; but it would be better for the world, a thousand times better, if in this profession and all the others, including literature, there were less etiquette and more honesty, more truth-speaking on

the part of individuals, and less trimming and lying to conciliate trades and cliques. In the medical profession, for example, there is, I believe, a professional etiquette which forbids one practitioner, on being called in to a patient who is dying through the ignorance and malpractice of another practitioner, apprising those concerned of such ignorance and malpractice! An etiquette of the same sort, according to Sir Walter, forbids a man of letters avowing his detestation of a Hooliganism which, he believes, is not merely causing the death of one sick individual, but is sowing the whole world broadcast with butchered and martyred men.

Here, at last, we come to the very core of the moral question, and reach the real inwardness of my criticism. According to Sir Walter Besant, a man of letters has no right to say a word against any Jack Cade of his own craft, who rushes from street to street with a howling mob at his heels, and is indirectly or directly concerned in fanning the evil passions of semi-barbarous crowds. To our knight, who vaunts literature as a roaring trade, the question is merely one of professional etiquette, and of personal vanity, envy, and uncharitableness on the part of a craftsman! "Self-respect, the dignity of the calling, nay, the ordinary laws of common courtesy," should, Sir Walter thinks, prevent one author from expressing his bad opinion of another, especially when that other is generally admired. The expression of any such bad opinion can only be inspired by one sentiment, that of professional jealousy or trade malice. So, when Byron exposes in a masterpiece the shameful sycophancy and wicked servility of the laureate Southey, or when Shelley bewails, in burning numbers, the faults and backslidings of hireling poets, or when Browning says of a contemporary:

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick on his coat,
the motive is always the same one—
envy of the other's dirty gains! The
truth must *not* be spoken, even if the
doctor is a murderous quack, the law-
yer a lying rogue, the literary man a
public nuisance! Foul and evil teach-
ing must *not* be exposed, even when it
is poisoning the very wells!

I do not propose to examine in detail
Sir Walter's vindication of Mr. Rud-
yard Kipling. So enthusiastic is it
that it actually makes the good knight
drop into poetry, and talk in mixed
metaphors about "the hundred millions
who read the Anglo-Saxon tongue and
flock into the vast theatre to listen
spell-bound to a single voice,"—that
of him whom I have christened Hooll-
gan. Sir Walter's literary tastes do
not interest me; his moral predilections
are my chief concern. Let me now in-
quire a little more closely into these.

"Kipling in prose and in verse," says
Sir Walter, gloatingly, "is one to whom
war is an ever-present possibility and
an ever-present certainty! There is
a time to speak of peace and a time to
speak of war! At this moment it is
well that some one who has a voice
should speak of war!" And so on, and
so on. The vein is 'Ercles vein, a ty-
rant's vein, a bloodthirsty vein, won-
derful on the lips of so mild and home-
bred a citizen! Sir Walter is frank
enough, indeed, to avow that he likes
bloodshed; that there "are worse
evils than war," and he is not afraid to
echo at this hour of the day the mad
platitudes which drove Englishmen
into homicidal frenzy forty years ago.
There are worse things than war,
quotha? Worse things even than war
beginning and ending in the lust for
gold, and the ardor of freebooters to
grab the solid earth?

Well, since Sir Walter Besant has
chosen to express his honest admira-
tion of fire, famine and slaughter, and

to cite chapter and verse from a great
poet in support of his case, and that of
a church which is now crying havoc
to the war-wolves, let me show the
hopelessness of any agreement be-
tween us by frankly answering him
to this effect—that I take my stand on
the belief that there is no worse evil
than war, and that all the talk of its
power to purify a nation or an individ-
ual is the veriest and foulest cant.
Two blacks never yet made a white,
nor any two wrongs a right, and, dis-
guise the truth under what phrases we
may, war is simply murder with an-
other name. That is my belief, and if
that belief is false, every word which
I have written concerning Mr. Kipling
is false as well.

Under one condition only is the slay-
ing of our fellow-men justifiable, or,
at least, pardonable—the condition of
righteous self-defence. Our good Sir
Walter, so full of anxiety for his fel-
low-craftsmen, so shocked and shamed
when one of those craftsmen protests
against homicidal mania and jingo-
patriotism in another, can contemplate
with serenity the bloody holocaust of
suffering martyred thousands; snugly
seated in his office chair, reeling out
literature at so much per thousand
words, can assure his readers that the
processes of plunder and slaughter are
glorious and ultimately purifying; can
glibly quote from a poem of which
Tennyson lived long enough to be
ashamed, but which is still among the
few blots on a noble reputation; can
talk of the "potency of war," "the en-
nobling of a people by war;" nay, can
utter the usual banalities about "noble
aims," in connection with a crusade
baser even, if that is possible, than the
mad Crimean crusade which once
deluged Europe with innocent blood!

Even so, it seems to me, might Rob-
ert Shallow, Esquire, have defended
the civic bloodshed of his own genera-
tion, and certainly Robert Shallow,

Esquire, could not have darkened counsel more thoroughly than Sir Walter Besant, Knight. I pass again over his enthusiasm for Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom he further justifies on the score of a legion of omnivorous readers. Even so Ponson de Terrall might be justified by any one of the millions who honestly admire him, and even so might Xavier de Montepin be exalted by a reader of *Le Petit Journal*, on the basis of the "largest circulation in the world!" Sir Walter's taste in books does not concern me; let it go. I pass over also the sleepy arguments by which he seeks to establish the idea that literature is a mere business of success and non-success, sale and non-sale conditioned and inspired by some more or less nepotic Author's Club. In all this his ideas are amiable, if ideas they may be termed. But when, with the finger of blood on every door, and the cry of the Hooligan in every street, and the mad cry of Cain in the market-place, and the shadow of death passing from land to land, this shallowest of literary knights non-combatant assures me that there are "worse things than war," I answer him again from the bottom of my heart that there is only one thing worse—that thing being the cultivated stupidity, the hopeless, senseless folly and obtusity, against which even the very gods still strive in vain.

I regret to have to speak so roundly to such a harmless soul, essentially kindly, perhaps, and only erring from sheer lack of imagination; but in answering his somewhat rambling charges against me, I chiefly desire to make my own cause clear. I must explain, therefore, despite the strong prejudice which the statement will awaken, that I am unable to conjure up any more enthusiasm for war itself than for its leading expositors and poets, and that even the glory of men who die bravely upon the battlefield

leaves me comparatively cold. A soldier, to my mind, is not necessarily a hero; he enters the game of killing other people at the risk of being killed himself, and if he loses he pays the forfeit; if he were not killed he would be killing, and I personally see nothing heroic in that. Nor am I, in the new sense of the word, a patriot. Although I love my country and, if necessary, would die in its defence, I would not stir one foot to help my countrymen in any cause which I believed to be cowardly, treacherous, and merely homicidal. To follow the ravings of a howling political majority, excited to frenzy by ignorant leaders and their attendant nigger minstrels, is not, to my thinking, patriotism. These things I state roundly, leaving Sir Walter Besant to make the most of them, in his estimate of my moral baseness.

Sir Walter, true to his character of old-fashioned watchman, carries from the night-time into the daytime his sleepy cry of "All's well!" He is highly indignant with me, therefore, because I have said that, militarism being rampant, humanitarianism is out of fashion, a statement which, I am glad to say, has since been endorsed by no less a person than Mr. Frederick Harrison.³ "There never was a time in the history of Christianity," says Sir Walter, when Philanthropy, practical Christianity, was so much in fashion; and, to support his statement, he runs glibly off his tongue the shibboleths—free schools, free libraries, factory acts, continuation schools, polytechnics, adding to these, as if they were not enough, Toynbee Hall, Mansfield Hall, and Oxford House! Even so, it seems to me, and with like relevance, would the inimitable Mr. Gradgrind have discoursed to his hearers on the beauties of a mathematical philanthropy. Is there no difference,

³ In his address as President of the English Positivist Society.

then, between human sympathy and the teachings of the Board Schools, between love and loving charity and the opening of picture galleries and museums on Sundays? The work-house is a beneficent institution, but somehow or other the poor have always regarded it askance! The Board School does incalculable good, but its ministrations seldom or never, I fear, recall the Beatitudes! Not for one instant would I seek to depreciate any one of these or similar benefactions, or detract one hair's breadth from the honor of such men and women as are working bravely to enlighten and to help their fellows; but what answer is it to me, when I quote the poet of the poor, and cry:—

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

to be assured, by optimists like Sir Walter, that the scheme of the Charity Organization Society works out, on the whole, quite admirably! Bread may often become very bitter in the giving, and much of the bread of British philanthropy has, I fear, a somewhat Gradgrindian, not to say Besantian, savor!

Indeed, indeed, good Sir Walter Besant, Knight, this cry of "All's well" sounds feeble almost to fatuousness at this epoch of plunder and bloodshed, of Jameson raids and chartered shares, of city train-bands, rushing to assist in the spoliation of Naboth's vineyard. Philanthropy, quotha? Christianity, I' faith? I have but to open my *Daily Alarmist*, and my eye falls upon the following:—

THE BOY WHO SHOT THREE BOERS!
English Boys and Girls send Him a
Christmas Present.

Trumpeter Shurlock, who with his own hand shot three Boers at Elands Laagte, has stirred a practical responsive chord in the hearts of patri-

otic boys and girls at Benhall School, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

We have received from Mr. John Chambers, the schoolmaster, a watch and chain, subscribed for by the children, and accompanied by a letter intended for the trumpeter of the 5th Lancers. Here is the letter which Trumpeter Shurlock's youthful admirers are sending him:—

"Dear Trumpeter Shurlock,—Our schoolmaster reads us the war news every morning, and what we liked best was to hear about you, and *how you shot three Boers*, and we thought we should like to send you a Christmas present.

"We thought at first we would send you a plum pudding, and then a flannel shirt, but we got too much money for that. So, as some kind friends helped us, we got enough to send you a watch and chain, which we hope you will accept.

"If ever you come to Suffolk, we hope you will call and see us, so that we may give you a cheer.

"Please let us know if you get it and if you like it.

"Hoping you will come safe home and be able to show it to your mother. We are pleased you are our young countryman, and we hope if any of us are ever soldiers, we will do our duty like you."

"Wishing you all good luck, we remain,

"Your young English Friends,

"Gertie Rackham,

"Frank Chambers,

"(For the Children of Benhall School)."

So that the beneficent homicide of youthful England is *not* confined to "Stalky & Co." and other creations of the egregious Mr. Kipling, but runs red in our very streets and lanes, and infects our very errand boys and urchins at play! The boy who killed three Boers! How dear must he be to the heart of the knight who dotes on war, and bloodshed, and Mr. Kipling! Doubtless, too, this boy has partaken of the Christianity of the School Board, and may even have strolled in his regimentals through the very educational People's Palace!

I am very sorry for Sir Walter Besant. He has always had a place in my heart with the other knights of fame—the good souls who mean so well, yet who are always on the side of the loaves and fishes and the big battalions. I am quite sure that he hates cruelty and wrong-doing just as much as I do, and is incapable of a brutal thought or deed. But the mischief is that his very amiability leads him astray. I blame him not for loving and defending his fellow-craftsmen; for kindling with indignation when he witnesses what he considers "a venomous attack" on a noble reputation. I am quite sure, indeed, that he would defend even the malefactor Buchanan, if he thought him subjected to cruel and cowardly maltreatment. But alas! although he is kindly, he is not wise. He fails to see that far higher issues than those of mere writing and selling books underlie the question of morality in literature—that literature, indeed, although but a part of life, only fulfils

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its functions when it is the noblest and the purest part of it. The question of Mr. Kipling's genius, of my base motives, my misappreciation, really does not count in the discussion. What counts is the carnage to which every weathercock of a scribbler is pointing, and the brutality which is expressing itself daily and hourly, not only in mere words, but in deeds which have made the name of England execrated all over the civilized globe. Sir Walter Besant avers that I have no right to speak of these things, because they concern the prestige and the pocket of one who, with a publisher on each side of him (like the bishop on each side of Richard in the play) lately cried aloud for and obtained the sympathy of two continents. I say that I have every right to speak of these things, because they concern the honor and the prosperity—nay, the very existence—of those two continents, and the happiness of every humane and peace-loving citizen who dwells therein.

Robert Buchanan.

PARIS AND THE EXPOSITION.*

Not many of the inhabitants of Paris, I fancy,—I had almost said of the provincials of Paris!—feel more keenly than I do the ghastly gash which has been cut along the left bank of the Seine. In a city as huge and full of life as ours—given over to its business and its pleasures—the studious man has peculiar need of a retreat or refuge of some sort, where he can stroll slowly along and rest his eyes with the sight of a little verdure, and where his mind, though quiescent for the time being, is not altogether severed from what constitutes its habitual occupation. This favorite spot, this rural or provincial

nook, if you will, was situated for a good many Parisians, of whom I am one, on the quays of the left bank.

The quay is cool in summer; in winter it is a trifle cold. You feel the breeze from the river, and you throw up your head. It is a capital place for discovering which way the wind blows, and for forming a correct judgment on the weather in general—that marvellously prolific theme of conversation! For its habitués the quay has a charm which depends even more upon the force of habit than on its own intrinsic loveliness. The view of the Louvre through the naked branches of the winter trees has a fine elusive

*Translated for *The Eclectic Magazine*.

grace, like that of a charcoal-sketch by Allongé. The perspectives are beautifully defined by the successive planes which are formed first by the trees on the quay, then by those on the more distant banks, and, finally, by the rectilinear *motif* of the monumental galleries that stretch away toward the city.

Lunch over, at two or three P. M. you saunter forth, cigar in mouth, hands in pockets, umbrella tucked under your arm. The good folk who preside over the book-boxes on the parapet are very cordial; the old gentlemen who keep an eye on the medals and antique furniture in the windows of the bric-à-brac shops, air a faded politeness. They invariably step aside to make room for the ladies, old or young, who gather up their skirts for a leap at the Rue Bonaparte in their perpetual journeyings from the Louvre to the Bon Marché and the Bon Marché to the Louvre. It all makes a picture, not to say a spectacle, not exciting, certainly, but very tranquil and soothing.

You drop into Champion's or Belin's, meet Claretie, Sardou, or Heredia, turn over the leaves of an old breviary, discuss a binding by Ruette or Le Gascon, take note of a remark made by a gentleman who looks in for a moment only—and immediately forget the same; simple pleasures, but enough for numbers of honest folk, who like to relax the legs and the brain before going back to the closet lined with books, and the daily and not always enlivening interview of the writer with his paper.

But of these innocent pleasures they are depriving us, one by one. We have seen first the boxes of the book-vendors carried away across the river. The next step was to take up the pavement, cover the quay with litter, turn over the sub-soll and raise the level of the sidewalk, whereby the shops were left in a ditch. You might not enter at the

sign of "My Mother's Cross," without making the sign of the cross yourself—so perilous was the adventure. The earth trembles under your feet; you hear dull subterranean thuds and blows; there's some one burrowing there—like the ghost in Hamlet. Horrible green boxes then made their appearance, and the trees began to move as they do in Macbeth. They passed away standing bolt upright, and brandishing their forlorn stumps in the air, as though threatening somebody—could it have been M. Picard? But, anyhow, they are gone, and, one after another, we are going, too.

Hard by were the ruins of the Cour des Comptes. I don't know whether they were beautiful or ugly, but one was accustomed to them. A virgin forest had sprung up between the fallen stones, and the flora was so varied and abundant that a book has been written about it. A whole population of living things dwelt among those ruins. The wood-pigeon, the Parisian sparrow, and the blackbird were entirely at home there; and at nightfall, during certain months of the year, there used to come up from the west and the sea great flocks of small birds, who alighted upon the calcined blocks in myriads. First they quarrelled, as though in parliament assembled, then they thrust their heads under their wings and went to sleep. The little birds will be surprised, indeed, when they come back next spring. Instead of their customary refuge they will find the future Gare d'Orleans.

And we have been treated precisely like the birds, and the ruins; we have been scattered and abolished. We have had to put our heads down and run for it—away from the white, arid, melancholy devastated quay, which lies at the mercy of sun and wind, unshaded by a single tree, unguarded by a single stump; and we thought sadly, as we fled, of the bright, peaceful, va-

ried spectacle which we had enjoyed so long, and which our beloved nephews will know nothing about.

At the extremity of the quay lies that esplanade of the Invalides, about which we have heard so much in these last months. There were those who thought it beautiful and imposing in its rectilinear nudity, though to me I must confess that it was always tiresome. But, at all events, it had a character of its own; and as our poetical friend, M. Denys Cochin, used to say, it had a look as though Louis XIV and Napoleon had passed through it—a kind of thing which is always effective.

However, I have seen the last of the esplanade, and thus it befel. I used to live on the Quai d'Orsay, and one fine spring morning, as I lingered a moment on my doorstep before starting for the Municipal Council, I saw—or was it an illusion?—I seemed to see the trees in front of me shivering, staggering, trembling one by one. At the foot of each tree men were at work with feverish energy. The sylvan *coup-d' état*, which was being carried out before my eyes, moved me deeply. I hurried off to the meeting of the Municipal Council where I had, at that time, a colleague in the Ministry of Public Works, a charming man, exceedingly upright and conscientious, and anxious to do his duty, who is no longer, I believe, actively engaged in politics. The moment I caught sight of him I burst out with, perhaps, unnecessary energy:

"They are cutting down the trees on the Esplanade!"

He looked earnestly at me, for some seconds, as though trying to make me out, and then answered, very gently:

"Oh, no, monsieur!"

"But I tell you I have just come from there, and they are all flat!"

With the same mildness as before, he repeated:

"No, monsieur," and presently added: "The thing is not possible. I have the official instructions here in my portfolio."

There was nothing more to be said and we turned to other matters. But at the close of the session, I sought out my man again, and spoke to him in such a way as to produce a little impression.

"Let's go and see!" he said.

"Very well," I answered, "we will."

On the Pont de la Concorde—on the bridge itself, you understand!—we met a very high official attached to the Board of Public Works, and to him I repeated my charge.

"They are cutting down the trees at the Invalides."

"Nothing of the sort," he replied.

"Oh, come now," I began, but he insisted.

"The thing is not possible; I have the official instructions here in my portfolio."

He had, in fact, a huge case under his arm, which he was about to open, but I stayed his hand.

"Suppose we go and see. It is just round the corner."

We took a dozen steps, and my friends had to succumb to the evidence of their senses. The trees were down. Not a single one remained on the space now occupied by the railway station. We drew near. They were poor, miserable, old trees undoubtedly, rotten at the core, aged and consumptive, with no long time to live, in any case. My attention was called to this fact, and I admitted it. But, all the same, the Esplanade was dead.

It will appear from the foregoing anecdote, that I am quite as susceptible as another to this kind of bereavement. I could cry, upon occasion, with Ronsard:—

"Hark to me, woodman! Stay that fatal blow!

'Tis no mere forest thou art laying low.

Or, I will borrow of Paul Louis Courier his famous quotation from Catullus, "Lugete, veneres, cupidinesque." I understand only too well the grievances of the remonstrant. Still, we must look at things reasonably.

And there is no manner of doubt that the destroyers and the murderers have reason on their side. The time has come for Paris to admit that she is no longer worthy of herself. In the conveniences of life, in the ease of movement, in the breadth and brightness of her streets, and in her railway, tramway, and omnibus accommodations—in everything, in short, which tends to make existence easier in a great city, Paris has permitted herself to be surpassed. The views taken by our *Ædiles* are both short and narrow. Their motto would appear to be the same as that of Vivant Denon's story, "No Tomorrow!" We are, even now, demolishing an entire quarter for the sake of laying out streets twenty metres wide—the Rue Réaumur, for instance, which has only just been opened, and is already too narrow. Our new boulevards are choked with vehicles before they are fairly completed. The Boulevard Haussmann has come to a standstill; the sewers are unfinished; the Rue Saint-Denis and the Rue Saint-Martin have made no progress for ages. We preserve a decrepit and devilishly provincial Paris under the pretext of respecting our vistas. It is nonsense!

Fifty years ago, when M. Haussmann first inaugurated his great works, a great wall went up from all the pamphleteers of the opposition, supported by a few belated romanticists, because the spade had been suffered to violate certain unspeakably dirty holes which were an inheritance from the middle ages, and light and air to circulate in regions where there had been no change since the days of the long-bearded Charlemagne. Why

was not the work carried on? Colbert conceived the fine idea of clearing away everything in front of the Louvre, and making in the heart of Paris a garden which should unite the royal palace to the Hotel-de-Ville. Why was that project not realized?

If Paris would keep the rank it has held hitherto, the duties and responsibilities of a great capital must be frankly accepted, and the city must be extended, enlarged, opened upon all sides, in accordance with a grandiose and boldly-imagined plan. Otherwise, we shall present but a mean and bedraggled appearance at the end of a few centuries more.

We have, at this moment, a unique opportunity, since the works preparatory to the Exposition and those which will inevitably follow it, coincide with a determination to destroy the line of our western fortifications. Paris is moving westward. The fact is undeniable, and why should we attempt to bar its progress?

Paris has ceased to be a city of three million souls. As a matter of fact, it has already more than five millions. It has swallowed up the Bois de Boulogne, Ville-d'Auray, and Saint-Cloud, and it is in the act of swallowing Versailles. On the other side, it extends as far as the junction of the Marne. On the north it takes in Asnières and Bois-Colombes on the one hand, and Vanves, Clamart, Meudon and Sceaux on the other. This is the real truth. All people dwelling within these limits are Parisians.

What we have now to do is to increase their facilities for getting to the centre of Paris. We must imagine broad highways leading from Vincennes to Versailles, and from Sceaux to Enghien, sometimes availing themselves of existing roads, but more often taking the place of the latter, having along their lower margin, or in tunnels underneath, or, if need be,

under porticos running beside them, whatever may render locomotion rapid, agreeable and cheap for the general public. Just fancy a *via triumphalis* uniting, under conditions like those I have described, the Place du Trône with Auteuil and Versailles—even if it did interfere with some of the perspectives of the Rue de Rivoli—and carrying the flood of its daily travel out to the junction of the Marne on the one hand, and, on the other, to the lovely shores of Sèvres, Meudon and Ville-d'Auray. Its railways will connect with the great central station, which we shall boldly establish at the Palais Royal. Thither will come the products of north, south, east and west, by extensions of the existing railways, which will be made to radiate from this common centre. There will Paris obtain its provisions, and gather for one moment in a single group before dispersing to the four points of the compass.

Are you aware, my countrymen, that 2,400,000 people come every day into the city of London, transact their business, and take the train at night for "home?" This is what all great capitals are bound to be henceforth—centres of a mighty and well-ordered activity, while the suburbs that surround them are full of tranquillity, freshness and repose.

The Exposition has been accused of disturbing the regular life of old Paris, and there is mourning over sweet and quiet corners dear to refined and retiring souls. People grumble at M. Picard for handling the city like an engineer, and applying in every direction his professional lines and levels. We may be regretting before long that, when he was about it, he had not done more. Verily, the provincial Paris in which we have dwelt so long had its own charm.

But I see in my mind's eye a truly metropolitan Paris, to which the Seine

brings the craft of Rouen and of Le Havre without any trans-shipment of cargo; where vast, airy, stately streets are reserved for the pedestrian, the automobile, and the splendid private turn-out—if any such remain at that time; where all the dirty work is done underground; where the earth vibrates to the quiver of rails and discs and plates; where streets, houses and apartments are served by that swift and ever clean agent, electricity; where the trains go humming past the angles of the streets on their way to that great central hive in the Palais Royal; where hotels are numerous and comfortable; and where, morning and evening, long processions of Parisians come and go, arriving from long distances in a few minutes and returning at nightfall to bowery homes where they will breathe the fresh air under their own young elms.

Can such a dream ever be realized? Why not? All that is needed is one strong will to put the rest in motion. It is not money that will be lacking. Money is so cheap! Moreover, the impulse has already been given. They are beginning to dig for the Metropolitan railway, and two of our great lines are being brought into the heart of the town. That hideous old Palais d'Industrie has been replaced by magnificent constructions, covering a dozen acres and more with their white masses, where the Parisian crowd can, at least, circulate freely. The triumphs of electricity will be displayed in the galleries of the approaching exhibition. These things are symptoms and something more.

But the Municipal Council, we are told, will think twice before adopting all these new ideas. Why should they? There are men enough there who are in entire sympathy with the future. Why should they hesitate and hang back, only when the question is one of architecture or transportation? More-

over, time flies, and, sooner or later, be made. Let us not dawdle and disregard the time comes when an advance must regard the signal.

Les Annales.

Gabriel Hanotaux.

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is mothered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,

Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said; the girl she thought me wild.

Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,
The girls are heavygoin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When ones't I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!
For a shagh wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

From "Songs of the Glens of Antrim."

Moirá O'Neill.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S IDEALS.

The history of the world is but the biography of great men.—Carlyle.

The following questions were proposed early in December, 1899, to three hundred and two boys and two hundred and eighty-nine girls in public elementary schools:—

1. "Which would you rather be when you grow up, a man or a woman, and why?"

2. "What man or woman of whom you have ever heard or read would you most wish to be, and why?"

Mr. Earl Barnes, after his recent researches in this country, asserts that he found among the school children of England a paltriness of ideal. These questions were primarily designed to bring out the ideals of school children, and being proposed during a time of national excitement, they gave the children an opportunity of showing their patriotism. After studying the six hundred papers, it seems to me that English school children are not lacking in public spirit, although their range of heroes is extremely limited. Secondly, the questions aimed at bringing out the differences of ideal in boys and girls; and here, I think, that although the capacity for hero worship is strong in both boys and girls, yet the latter have a more delicate appreciation of what is noble in human character. The ages of the children were between eleven and thirteen. They belonged to the upper standards, and many of them were on the point of leaving school. The schools selected were in towns, some were from the south and some from the north of England. The questions were put to the children in the ordinary course of school events, as an exercise in composition. The boys and girls took them

quite seriously, and were not aware that any special use was to be made of their compositions. The first casual glance through the papers shows that the boys' answers exhibit touches of humor which are almost entirely absent from the girls' answers; secondly, that the girls exhibit more unselfishness than the boys. The latter clamor for what affects their own personal comfort, while the girls are more mindful of their use in the world. The girls have a more delicate sense of the ideal than the boys; and, lastly, the military spirit pervades the majority of the answers. Boys and girls alike are keenly interested in the war, and are eager to be at the scene of action either as generals or nurses. It is curious to notice that about 35 per cent. of the girls wish to be men, and only two boys out of three hundred and two wish to be women.

The girls' answers to the first question can readily be classified into fairly well-defined groups. Firstly, there are a small proportion of the superior, strong-minded type, who are emphatic in their loyalty to their sex. These few obviously despise men, and dispose of them in a curt sentence or two.

"I wish to be a woman because they have much more sense than men," writes one. "A woman, because they are braver than men; they can do things quickly. Men are clumsy; besides, men drink," writes another. "A woman, because women just do things while men are talking," writes a third. These strong-minded damsels only form about 3 1-2 per cent. of the whole.

Secondly, there are a small proportion—about 3 per cent.—of virtuous and proper-minded little persons, who administer a solemn rebuke to the flip-pant examiner for propounding the

problem. "I would rather be a woman," writes one, "because God has made us all according to His will." This writer is inconsistent, in spite of her virtuous show of contentment, for she goes on to wish to be "Mr. Gladstone, because he was the greatest man that ever was." Another says: "I would choose to be a woman because Nature made me one, and we must be content." She is a pious little maiden, although inconsistent, and goes on to wish to be "a writer of hymns, like Mr. Limestone, because he was the author of lovely hymns."

Thirdly, there are the ambitious and adventurous ones who rebel against their sex. These form the 34 per cent. who wish to be men. They urge various reasons: the strength, the freedom of men, and the adventures open to them. They are keenly alive to the economic disadvantages of women's labor, the limited number of occupations open to them, and they are fully convinced that a man's lot is easier than a woman's. "I would rather be a man," writes an ardent maiden of twelve, "because I could be a soldier and help my country. A man has many chances of being great, and women haven't. A man can work and keep his wife, but a woman cannot work for a man. Her wages would not be enough." This writer wants to be Shakespeare. "A man," writes another, "because he is brave, and can fight, and explore, and gain land for his country." This small maiden wants to be Nelson. "I would rather be a man, because a man is more useful and respectable than a woman, especially when a woman takes to drink; then she makes home miserable." A good many of these answers hint at dark home experiences. Most of these adventurous ones desire to be Wellington, Nelson, or Sir Redvers Buller.

Many urge that a man's lot is easier. One says: "I would be a man

because he has no worry preying on his mind, such as women have. The only woman I would care to be is the Queen, because she is waited on, everything is brought to her, she never has dishes to wash, and she ought to be happy." Another says: "A man, of course. He just has to get up, and he finds the fire lighted and breakfast ready. He goes to his work, and when he comes home tea is ready; then he does nothing but smoke his pipe, and go out, and do what he likes."

In considering the economic position of women, a girl of thirteen writes: "Men have a voice in the government of their country, and women have not; and a man has more influence, and his example is more readily followed than that of a woman. Men can rise in life and fill important posts, and earn a lot of money, but women cannot." This girl is an ardent young reformer, she wants to be the Prime Minister, and she sketches her program of reform. "Women work hard and get no pay," writes another, "but men have their general amount of work, and no more, and they earn good money at it. Men can go where they like without permission, but women always have to ask permission of their employers or husbands." "A man has more choice of trades. A woman cannot be a soldier, or a sailor, or a policeman, a tram conductor, or a magistrate, or anything interesting. All of these are nicer trades than serving in a shop or dress-making, such as women do," writes another. "There are many competitions in woman's work which makes wages low. There is none in men's. Women only get their money once a year, such as servants, and they are sometimes cheated out of it," is further opinion. "Men are heir to all money or property," writes one, who appears to have unpleasant brothers, "and brothers always gets the best schooling and things, and then they cheats their

sisters out of their money when relations die." "People believe in you if you is a man, and they pays you according. There are great women who do better work than men, but the men do not think so, and their pay is shameful."

A fourth class (30 1-2 per cent.), who are faithful to their sex, have strivings after the ideal in life. They want to do some good in the world as women. "I want to be a nurse, and, therefore, I would be a woman," writes one.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

"There is no saying like this about men. I should like to have it said about myself. It would be my greatest joy to go out to the island where they send the lepers. I would amuse them and nurse them. I would go to the Transvaal if I was big enough." Another, who appreciates the sympathy of women, but expresses herself crudely, says: "I would rather be a woman, because a woman has feeling for other people, and men has just feelings for themselves. Women do the best work in the world because they feel for others." "I would rather be a woman, because she is gentle and kind. She is patient, too. Men just swears when things go wrong, and they kicks the furniture." She is inconsistent in spite of her admiration of womanly virtues, and she wishes to be "Mr. Gladstone, because he was honest and good and did a lot for England." "I think a woman's life is a splendid one if she keeps from the drink," writes a young moralist, who probably speaks from bitter home experience. "Even if her husband will go to work regular and give her his wages Saturdays, she always as the worry of thinking he may go with bad companions who will lead him to drink." "I want to be a woman

so to train my children up in what way they should go. Men just hits the children and swears at them and makes them worse," says a person of twelve, who speaks with authority. "Women have 'to suffer and be strong,' and this is a noble lot," says a thoughtful and meditative child who reads Ruskin. In spite of her championship of women, she wishes to be "Mr. Ruskin, because he wrote great books, but his political economy is dull."

That nearly one-third of the girls are content to be women in order that they may exert a refining influence, speaks well for the sense of the ideal in these little school girls.

A fifth class, about 30 per cent., wish to be women in order to escape the responsibilities of men's lives, and to get more of the joys of life. "It is easier to be a woman, she need not work hard; just tend the children, if you have any, and go for a walk, and have tea with your lady friends," says one. "It is better to be a woman, because poor men have hard and nasty work to do. Rich men don't do nasty work, but they have trials. Women have not to do hard work, but they sometimes have trials," is the opinion of a small person bent on getting through life easily. The social side of women's lives appeal to some pleasure-loving little persons. "I want to be a lady, because most often the lady is invited out to tea or to a ball, while the man as to be at work." Another, who is conscious of the advantages of being a woman, writes: "I would rather be a woman, because we can go in for nicer situations, and we are nicer looking and have more ability than men; besides, we are not quite so much occupied, and we can go to parties."

"A woman's life is a nicer and more easy life," writes another; "they do not dig coal and drain the streets like men, and make the parlor carpet a disgrace

with their dirty boots." "Women can just get married, and then the man earns all the money for her, and if she does not marry she can go in a shop and wear a silk dress all day with bead trimmings. It costs seven guineas cost price," is the view of a child who believes in dress. "Women can please themselves whether they go out to work if they are married; but there is this point, some men knock a woman about if she does not go to the factory and get money. Then she has to go out and char. That is nasty work. I think there is a great risk in marrying," writes a far-seeing, cautious little maiden of twelve, who has probably studied the matter in her own domestic circle. "I would rather be a woman if I had a nice clean occupation, like making hats or dresses for a theatre. Some women follow dirty occupations, like being a servant. But it has this advantage, you can always marry, because men like to marry women what are servants, they think they cooks better."

Very shrewd and full of truth are some of these childish and artless observations. A few are quite alive to the privileges accorded to the weaker sex. "A woman can go in for nice dresses and privileges," writes a child who has observed the ways of woman-kind. "She can always get her own way if she cries and has hysterics; men do not cry." "Woman is weaker than men, and she has not so much punishment in the case of wrong-doing," says a far-sighted little maid of ten. "The man as a lot of responsibility," is another view; "he is to blame if he cannot earn enough money for his wife and children, and they can put him in prison for it."

We get many-sided views of the case from these papers, and one sighs at the philosophy of life these little ones have gleaned from their contact with grim reality. The strong-minded ones glory

in their sense, courage, and ability, and despise men. The proper-minded ones are virtuous and contented. The adventurous and ambitious want wider, freer, and more heroic lives, and they rebel against the smallness of a woman's lot. They are also keenly aware that women's work is poorly paid, that she has no vote, and consequently her influence is limited, that men inherit property, that girl's education is sacrificed for the boys', that there is much competition in the woman's labor-market, and that women are easily cheated. Their wisdom in these matters is pathetic; one wonders how much the children in easy circumstances, of a corresponding age, know or think about these questions. Then there are those who know the disadvantages of a woman's life, but are prepared to "suffer and be strong," as the child who reads Ruskin puts it, and these are no inconsiderable portion. They prefer to be women, because women have sympathy, patience, and opportunities of doing good in nursing the sick, tending children, and teaching. Then come the frivolous ones, who love ease. They are well aware that a woman's life has many compensations—she may evade her responsibilities, go out to tea and parties, wear nice dresses. She may marry, and her husband may work for her; if she cannot get her way she may cry and go into hysterics, and if she does wrong the law is lenient to her because she is weak and a woman.

Very simply and directly these girls have shown the various advantages and disadvantages of a woman's life, and their opinions are valuable, because they reflect the opinion of the man in the street and the woman at the wash-tub with startling fidelity.

There were three hundred and two papers from boys, and only two wish to be women. The first boy is a humorist, and at eleven years of age he

indulges in masculine irony. "I would sooner be a woman," he writes, "it is a easy life. You gets married, and takes all your husband's wage that comes in, and spends it how you like, and have a charwoman if there is any work to do, and scolds your husband as much as you like if he comes home late." He does not intend you to take him seriously; he states very definitely further on that he wishes to be his cousin, "a sergeant in the army, because you could go to war, and perhaps get the Victoria Cross, and any way get a pension." He is quite prepared to accept the lesser good in case the higher is not for him. The second boy wants to be a woman, "because she is always in the home, and has nothink to do but tidy up; but men work hard and is often in danger." He would like to be the "Queen's servant, because I should be well looked after, and have little to do and be well kept." He is an odious little creature, and probably delicate.

A few, about 1 1-2 per cent., make a parade of virtue. They write up to the examiner, and say what they think they ought to say. These are the Pecksniffs and Uriah Heeps. One says: "I want to grow up respectable and do as I am bid. I must be humble and honest, and virtue is its own reward." And another: "I want to get all information about our lessons at school, and to be pious and make all my friends pious, and not drink or swear, but be a good example."

Some very direct and unimaginative boys do not discuss the question at all. They merely remark, "I want to be a man, because I shall be a soldier." "I would rather be a man, for I want to be a plumer." These form less than 2 per cent. About 4 per cent. are judicial, and weigh and consider the question. A fair-minded person, with a touch of humor, writes: "I think I want to be a man, but it would be nice

to be a girl at school; when you are a boy the worst part is you are always getting cane. The female sex is good without any trouble, but it is hard for the male sex to be good. There is always more men in prison than women. A man does not work on Saturday, and a woman does. But she gets the best of it, for she gets all the wages on Saturday. Women does not waste money and men does, but I wish I had some money to waste." This view of the female sex being good is not confined to small boys. Medical women are expected to want to go to China and India, and work from motives of pure philanthropy because they are women, while medical men stay at home and earn big fees under the easiest conditions.

A judicial person of twelve attacks the problem very seriously, and gives his opinions at length. "I would rather be a man, but women are useful, and we must be fair to them. A man can travel and see the world, whereas a woman is weak and frightened, and they do not explore foreign countries like men, and women do not go to war and fight; but I do not say that all women are silly and frightened. There was a plucky postmistress of Greytown, who defied a company of Boers; that is a exception to the rule. I should like to marry a woman like that. A woman can manage a house and six children, which a man could not do. So you see a man can do what a woman cannot, and a woman can do what a man cannot."

About 15 per cent. wish to be men from purely unselfish motives. The soldier ideal is very strong at present, and patriotism runs high. "A man," writes one, "because a man can go to the front, and fight for his country and his Queen." Another young patriot writes: "I want to be a man to have a chance to serve my country and help to keep up England's name, which is

the greatest in the world." "A man, because men can fight for their country, and understand the affairs of the nation, and can vote, and so help the Government." "A man, for men have more sense than women, and you want sense when you go to fight for your country."

A few boys recognize their responsibilities to their parents, and say they want to earn money to keep them in comfort; one boy wants to earn money to buy his mother "silk dresses;" and a larger number look forward to the responsibility of supporting and protecting a wife and children. "I want to be a man to earn money so that my wife should not go out to work. I should earn good wages, and make my wife and family happy." Another writes: "A woman has harder work than a man unless she can keep a servant. I shall earn money enough to let my wife keep a servant." "I would rather be a man to be a mechanic or town clerk. At the end of the week I would take my children out for a walk in the country or to a cricket match, and they should always go to the seaside when I got married."

About 76 per cent. are brutal in their frankness concerning their reasons for wishing to be men, which they admit are purely selfish. Most boys from eleven to fourteen or fifteen are dreadful little materialists, and these show themselves unblushingly in their naked reality. "I want to be a man, because a man can have his own way. A man can earn more money than a woman, and go out and enjoy himself when he likes. His wife has to get up and get his breakfast ready, and he does nothing," is the frank view of a young egotist. Another unpleasantly frank person writes: "I want to be a man, because a man when he gets married can have all his own way at home, and can enjoy himself as much as he likes when his work is done." This boy is

inconsistent, for he wants to be "Madam Patty, because she earns a lot of money at her singing, and the cheapest seats to hear her is charged seven shillings and sixpence." Another, whose domestic experiences are evidently not peaceful, writes: "I would rather be a man to work for my living and get away from home, than to be a woman to be hindered with her work, and get no money. If she has got children there is nothing but fighting and crying, for they are bad-tempered, and she has to put up with it all." The confined sphere of a woman's life, her limitations in the labor market, the low value attached to her work, and the pettiness of the household duties are points which the majority of boys mention as reasons for wishing to be men. "Women cannot get out of doors, they do only little jobs at home which are messy and are never finished," writes one. "They have to do the cooking, and men do not," writes another. "A man's life is best, he can see the country as engine-driver, guards of trains, soldiers, and sailors, all for nothing." "A man can have his half a day on Saturday and go and enjoy sports, and have a bicycle, and build a house of your own, and be in what trade you like, or a professional footballer, and go to meetings and talk about politics, and earn good money without always working." This is a very fair summary of the advantages of being a man. "A man can always keep his situation, for he has got Trades Unions. A woman can be turned out of her place at a minute's notice, and a man could not, because there would not be any one to take his place, and there are plenty of women to take her place. In fact, there are too many women in the world," writes a boy who has grasped some crude notions of Trades Unionism and competition. "Women earn hardly any money, and they cannot be commercial

travellers, and soldiers, and explorers, and these are the best trades there are," is the opinion of one adventurous spirit. "Women are delicate, and they cannot have adventurous lives. They must cook and mind babies, and do the dull work," is another opinion. "A man's work is nice," writes one who hates monotony and appreciates his night's rest, "because he does fresh things. A woman has to go over the same things again and again every day. Another point is, a man can sleep at night, but a woman has to walk about to stop the baby from crying." "A woman dare never go out and leave the baby in the house. She must always take it with her, unless she has a daughter," writes another boy, who realizes the difficulty of tending a baby single-handed. "A man can go to musical places, and he can smoke there if he likes, but a woman must always stop at home to put the children to bed." "Men can learn more than women; he can have in his pocket plenty of money, and he generally knows how to use it. A woman cannot learn, and she cannot earn money. She cannot play games, and she usually likes silly things," is a decidedly masculine opinion, which holds feminine intellect in low esteem.

In summing up the boys' papers we find that practically none of the boys wish to change their sex. They are very well aware of the advantages of the man's life and the disadvantages of the woman's. We find among the boys a few who make a show of virtue, and say what they esteem to be the correct thing to say, and a few who have no ideas on the question, except that the trade they prefer is essentially a man's trade.

There are a few fair-minded boys who weigh and consider the question. This deliberation is almost wholly absent from the girls' papers. They show their side of the matter with

great earnestness, but they do not attempt to put both sides. The irrepressible boy's remark: "The female sex is good without any trouble, but it is hard for the male sex to be good," is worthy of Sam Weller.

There is a fair proportion of unselfish and patriotic ones, who realize their duties and responsibilities, and are prepared to fulfil them. The boy of twelve who wants to serve his country and his Queen, and who plans how to keep his future wife and family in comfort, is rather a fine fellow. The very large majority, however, of the boys (76 per cent.) are almost brutal in their total lack of the ideal. The average boy, from eleven to fourteen, is an unconscionable little animal, and these boys are perfectly "naked and unashamed" in their materialism. Girls are said to ripen earlier, to have finer feelings and more delicate instincts, and these papers certainly bear out the statement. To get their own way, to have a woman to work for their comfort, to enjoy sports and half holidays, to have plenty of money and little to do, these seem to be the things that make life worth living. Certainly, after reading through these files of papers, one is convinced that the girl from eleven to thirteen, at least, is a much finer creature than the boy.

The answers to the second question: "What man or woman of whom you have ever read or heard would you most wish to be?" show that, apart from the military enthusiasm which comes out strongly in all the children's answers, the girls have a keener instinct for the ideal in literature and art than the boys.

Florence Nightingale and Mr. Gladstone are the ideal personages which the girls most admire. About 15 per cent. wish to be Florence Nightingale, "because she was brave and heroic," "She looked after the sick soldiers, and got used to seeing blood." "She

thought of others more than herself." "She was kind and gentle." The admiration expressed for Miss Nightingale is very sincere, and many of the girls want to go out to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers in the South African War.

Mr. Gladstone also stands high in the estimation of the girls. Nearly 15 per cent. wish to resemble him, "because he did a lot of good to England." "He liked Irish beggars." "He never told lies." "He was very wise and scholarly." One dear little, domestic-loving maiden of twelve, who writes very prettily on the joys of being a woman, and making home bright, adds: "But I know no woman what I admire much. I think I would like best to be Mr. Gladstone, because he was a God-fearing man, and also a noble, true-hearted man, and led a most beautiful life."

Next to Mr. Gladstone, the Queen is the most-admired person in the experience of these little school girls. One girl, who thinks with Becky Sharp on matters of morality, writes: "I should like to be the Queen, because she is such a good, noble lady, and it is easy to be good when you have lots of money." "I would like to be the Queen, because she has a crown and a lot of jewels, and as soldiers to fight for her." "The Queen, because she can do what she likes, and she always knows what is going to happen." "The Queen, because she goes about in a carriage, and a lot of butlers and footmen to wait on her, and a lot of friend soldiers to visit her, and a nice throne to sit on." "The Queen—but in one way I don't want to be the Queen, because so many have warred against her."

Grace Darling, as a heroine, receives almost as much admiration as the Queen. "Because of her heroic deeds." "Because she was offered a hundred pounds to sit in a boat in a theyter, and she wouldn't. She saved nine

lives, who were clinging to a wreck of a ship, when the men was cowards."

Shakespeare receives equal votes with Grace Darling. "Because he is thought a lot of all over the world." "Because he wrote nice poetry." "I should like to be Shakespeare for two things," writes a very modest and ingenious little girl; "firstly, because I could make a number of beautiful poems, which makes people think great thoughts; and, secondly, I should not become famous until I was dead, therefore I should not know that my poems was beautiful, and then I should not be conceited over them."

Wellington, Nelson, Columbus, Napoleon, and Sir Redvers Buller are all popular heroes among the girls.

One sensitive and intense little creature writes: "I should like to be a great soldier like Wellington. It must be grand to go and fight for country, Queen and liberty. If England were to prove unsuccessful in this war, I should feel unable to lift up my head again."

A large number of girls have literary or artistic aspirations. They express these aspirations crudely, but to the point.

"I would wish to be a poet or a painter, and do nice work, like inventing things out of your own head." "I wish to be Madame Patti, because she has a great gift of song." "Mrs. Hemans, because she was a writer of poetry, and that is what I want to be." "Mrs. Browning, because she wrote good poems, and is thought a lot of up to the present time." "Jane Taylor, because she wrote poems very well. One she did is called 'Meddlesome Matty.'" "Eliza Cook, because she can make up poetry." "Ellen Terry, so as to act nice plays." "Ellen Terry, because she plays before the Queen, and is rich, and I want to be rich." "Dr. Hans Richter, because it would be

lovely to compose music." "Tennyson, because he did poetry very well." "Sir Walter Scott, to write beautiful poems." "Solomon, because he was wise, and he wrote songs." "Mr. Ruskin, because he thought and wrote noble thoughts." "Miss Annie Swan, who writes good books, and gives nice advices in her paper." The knowledge of poets and their works is imperfect (one wishes primary education took more account of poetry), and the literary criticisms are crude, but the aspiration towards the ideal is deeply rooted.

Only two choose characters from literature. One imaginative little person wants to be "the princess in a fairy tale like the 'Sleeping Beauty' or 'Cinderella,' because their life had nice endings." And an ambitious little maiden of discernment, who wants to be "Portia, because she was cleverer than any of the men, and beautiful and rich as well." A few covet riches for various reasons. One would like to be "a millionaire, so that I could give gifts to my country, like Mrs. Rylands, and see the world." Another would be "the Queen's daughter, because she is rich, and has jewels and grand dresses, and no work to do." "The Princess of Wales, for she is rich, and she visits the Queen and great people." A small proportion are very definite in their desires. One wishes to be "my grandmother, because she has a orchard and a greenhouse, and keeps a man to clean it out." Another wants to be "Mrs. Wheeler, because she is a widow, and has plenty of money to live on, and keeps a servant." A third aspires to be "Mrs. Liebenwood, because she keeps two servants going, and is very rich." Another wants to be "Maggie Watson, because she learns music, and she can go out and play with her friends whenever she likes, and there is no baby to mind."

A marked military spirit animates the boys. Their aspirations are very warlike. They want to go and fight the Boers with as much ardor as the girls want to go and nurse the wounded soldiers.

Only two women are mentioned as worthy ideals. One boy thinks he would like to be the Queen, "because wherever she goes she is honored, and they fire off guns for her." And another wants to be "Her Majesty the Queen, because she has out-reigned any monarch that has ever lived, and she is a Empress, and her name goes to the uttermost ends of the earth." The boy who wanted to be "Madame Patty" has already been alluded to.

Taking the favorite heroes in their order we get the following:—

Sir Redvers Buller.	}
Lord Kitchener.	
Lord Nelson.	
Wellington.	
Shakespeare.	
Baden-Powell.	}
Sir G. White.	
Gladstone.	
Sir Thomas Lipton.	
Lord Methuen.	
Cecil Rhodes.	
Baron Rothschild.	
Kipling.	

"I want to be General Buller," writes one, "because I should like to pay Mr. Kruger back for defeating our soldiers at Majuba Hill." "I should like to be General Sir Redvers Buller," writes another, "because he is at the head of a army, and he can serve his Queen and his country, and when he gets to Ladysmith he will get a good blow at the Boers." Another says: "I want to be Lord Kitchener of Khar-toum, to win some great battles on land such as Egypt." "Lord Kitchener, who gets medals and honors for avenging the death of General Gordon,

who got beheaded at Khartoum." "I would like to be Nelson, who was a great sailor, and got a good name. He won the battle of Trafalgar at Trafalgar Square."

"Lord Nelson was the greatest sailor and the bravest man the world ever saw. He put his blind eye to the telescope, and never saw the signal, but just fought on and won." "Wellington, because he was a great soldier, and won very great battles, nor ever lost a gun, and he was a great man, and is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral." "Wellington, because he was the greatest soldier that ever was; he beat Napoleon, and Napoleon beat the world." The following has literary allusions: "Wellington, because he was brave, and his policy was always right. Tennyson wrote a poem about him.

"Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall."

"Wellington was the greatest man that ever lived, greater even than Horatius that kept the bridge in Rome." Very appreciative accounts are given of Wellington. His name rouses the keenest enthusiasm.

"I should like to be Mr. Shakespeare, so as to be a great writer of plays like 'Hamlet,' and to act them myself." "Shakespeare, the well-known poet of plays such as 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Macbeth,' and there are many others. Some people say Bacon wrote them."

It would be wearisome to enumerate the praises heaped upon the heads of Sir G. White, Colonel Baden-Powell, and Lord Methuen. The boys keenly envy these heroes, and wish them all success. Gladstone is admired because he "was strong and healthy;" "because of his great sense; because he wrote books, and could talk better than any one else." Sir Thomas Lipton comes in for much admiration, chiefly on ac-

count of his possessions. "I want to be Sir Thomas Lipton, because he has a yacht, The Shamrock, and a lot of money and shops. If I were Sir Lipton I would build a liner to take soldiers to South Africa, and then an hospital ship to cure the wounded." Cecil Rhodes receives tribute, "because he has done a great deal for England in these last few years," and "because he has made a Company of Boers, and they finds gold for him; now they want to shoot him, and we have a war about it," is the version of a budding politician. Lord Rothschild's millions are greatly admired. "I would like to be Barren Rothschild, because of his great wealth," is the modest aspiration of a youth who neglects his studies in spelling.

Only two poets are mentioned, Shakespeare and Kipling. The latter is very popular. "Rudyard Kipling is a poet of to-day. He writes about soldiers who fight now, and not historical pieces like Shakespeare and Scott. He has just accomplished a very good piece called 'The Absent-Minded Beggar,' which has produced thousands of pounds." "I would like to be Kipling, to write good poetry books, like 'The Absent-Minded Beggar,' and make lots of money by it," is the naïve wish of another of his admirers.

One boy wants to be "Kruger, because he just sits down and smokes his pipe, and takes things easy." One youth wants to be "Emperor of Germany, because he is an absolute monarch, and has the largest army in the world. I would march it all out to South Africa, and show Kruger something." One boy of eleven says with entire self-confidence: "I would rather be myself; first, because I cannot be some one else, and second, because I shall do great deeds when I grow up." One who dreads the perils of greatness writes: "I would rather be an ordinary man, because most likely some one

would form plots against you if you was high up in the State." "In times of peace I would like to be a king," writes a very cautious and odious youth, "but in war I would like to be a commercial traveller."

A few envy the fancied ease of royal personages. "I would like to be the Prince of Wales, because he will be king if he lives long enough, and he has plenty of money." "The Duke of York," writes another, "because he does no work and rides in a carriage, and does what he likes all day." Social considerations influence the boy who wants to be "the Prince of Wales because he can go and visit all the other kings and queens in the world." Some few boys are very definite in their desires. One wants to be "Mr. Harris, Esq., because he owns a lot of land and shoots." Another wants to be "my uncle, because he has a place of his own." Another would be "my brother Tim, because he is a champion cyclist."

Dan Leno excites one boy's envy "because he gets plenty of money every night for doing almost nothing." Another wishes to be "a man what my father knows, named Moore, because he enjoys himself all day and has plenty of money to do it on."

One boy wants to be "a carpenter, because there is plenty of money and plenty of work in this trade, for people always want chairs and tables." Another would like to be "an engineer, to make lots of money and invent." One boy, who has some literary taste as well as a sense of the fate of the world's great ones, would like to be "Julius Caesar, because he was a great ruler and orator, and he was killed falsely like Jesus Christ and Socrates;" and another boy, evidently cut out for adventure, would like to be "Robinson Crusoe, because his life was full of adventures, and I don't think anything would suit me better."

On the whole, the boys redeem their character in the second set of answers, and when pinned down to give a particular example they show a very respectable appreciation of the sentiment of patriotism.

These papers show that children have an immense capacity for hero-worship, and the pity is that our school instruction does not furnish them with more heroes to worship. Real instruction in history and literature is almost wholly wanting in our primary schools, consequently the range of ideal personages known to the school children is extremely limited. Beyond a few military heroes, Shakespeare, Miss Nightingale, and Grace Darling, the children have few heroes to worship. Secondly, one cannot fail to be struck by the impression made upon these children by poetry. Their appreciation of Tennyson and Longfellow is quick and keen; again and again they quote passages referring to Wellington and Miss Nightingale. We want a more generous education in our primary schools, one that strives to cultivate the disposition and feelings, as well as to train the understanding. Formal and scientific studies alone tend to starve the spiritual side of the child, and to check aspiration. If we could humanize our school instruction by indulging the child's capacity for hero-worship, in presenting to him great and noble men and women of the world's history, and in refining his mind by familiarizing him with true poetry, we should be helping to form the child's disposition in a way that no amount of striving after mechanical accuracy could rival.

Let the children of our primary schools learn to live in the company of the world's heroes, for, as Carlyle says, "Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining some-

thing by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near . . . a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness." On the importance of teaching poetry to children, Matthew Arnold

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strongly insisted. "The acquisition of good poetry," he says, "is a discipline which works deeper than any other discipline in the range of work of our schools; more than any other, too, it works of itself."

Catherine I. Dodd.

JOHN RUSKIN.

The name of John Ruskin recalls phases of intellectual activity, so diverse, even so heterogeneous, that many of those who pronounce it with a common admiration may be said to be thinking of different men. To express any judgment as to the relative merits of these men—to decide between the claims of the art critic and the social reformer on the gratitude of their kind—may be rather to communicate information about oneself than to contribute towards a judgment of one in whom, through all these varied aspects of his personality, we must reverence lofty ideals, untiring industry, and disinterested devotion to his fellow men. The opinion, here avowed, that the earliest phase of his genius was its brightest, may be partly due to the fact that the glow of its emergence blends with that of a far-off youth. When Ruskin speaks of Nature and Art, he seems to me inspired. When he turns to finance, to politics, to the social arrangements and legislative enactments of mankind, I can recognize neither sober judgment nor profound conviction. Every one must regret such an incapacity. It is a natural instinct which desires to find in the recorded results of every life an exhibition of increasingly fertile activity; it is perplexing and disappointing

to have to recognize, without discerning any infidelity to a lofty aim, that the later date points to a lower stage. But the fact, we cannot doubt, is common. Much earnest and patient labor seems fruitless, much rich outpouring is unpreluded by any such labor; the race is not always to the swift, the battle to the strong. Whether the benefactors of mankind have given their harvest early or late is a question full of interest to the biographer, by no means devoid of interest for the historian; its answer teaches much that concerns our knowledge of the course of evolution and the relation of epoch to epoch. But when we come to consider the value of the work, and the rank of the workers, it tells us little or nothing. If the work of the eleventh hour may be worth that of the whole day, so may that of the first hour. Let it not be thought, therefore, that an attempt to estimate the genius and character of a great man removed from us in the fulness of years must aim at minimizing his fame because it is focussed on the first portion of his intellectual activity.

The world on which the genius of John Ruskin first flashed was very different from the world of to-day. When the work of the Oxford Graduate first roused vehement disapproval and pas-

sionate admiration no single name was before the public which has any special interest for our own time. We had never heard of George Eliot or George Meredith, of Herbert Spencer or Matthew Arnold; we knew Charles Darwin as the writer of an interesting book of travels, and Alfred Tennyson as the singer of a few graceful lyrics. The name of Comte was so unfamiliar, that I remember a young man fresh from college, not at all stupid, informing his cousins that it was the French way of writing and pronouncing Kant. We knew nothing of Evolution beyond what we gleaned from the *Vestiges of Creation*, and any question as to the origin of species would have been associated by us with the first chapters of *Genesis*. The popular art of the day was pretty, sentimental, conventional; popular fiction was decorous, heresy was timid, orthodoxy was secure. Science was rather a respectable comrade of literature than the omnipotent dogmatist and legislator we know to-day. It seems, in looking back, as if nothing was the same then as now, except that which is the same always.

This describes the world in which Ruskin wrote and published "*Modern Painters*." But the middle of the century inaugurated a vast change. The stir of '48 was in the air when first we learned to associate the name of John Ruskin with the heavy green volume—so characteristic in its disregard of the reader's convenience—which was rousing such glowing enthusiasm and provoking such fierce indignation that the shape of clouds and the proportion of the branch to the tree became subjects almost as dangerous as the Gorham controversy. The year of revolution seems a natural time for the emergence of his genius into fame. The vague, vivid hopes of that era blend well, at

least in retrospect, with the new ideas he infused into the current of thought, although he had not himself any sympathy with the coming change. The most active foe of one good thing is generally another good thing, and Ruskin's sympathies were diverted from the uprising of the nations, perhaps, by some refraction from that sympathy with classes¹ which always opposes sympathy with nations; and which was, no doubt, a strong tendency with him before it became a dominant impulse. At any rate, the reproach sometimes addressed to literary genius, of a want of sympathy with national life, was not wholly undeserved by him. But it was true of him only as it may have seemed true of Jeremiah. In his genius there was a strong revolutionary element, and it is difficult, in looking back, not to melt it in with the other revolutionary manifestations of the time. From the first it was as a prophet he addressed the world; it was the ring of hortatory earnestness in denunciation or appeal which gave so vivid an originality to dissertations on matters previously associated with mere dilettantism. The tone of the pulpit, enforcing the teaching of the artist, was something wonderfully entrancing to a generation knowing that kind of earnestness only in connection with religion; and his teaching gathered up much of the attention which was then withdrawing itself from the ebbing tide of the High Church revival. He influenced many who hated or despised the High Church revival; some voices sound in my ear, as I write, which seem to protest against a judgment either obliterating from recollection a whole-hearted and characteristic admiration, or else associating it with a discipleship the unseen speakers never approached near enough to repudiate. As

¹ I need hardly inform any reader at the barbarous and confusing antithesis of "classes and masses" has no bearing here. The masses are

classes. I am opposing the stratification of the civilized world to the organic unity of a nation.

I listen to them, and follow them till their vanishing out of sight, it seems hard to retain my conviction that the life of Ruskin stood in any relation to a great Church movement. And yet it does seem to me that the enthusiasm with which we welcomed the first wonderful volume would have been something different if it had come before the "Tracts for the Times," and all that they suggest and imply. How much they suggest and imply which their authors would never have accepted as standing towards them in any relation whatever! How many a great man would draw back in astonishment if he were shown his spiritual heir! I believe that John Ruskin was, in some sense, the heir of John Newman. The successor would have recognized the legacy as little as the testator; still, it remains that we, looking back upon both across the chasm of revolutionary years, may recognize a common element in their teaching, a common spirit in their learners, a certain analogy in the result. But such a suggestion needs a brief excursion beyond its immediate limits.

The spiritual life of the past was bound up with the conception of authority—that is, of visible authority, of guides discernible to mortal eyes in the flesh, or present in the writings which were a solid guarantee for their decision. The men who revered the Church and the men who revered the Bible have set the keynote of what religion we have known in the first two millenniums of Christianity. The dominion of an infallible church was split up 500 years ago by those who asserted the dominion of an infallible book; our own time has recognized the analogy between the two claims, and, setting both on one level, has prepared the way for a conception including all that is true in both, or else for a blank denial of any important subject-matter represented by either. The worship-

pers of the book and the worshippers of the church have sometimes united their forces against their common foes, but the union is transient, the antagonism has been perennial. Seventy years ago the claims of the church, after a long slumber, began to revive. It was, to many minds, like a breath of spring. The first stirrings of a new belief that an institution visible among men was not merely a commemoration of what had passed away and a promise of what was to come, but an actual fountain of power and life—this came as a wonderful revival of much besides personal religion. It is still commemorated in beautiful buildings, in some true poetry, in much interesting fiction; it marks an era in art and literature, and encircles the memories of that time like an atmosphere, coloring what it did not mould. I have seen a copy of the Christian Year, which bears sympathetic pencillings from William Wilberforce; in a contemporary copy of the *Lyra Apostolica* I find initials recalling a much wider divergence from High Church doctrine even than his. It is almost as surprising to trace the hostility as the sympathy which it aroused. The vehement protests against "Newmanism" contained in the letters of Dr. Arnold, for instance, strike one, at the present hour, as betraying a strange ignorance of issues so close at hand when he wrote—issues beside which his divergence from John Newman seems a small thing. It was a movement swaying more or less the spirits of men who opposed, repudiated, or even ignored it. But the ebb was rapid, and the strength of the current was soon forgotten.

When Ruskin first became famous the current was already slackening. Its Romeward tendencies were clearly recognized; its greatest teacher had openly joined that church, and many were following him. The Broad Church, though not so named till later, was beginning to be felt as a stirring of vague hereti-

cal tendencies, attractive to what then seemed audacious thought. There was a kind of blank in the world which Ruskin was eminently adapted to fill. He was, we may say, Catholic and Protestant at once. He has told us in his deeply-interesting fragments of autobiography that his mother made him learn the Bible by heart, and has actually expressed his gratitude to her for the discipline. His Scotch blood somehow benefited by a process which might, one would think, have resulted in making him loathe the deepest poetry in the world's literature. The Bible has passed into his heart, his imagination, not less effectively than into his memory; so far he is a Scotchman and a Protestant. But he could not be a Protestant in an exclusive sense. We cannot, indeed, say that his writings are untouched by this narrow Protestantism; his criticism of Raphael's well-known cartoon of the giving of the keys to Peter seems to me even a grotesque instance of it. To blame a great church painter for translating into pictorial record the symbolism of the command "Feed my sheep," instead of reproducing with careful accuracy the details of a chapter of St. John he may never have read—this we must confess to be a strange aberration of genius into something like stupidity. It is so far characteristic that it expresses Ruskin's hatred of the Renaissance; but it leads the reader who seeks to understand his real bent of sympathy astray. The spirit of the Renaissance was equally hostile to Catholicism and Protestantism. Ruskin, by birth and breeding, a child of stern Scotch Protestantism, was, by the necessities of his art-life, an exponent of that which is enduring in the influence of the Catholic Church. For what has given enduring power to Rome, in spite of her association in the past with all that is foul and all that is cruel, is her hold on the vast, deep, lofty revelation that what we see and what we

handle is not only an object for sight and touch, but a language unfolding to us the reality of that which eye hath not seen and shall not see. This truth, known in ecclesiastical dialect as the Real Presence, however contemptuously ignored or passionately denied in that particular form, is one that will never lose its hold upon the hearts of men; the church which bears witness to it survives crimes and follies, and manifests in every age its possession of something for which the world consciously or unconsciously never ceases to yearn. "To them that are without, these things are done in parables," is, in some form, the message of almost every great spiritual teacher; it has never been set forth more eloquently than by Ruskin. Sometimes his love of symbolism passes into extravagance. One of the later volumes of "Modern Painters" contains a passage, for instance, on the symbolism of the color scarlet, against which a pencil that was hardly ever permitted such license left a mark of explanation expressing, I will venture to say, the judgment of every sane reader, and though we rarely come upon anything in him that is merely extravagant, we often find it very difficult to go along with his pictorial interpretations. The student who takes with him to the contemplation of any great picture some description from the pen of the great critic is often bewildered in the endeavor to apply it to what he sees before his eyes. Every one must have felt this, I think, in the case which he chooses as the typical example of imagination—Tintoret's great picture at Venice of the Crucifixion. As we make out the figure of the ass behind the Cross, feeding on withered palm trees, in which Ruskin has taught us to see a mournful judgment on the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, we cannot but ask ourselves—How much did the critic find, and how much did he bring? It is pathetic to remem-

ber that he was himself at times conscious of the doubt. "I wonder how much Shakespeare really meant of all that," he once said to a friend, after listening to a lecture on Shakespeare. "I suppose, at any rate, he meant more than we can follow, and not less," said his friend—Frederick Maurice. "Well, that is what I used to think of Turner," he replied, sadly, "and now I don't know." I give the reminiscence as illustrating the fluctuating revelations of the prophet, his temptations to doubt the revelation, not as an index to the bent of his true thought. Inspiration and doubt are as substance and shadow; we might almost venture to say that a man must know neither or both. He who has never doubted the revelation has never, in the true sense of the word, believed it. But the message was in the revelation, not the doubt.

Those haunting voices, which come back as I write, seem again to bring their protest against any association of the lesson of Ruskin with mystic truth. "What we cared for in his teaching," I hear them say, "was not hidden meaning or mystery; it was an escape from all that. He taught us to see things. He opened our eyes to discern what was before us. The waves had danced and broken on the shore. The clouds had woven gold and silver draperies over our head, and we had looked at them, but when Ruskin anointed our eyes with his euphrasy and rue, we discovered that we had never previously seen them. To see the beautiful world is enough; an excursion into that region would be only embarrassed by this heavy baggage of symbolism." The protest embodies the recollections of hundreds, perhaps thousands—my own among them. How vividly across the mist of years I recall first reading his description of a wave. The waves, as I read, broke round me on rocks and sand I had known from childhood, yet my feeling was one of perplexity.

"What can this and that mean—overhanging lips, lacework, etc.—I have often seen waves and never all that!" It was like reading it in a foreign tongue. Then I looked at the waves, and discovered that never before had I seen one. Perhaps even more have felt this in looking at the clouds; for no spot of earth shuts us off from testing the truth of his description of them. Ruskin did for every reader what spectacles do for a short-sighted person. Where we saw a vague blur he gave definite form and distinct color. He did not necessarily pass on a message from the breaking wave and the melting cloud, but he could not have passed on the outward image if to him it had not been much more than an image. It would not have been sight to his readers if to him it had not been thought.

Perhaps I may make my meaning clearer by comparing him with a great poet. Wordsworth saw in Nature the same kind of reflection and interpretation of the moral life of man as Ruskin saw in Art. He brought Wordsworth's ideas afresh to the minds of men, dyed with fresh splendor and purified from their clogging accretions. Eloquence is not subject to the invasions of the prosaic in the same way that verse is, and is also more welcome to an average intelligence. To translate poetry into eloquence is, for the time at all events, to give its meaning a wider audience. One who reads the lines on Peel Castle, on revisiting the Wye, the sonnet beginning "Hail, Twilight," and one or two others, and then turns to many passages in "Modern Painters," may test the effect of such a translation. Both writers bring home to the mind of the reader that he who sees only outward things sees these incompletely. If Ruskin were remembered only as one who had taught us to look at the outward face of Nature, we should have incurred a deep debt of gratitude to him,

but he could not have done that if he had done nothing else. He could not have unveiled the beauty of earth and sky unless to him beauty had been also language. If to many of those who were most moved by his glowing words it remained mere beauty, it was much to them because it was more to him. The message of a teacher, as it lives in the mind of a learner, is necessarily incomplete. If it is to be a vital growth it must be also a fragment.

In calling Ruskin the heir rather of Newman than of Wordsworth, and yet considering his teaching mainly a rendering in eloquence of Wordsworth's poetry, I have tried to mark the effect of his personality. What we mean by personal influence is difficult to define; in some sense all influence must be personal; and if it be taken as implying an impressive personality, it could not be applied to him. When he first became a familiar figure in London drawing-rooms as a young man, I fancy the effect on the ardent admirers of his book was disappointing. The general impression, as far as I can recall it after fifty years, was somewhat pallid, somewhat ineffective. There was nothing in the unsubstantial, but not graceful, figure, the aquiline face, the pale tone of coloring, the slight lisp, to suggest a prophet. I recall these faint echoes from my girlhood, because in their very insignificance they bring out what I mean by the personal element in his influence. The impression of such a personality as John Newman's, for instance (whom I never saw), might have created a glamor concealing the influence of soul on soul. There was no glamor about Mr. Ruskin. I daresay anything which might be so described was at its lowest when he was seen against the background of "Society," as he never was after the beginning of his fame. But there could never have been much of it at any time. And yet the element of a personality was as much

in his influence as in John Newman's. We judge him imperfectly from his books. He was a fountain of actual, living influence. When I recall the few times of meeting him I have a sense of coming nearer to a human spirit than in recalling the sight of other remarkable men, a sense I could not justify by any words he spoke, even if I could quote them. There was something in him forthcoming, trustful, human. The occasion on which I felt this most was once at the National Gallery, where I was copying a picture, and he came to look at my attempt. He cannot have praised it, or I should remember what he said, but I remember feeling almost embarrassed by the wonderful respectfulness in his attention. It was not that he was a distinguished man and I a girl producing a mediocre daub—we were, for the time, two students of Turner, standing side by side before a great work. And, again, I felt this, the last time I ever saw him. It was in his drawing-room at Denmark Hill; years had passed and everything was changed. I suppose it was at the saddest time of his life. "The world looks black to me," is the only speech I remember, and I do not remember the words accurately, but they give an impression from that visit of which I am certain. It happened to be a very inconvenient visit to him; he had written to beg me and a friend to defer it, and some mistake about his letter brought him his undesired guests in spite of it, but he showed us his Turners as graciously as if he had been longing to see us, and I felt again how wonderfully he accepted any love of art as an equal platform where we might communicate without any looking up or down. I recall the sad, wandering expression in his eyes as they met mine, with a wonderful sense of pathos; it was like looking into the face of a child. And again I felt that contact with an unshrinking humanity which makes up, surely, a

large part of the reminiscence of all his acquaintance. Perhaps I seem to describe a quite ordinary quality in using those words, yet, in truth, it is very rare. The sense of contact with a human spirit, a real meeting—as distinguished from a passing recognition—is, with most persons, a distinction stamped with preference. It must be a part of the recollection of all personal dealing with him, even when it was not all genial. I remember about the same time as my National Gallery interview, a beautiful girl speaking with impatience of his “affected humility,” and the remark of a hearer that one would be glad of a little even affected humility in him. The two remarks recur with reference to a quality which was, I am sure, deeply sincere, but which, no doubt, seemed heterogeneous with much else in him. It was mainly those who knew him through his books who thought him conceited. Whatever they may have had to complain of, it was not anything that had a touch of condescension. Whatever they may have missed, it was not the open door of an hospitable mind.

I should sum up the impressions I have tried to revive in saying that Ruskin seemed to me to gather up all that was best in spiritual democracy. Of what may be called his democracy in a more exact sense I have confessed that I have nothing to say. In spite of some weighty testimony, I cannot regard it as even a strong influence, from him on his time; it seems to me rather the vivid expression of a strong influence upon him from others. But it sprang from that central core of his teaching, his belief in beauty as a Divine Sacrament. For this belief involves the conviction that this table of the Lord must be open to all. From that feast none must be shut out. And the discovery that whole classes are shut out, that the bulk of the world's workers cannot see the beauty of a

tree or a flower, because sordid cares and physical wretchedness weave an opaque veil before their eyes—this discovery made Ruskin a Socialist. Why, he seemed always saying, should a message, in its nature universal, be silenced by luxury on the one hand, as much as by penury on the other? The feverish hunt for wealth curtains off the influence of Nature almost as much as the desperate struggle with poverty, while the commercial development which creates a few millionaires and a mass of overdriven workers (so he reasoned) creates also a hideous world. He longed to spread the truly human life. He hated the phase of civilization which cut off, as he thought, from whole classes of men the power to drink in the message of Nature and of Art. Those of his writings which deal with this subject fail to exhibit to my eyes the grace and force which belong to his earlier period. But their true spirit of brotherhood must be acknowledged by all.

Ruskin must always have been singularly open to influence from other minds. I remember well his meeting Frederick Maurice at our house, soon after the publication of his “Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,” a little theological pamphlet which, according to a story told and probably invented at the time, was bought by a farmer who thought its title an index to its contents. Mr. Maurice was made very indignant by some passage in it which suggested a stricter fencing of the Christian life from the invasion of sinners. “Mr. Ruskin ought to do penance in a white sheet for such a doctrine,” he said, in a letter to a common friend. The letter was shown to Ruskin and drew from him a beautifully candid and simple request for explanation, unaccompanied by an angry word. Mr. Maurice was profoundly touched, and the little correspondence brought out from those two noble souls a music

that lingers in my ears as does hardly any other utterance of either. "Mine is a dark faith," Ruskin wrote, with a full readiness to be enlightened by one who had applied such severe words to his utterance. It might certainly be said that one who felt his own a dark faith had better not try to enlighten others, but I think the candor and humility of his willingness, under those circumstances, to be enlightened are much more rare and much more valuable than a modest caution in advancing opinions which had afterwards to be withdrawn. He lived his faith,

whatever it was, as fully as ever did a human being. I have said that those who admire him are sometimes thinking of different men, but that dual personality of which most of us are so mournfully conscious both within and without—the seeker after lofty truth, and the compromiser with what is low and narrow—of this he knew nothing. He was true to his aspirations; they may not always have been either wise or consistent, but they were always one with his life. A teacher can hardly have a nobler epitaph.

Julia Wedgwood.

The Contemporary Review.

NEW ENGLAND IN WAR-TIME.

It is difficult to say whether the two Englands, the Old and the New, have or have not more points of resemblance than of contrast. They are very like, and also very unlike. Both are separated from the rest of the world by tangible barriers, and, in a measure, isolated. England is cut off by sundry seas and watery channels from the continent of Europe and her adjacent islands, and divided from her only land neighbor by romantic, if not very lofty, hills. New England is nearly severed from the rest of the American continent (speaking without minute geographical exactness) by a range of picturesque mountains and two noble and broad-flowing rivers; while the Atlantic Ocean forms an effective barrier between her shores and the continents of this hemisphere. If the Old England is physically insular, the New England is peninsular; and it is possible that the limitations which are supposed to characterize the people of the one are not wholly unshared by those of the other.

To explain and define New England

is not so unnecessary as it may seem, as several writers and especially novelists appear to confound it with the whole of the American Union, oblivious of the fact that it is merely its small easternmost corner, the six states originally settled by the English Puritans, who gave it its name, and the social, religious and intellectual characteristics for which it has long been known.

This complete or partial isolation has led to conditions of much similarity in the two countries in regard to wars—that is, to the wars of their respective empires, if one may so speak. Both, for many years, have been centres of comparative calm, while the storms of battle have raged without. England, though her armies have been fighting almost continuously abroad, and in or upon the outskirts of her more distant possessions, has known no war in any large military sense for upwards of two hundred years. New England cannot claim quite so long an immunity, the battles of Bunker Hill and Bennington and the

encounter at Lexington having taken place within her borders; but even during the Revolution the main tides of conflict flowed elsewhere—in New York, New Jersey, and the more Southern States. To find the Puritan States under the stress of general warfare within their own limits, one must go back to the seventeenth century, to the struggles with the native Indian tribes. Here one meets with fighting of the most sanguinary kind, horrors enough and to spare, and, as George Herbert says, "anguish of all sizes." There is no more painful reading than the accounts of the night attacks by the stealthy and cruel savages on the unprepared English settlements, such as Deerfield, Hadley and others, and the massacres of men, women and children that followed. It is the stuff that nightmares are made of. The humane and civilized English of the seventeenth century,—speaking, as we always must, in the comparative degree, for there were abundant faults on their own side—found themselves plunged back into the conditions of the eighth and ninth, when the Danes over-ran the land, burning town, hamlet and monastery, and sparing none. The battles of the early settlers, in dark forests and treacherous swamps, with Pequods, Narragansets and Wampanoags (names probably more picturesque than their owners) may not have been magnificent, but they were certainly war of the most effective kind, and usually meant little less than the extermination of the vanquished tribes. After the period of original conquest and occupation, however, the zone of Indian fighting moved westward, and, as I have said, the land saw little warfare on its own soil. The battles with the French, which cost this country the lives of Braddock and Wolfe and first brought Washington into prominence, were fought elsewhere; so, too, were those in the second conflict with England early in the present

century, and, of course, those of the Mexican War some years later, as well as the recent Spanish War with its legacy in the Philippines. It is needless to say that all the operations of the American Civil War were carried on at a distance from the New England States.

The two Englands, therefore, are alike in long exemption from internal wars, and in sending forth their citizens to wage them in other fields. In the younger community, the closest analogy to the conditions now existing here was furnished by the great Civil War of 1861-65. It was called variously a war of secession, a civil war, and a rebellion; but with respect to most of the Northern States, it had much more the nature of a foreign war. The famous political line known as Mason's and Dixon's, which divided the slave-owning states from those in which the "peculiar institution" has long ceased to exist, was by no means unlike the boundary between two different nations. I have personally a faint recollection of crossing the mystic parallel in early youth, and, although there was no frontier custom-house or marked change in the dress or speech of the people on entering the Southern dominions, of feeling myself on foreign ground. It is not, indeed, too much to say that, throughout the greater portion of the North, the call to arms by President Lincoln, after the attack on Fort Sumter in 1861, was responded to in much the same spirit that would have been aroused by the invasion of a foreign foe.

The lack of military preparations throughout the North at the opening of the conflict is supposed to furnish one of the lessons of history, and the speed with which they were made, when it was seen to be inevitable, another. No large regular army, it is needless to say, with an organized body of reserves and militia to draw from, existed; the

small standing army of the Union being, at the time, parcelled out into minute bodies of men serving as garrisons in various forts or stations widely separated from each other and usually remote from the seat of government. The vast Northern army of the war, which began with seventy-five thousand men, enlisted for three months in 1861, was mainly a volunteer one, the draft not taking place till later in the struggle. But all this, again, is matter of history, and straying into wider fields than my title allows. In the New England States the call to war was responded to with an enthusiasm not surpassed in any other part of the country. It is curious that the states which disapproved most strongly of the war with this country in 1812-14, and withheld their support as much as possible, should have burst into a flame of patriotism at the threat of civil war. But doubtless the issues at stake were felt to be of more importance, and the impending conflict promised to be within strictly sectional bounds. To say truth, from the land of the Puritans, or of their descendants, to the sunny South, it was then a particularly far cry, and the separating gulf was not one of distance only. The bar of social differences and repulsions which slavery and a large slave-owning class had erected, had grown more and more formidable as the years went by.

The fitness of the New Englander, whether bred in town or country, for the duties of a soldier was abundantly demonstrated in the proof. The man of the fields, no doubt, had a better physique to begin with, for my impression is that the New England townsman was then somewhat lacking in robustness, the tide of athletics not having fully set in; but the more varied conditions of urban life, and perhaps a better knowledge of hygienic laws, gave the town-enlisted soldier an advantage in the malarial and fever-stricken districts

of the South. The countryman often fared hardly, and in many places it was no mere figure to say that the climate slew more than the enemy. As a rule, he was not a traveller. Men in the amphibious communities of the coast, it is true, sometimes made voyages, long or short, but the inland farmer and laborer were apt to be fixtures, except when they went West for good. It is supposed by some that persons of mature life who have never been beyond the boundaries of their parish are peculiar to these islands; I have, however, met with individuals in the remoter parts of the land of Longfellow who had rarely or never visited the town nearest them, and regarded the attractions of the more distant centres like Boston, New Haven, and New York, as the French peasant in the poem did the fabled glories of Carcassonne, only with less desire to behold them. Others I have seen who literally had never been out of the township in which they were born. Living, therefore, all his life in a climate of noted healthfulness, if of severe extremes, it is not surprising that the rural New Englander often found the conditions of less tonic latitudes more deadly than the enemy's bullets. In this respect he was less fortunate than his British brother, whose much maligned climate seems an excellent preparative for every other. Nevertheless, he not infrequently survived the agues of Virginia, and the rigors of yellow fever in New Orleans, as well as the hail of lead, and returned home with a broadened horizon. One indispensable requisite for soldiering he possessed in common with most Americans; he had the hereditary instinct of marksmanship, the latent, if not always developed, capacity for shooting straight. The blood of the early Indian fighters still ran in his veins, though he was rarely cognizant of their exploits; and he had enjoyed a fair amount of practice upon the game of

his native woods and fields, which, despite the laxity of the game-laws, was tolerably abundant. It was, however, almost wholly practice with the shot-gun, and upon wild geese and ducks, quails, partridges, squirrels, and the like—most of the larger game having been exterminated with the Indians. Dr. Holmes, in a famous poem, describes the old "Queen's arm" as forming a common chimney ornament; but I doubt if, in the country districts, one man in fifty had ever used a rifle or a musket in his life. Indeed, the historic weapon is spoken of as being in a damaged condition. If 'Zekiel, however, could not have given Huldah an exhibition of his prowess with the long-ranged arm, as his countrymen of the South and West might still have done—their shoeing must, at least, have equalled Robin Hood's; they used to drive nails into trees, and hit squirrels and rabbits in the eye, to save the skins, at incredibly long distances with their pea-rifles—the root of the matter was undoubtedly in him. With respect to military drill and discipline, a tradition of training and training-days lingered at that time in the country, and there was the proverbial sprinkling of colonels, majors, and captains; but it seemed to me that the holders of the titles had gained them at some remote period, when a different order of things had prevailed. In the larger centres I am aware that there were regular volunteer organizations of a good degree of efficiency.

Coming like Cincinnatus from the plough, or from the factory, the warehouse, and the commercial or professional office, and even from schools and colleges, these excellent citizen-soldiers were first hived in camps for instruction in the rudiments of war. Literally they were of all sorts and conditions. It is said that no other modern army ever had in its ranks so much talent and even genius as this first American

volunteer force; and the New England contingent was, doubtless, not behind the others. One heard of sculptors, poets, and Latin scholars serving as privates. Possibly the French army, in the Franco-Prussian War, may have furnished a parallel; but probably the number thus accomplished was smaller than supposed. At the beginning, a large proportion of the officers, especially those of lower rank, were about of the same social standing as their men; but the traditions and actual experience of training, and the respect for authority, which has always characterized the New England race, despite certain apparent instances to the contrary, prevented insubordination. In the Middle and Western States, I believe, there was more difficulty, and some amusing stories were told. There was much conning of tactics and drill-manuals on the part of the newly-appointed officers, and he who had practical experience imparted to him who had not. Within and without the camps there were arduous and unwonted exercises; but good-humor prevailed, and several varieties of the American joke are said to date from those weeks of toll. Musketry-practice, not carried to too fine a point, came in due course; also, though sometimes elsewhere, the donning of uniforms, the oft-pictured cap (of French origin), and the dark-blue coat and the light-blue trousers that have become historic. Then the different regiments moved southward by land or sea. Whichever the route, they were liable to rough usage before reaching the front. In one notable instance a land-going force, while still unarmed, was almost as severely handled by the mob in a disaffected town as at a later date by the enemy; and those who travelled by sea—in fleets of miscellaneous craft, hastily chartered, and often mere river-boats suited only for inland waters—had a full share of danger, discomfort, and even disaster. Yet

the experience was inspiring and memorable. The scenes of departure were enthusiastic; rather more noisy than those which speed our parting battalions, Africa-bound in much better vessels, but of the same tenor and temper. There were speeches, exhortations, prayers, music, laughter, and the inevitable tears; yet all was taken, I think, somewhat lightly, at least in the earlier departures. Before the final exodus a good many furloughs had been granted, and many families had enjoyed, mostly for the first time in their lives, the spectacle of their men-folk in something other than civilian dress; uniforms being then a comparative rarity in the land, and even so important a personage as the railway conductor frequently undistinguished in this way from his fellow-mortals. Now, I understand it is different. A later stage of the conflict, of course, brought home the actualities of war; the news of meeting armies and the universal tale of losses by death, capture, or disease, and of disablement by wounds, with the return of men, injured or otherwise out of action.

About this time appeared a number of memoirs celebrating the virtues of certain young men of remarkable piety and promise who had been cut off early in the campaign. These works, usually somewhat thin volumes, adorned with handsome portraits of the perished heroes (in uniform), drew so exalted a picture of their characters that one would have thought them more fitly enlisted in the Church militant than in the army of the flesh. Some of these youthful Bayards and Havelocks were of such tender age as to be merely drummer-boys; and in all cases one could not but deplore their untimely removal. The representatives of the arts who fell in the earlier battles also had their elegists, and together there was much sorrow in many households.

Attempts to analyze human motives

are usually futile, especially the motives of collective bodies of men. That the New Englander did not leave his farm or his business to redress the wrongs of the negro, need hardly be said; any more than that the British soldier in the present campaign is chiefly actuated by a wish to prevent the ills which may befall native races in South Africa if the rule of his country is overthrown. Probably few abolitionists were in the Northern army. Animosity towards his Southern brother was never a characteristic of the average man in New England, though aroused strongly enough when the national property and its custodians at Charleston were assailed. He desired to make money out of him if possible; and he had comparatively few social relations with him, his successive migrations, or emigrations, being towards the West.

Again, military glory was not a factor, for the reason hinted at; he was immersed in business-enterprises with which "grim-visaged war" would have interfered. Nor can the fascination of wearing gilt buttons, as alleged by certain Southern historians, be admitted. Therefore, for these and other reasons, he must be credited with patriotism. He fought for his country, to preserve the Union, his Empire, as his opponent with equally strong purpose fought to bring about its dismemberment, and also, no doubt, for the institution of slavery, upon which to him the stability of his world seemed to rest. All this, however, may be said to apply to the whole North. But, happily for themselves, both sides have long since buried the hatchet, or, what is the same in effect, have joined together in using it upon a foreign adversary. The very phrases, *preservation of the Union*, *right of secession*, and so forth, are outworn and forgotten, though the issues were not wholly unlike those now at stake in the British Empire, a racial

problem being involved in the later as in the earlier conflict.

The land of Lowell and Longfellow, of Emerson and of Holmes, Whittier, and Hawthorne, with its bright skies and clear-flowing rivers, its ranges of rock-ribbed hills and mountains, austere of outline and usually clothed with the forests that still approach near to many of its larger towns, was changed in no single feature by the war. No new military works broke the familiar lines of the landscape. Its peaceful, elm-shadowed seats of learning were disturbed by no sieges, bombardments and rude assaults; and no captain, or colonel, or knight in arms, was called on in Miltonic verse to respect the residence or the person of poet or professor. Throughout the land scholastic and academic life, as well as farming and business, pursued their wonted course, and several forms of intellectual activity especially flourished. The vogue of the lecture, for instance, was then at its height and perhaps its best, and other entertainments abounded. Returned soldiers, injured or invalided, and commonly in uniform, were much in evidence; and all kinds of charitable enterprises and organizations connected with the needs of the land and sea forces were at work. Patriotic demonstrations by no means ceased with the first levy of troops. All the chief national holidays were utilized, the Fourth of July lending itself conveniently, though perhaps not logically, to the purpose. That the day which celebrates the political separation of a daughter from a parent state should have been found to have lessons against any further division of the state thus separated, argues an elasticity of function. Possibly it may yet serve as a landmark of international re-union, should that fortunate fate be in store for English-speaking peoples.

One feature notably marked the spirit of the New England people throughout

the four years of fighting,—an unshakable optimism as to the result. I doubt if, from the first, the most timorous person in the six states, if any timorous there were, ever dreamed for a moment of a possible incursion and occupation by a Southern force. Temporary checks they may have expected. Of course, saddened and darkened homes, the eternal blight of war, were many; but losses for the most part were bravely borne. "Not painlessly," sang Whittier,

Not painlessly does God recast
And mould anew the nation.

There were, however, few material hardships; no women and children toiling in the fields perforce; no battle-wrecked towns; no burned homesteads and deserted farms or plantations; no blockaded ports; no makeshifts for clothing and articles of common use; no servile race unsettled by the hope of freedom; no starvation. Emerson could be as cheerful and philosophical as ever, Lowell as humorous and caustic, the Autocrat of many breakfast-tables as sprightly, Longfellow as serene. Hawthorne, the dreamer, lately returned from Europe, and perplexed and disillusioned by the calamity which had befallen his land of untrammelled sunshine, had left it for another.

Of course political unanimity did not reign in the extreme Eastern States any more than elsewhere. History, and at least one novel, record the existence in the North of the politically disaffected person. The novel, using the prevailing vernacular, called him a *copperhead*. The vernacular, however, was wrong; for the reptile so named strikes secretly and silently, while the Southern sympathizer, as I knew him, was, in most cases, a rather outspoken and sometimes noisy person, who vented his opinions on all possible occasions. Probably there were others who did not. In any case, unlike his political counter-

part in the South, he was in small danger of bodily harm, at least in New England. As a rule he contented himself with severe criticism of the methods of the government and the leading generals in carrying on the war. A parallel might be drawn in connection with current events here, but comparisons are invidious. Moreover, persons of the class, notwithstanding their disaffection, were not infrequently found as volunteers in the Northern army.

But if the inhabitants of the Puritan Peninsula went to war with avidity, so to speak, when it was seen to be unavoidable, they returned to civil pursuits with even more satisfaction. The quiet merging of the great citizen force into the mass of the people, as it is called, has been accounted not less surprising than their original enrolment. But men had grown weary of fighting. In no long time the whole momentous experience—a campaign carried on by hundreds of thousands and spread over half a continent—had slipped into the past. Pictures of war in endless variety they had seen; men marching, voyaging, camping; toiling in trenches, bridging and fording rivers, threading forests and climbing mountains; and fighting everywhere—in woods, in swamps, on mountain-tops, in ships, boats, forts, and farmhouses. It was a phantasmagoria of life and death; but they had seen enough, and, for the most part, were glad to banish the dream. In many cases it seemed to fade without their will. Indeed, numbers of undoubted heroes suffered from a provoking inability to describe their most picturesque experiences, and caused the regret that graphic powers do not necessarily go with soldiership. Others of less authentic valor sometimes supplied the deficiency. Descriptions, however, were not wanting, as vivid and perhaps as convincing as the vaunted methods of the Realist, for the war correspondent had been busy from the first.

The veterans were not the only persons willing and even anxious to forget. Throughout the North, and especially in the cities and towns of New England and other Eastern States, many, after the final submission of the foe, turned as if with a sudden revulsion to other things. They had been patriots while the need lasted, or seemed to last; they had supported and toiled for the Union with the rest, perhaps had used the party watchwords and shibboleths; and had been glad of victory. But victory won, decisively and completely, a distaste for all connected with the war seemed to fall upon them. It had been noble, virtuous, exemplary, the cause of union and freedom; but, after all, it had been a civil war, politically and in the eyes of the world. An English nation fallen out with itself—Marston Moor and Naseby over again after two hundred years—and on Republican soil! It was, doubtless, inevitable, this national re-moulding, a burden shifted upon their shoulders by the more calous, slave-trafficking centuries; but the ordeal once over it were best forgot. They left patriotism, now somewhat staled, and the labors of reconstruction to the politician, and sought brighter fields. Some made money inordinately in the era of commercial activity and speculation that followed peace. Others, whom Roger Ascham might have called "better-feathered spirits," especially the younger ones, found nepenthe and refreshment in literature and art, and in the æsthetic revival of the latter half of the century. A great many rediscovered Europe and its possibilities as an extended pleasure-ground. Passionate, and other, pilgrimages were made to old-world shrines, and for a space Paris became a Mecca. Mr. Henry James, in particular, discovered England and its upper classes, with their value in the way of affording international episodes. New England itself was discovered by Mr. Howells, who, coming from the

West by way of Venice, found in Boston and its cultivated society, and in the homely people of the outlying country districts, an unworked vein of material for his carefully studied pictures. His refined Harvard heroes, as some will remember, were of a younger generation, addicted to "hopping back and forth over the Atlantic," and little interested in the war their elders had waged, except for its artistic and spectacular effects. In later life they may have had experience of their own in the recent naval and military enterprises of their country.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Perhaps in comparing Old with New England in the momentous question of war, I am forcing slight resemblances. The one, although the only English-founded colony bearing the name of the older state, is now merely the small corner of a nation, while the other is the centre and heart of an empire. Both, however, are to-day as they have always been alike in the readiness of their citizens to go anywhere and do anything in the way of fighting, and both abound in more or less appropriate memorials to those who have fallen on far-distant fields.

A. G. Hyde.

PAST AND PRESENT.

When lofty Spain came towering up the seas
This little stubborn land to daunt and quell,
The winds of heaven were our auxiliaries,
And smote her that she fell.

Ah, not to-day is Nature on our side!
The mountains and the rivers are our foe,
And Nature with the heart of man allied
Is hard to overthrow.

Westminster Gazette.

William Watson.

REPLY.

Imputes he mortal passions to the mountains?
And, for a party stroke,
Feigns he that water-ways, and river-fountains
Fight for the Boer's ill yoke?

Enough to answer England's slanderous son,
And brand his calumny,
I bore her files to battle, every one,—
Her Lover—Ocean—I!

London Telegraph.

Edwin Arnold.

THE GERMAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

The German Antarctic Expedition will leave Europe, in a single ship, in the autumn of 1901. The simultaneous dispatch of a second ship is not proposed, as this does not appear to be necessary, either for the solution of the scientific problems or for the safety of the expedition. A second vessel would be expedient only if it were intended to carry out oceanographical researches around the Antarctic area at the same time as a southward advance is made by the first ship. This is rendered the less necessary, on account of the work which has been done by the German Deep Sea Expedition in Antarctic waters south of the Indian ocean, the side on which the German Expedition will endeavor to penetrate the ice.

The designs for the Antarctic ship have been completed with the advice of the Construction Department of the Imperial Navy. The building of the ship has been undertaken by the Howaldt works in Kiel, which, in response to the circular inviting estimates, worked out an admirable plan. In designing the vessel special attention has been paid to seaworthiness, on account of the severe storms and high seas which prevail in the Southern Ocean; and, of course, she will be made as strong for ice-navigation as it is possible to build her. The necessary strength will be secured by a system of internal supports and a triple planking of oak, pitch-pine and green-heart. The hull will not be so much rounded as in the case of the *Fram*, such a cross-section appearing unsuitable for a ship which will have to encounter heavy seas, and the necessary resistance to ice pressure may be obtained

with a somewhat fuller form. It need not be said that the vessel will be built entirely of wood. She will be rigged as a three-masted top-sail schooner, and will be provided with an engine and two boilers of power sufficient to ensure a speed of seven knots and more if necessary.

The dimensions of the ship have been decided upon after taking account of the number of the scientific staff, officers and crew who will be carried, as well as the time which the Expedition is expected to be absent. The scientific staff will be five in number, and there will be five officers, including the first engineer, and eighteen to twenty men. The Expedition is expected to be absent for two years, but it will be equipped for three, in case it should be found necessary to prolong it. These requirements demand a length of 151 feet, and a depth of about 16 feet below the water line. The cost of building the ship will be about 30,000*l*.

The scientific staff of five, including the doctor, will be so chosen that each important branch of science will be represented. Each member of the staff will be able himself to carry out all the work of his own department; but every one will be capable of assisting in the special work of any other, or, if necessary, of taking his place.

The author of this article, who has been appointed leader of the Expedition, will undertake the physico-geographical, oceanographical and geodetic work; Dr. E. Philippi of Breslau will take charge of the geological, palæontological and chemical investigations; Dr. E. Vanhöffen, of Kiel, will act as zoologist and botanist; Dr. H. Gazert, of Munich, will be the surgeon; and the fifth member of the staff, who will

* Translated from Prof. von Drygalski's MS. by Dr. H. R. Mill.

have charge of the magnetic and meteorological observations, is not yet selected.

The five officers, including the captain and also the first engineer, will be fully occupied with their duties in the management and navigation of the ship during the voyage. But during the year to be passed at the scientific station, which will be founded by the Expedition, and near which the ship will remain, the officers will take such part in the scientific work as may be decided at the place and time by the leader of the Expedition. They will probably be occupied principally with astronomical observations at the station, topographical and hydrographical surveys in its neighborhood, and with pendulum and magnetic observations on the land journeys, and at the station. The crew also, the amount of whose assistance to the scientific staff during the voyage must be regulated by their duties on the vessel, will be allocated, at the winter quarters, to the different members of the scientific staff for training, so that they will become able to lend a hand on occasion. The captain, officers and crew have not yet been appointed.

As indicated above, the work of the Expedition may be divided into two parts; one carried out on board during the voyage, the other on shore at the winter quarters. The projected route of the Expedition is of importance with regard to the first part. It is intended to enter the Antarctic from the direction of Kerguelen, and the details of the route, particularly the deviations from a straight course, are planned with regard to oceanographical, geological and magnetic requirements. The oceanographical considerations are the existing lacunæ in our knowledge of the depths of the sea; the geological are the collection from various island groups of specimens for comparison with those obtained

in the Antarctic; while the magnetic conditions make it desirable to cut the lines of equal value of the various magnetic elements in as many points as possible. Taking all these conditions into account, I propose not to run directly south from Kerguelen, but first to sail eastwards to about 90 degrees E., and then turn towards the south, as on that meridian deep-sea soundings are wanting. For the same reason the route from Cape Town to Kerguelen would be curved southward between Prince Edward and Crozet Islands, while, on the other hand, on the return voyage the line between South Georgia and Tristan da Cunha will be straight, because it is desirable to investigate the southern extension of the great Atlantic rise.

The point which the German Expedition has in view for commencing the penetration of the Antarctic region is the still hypothetical Termination Island. The British Expedition being intended to follow the northern side of Wilkes Land, the east coast of Victoria Land, the great ice wall, and beyond that to investigate the Pacific side of the Antarctic, the German Expedition is planned to strike southwards from Termination Island in order to discover the western side of Victoria Land, and to clear up its possible connection with Kemp Land and Enderby Land, and ultimately to sail around the Atlantic side of the Antarctic and investigate, wherever it may be possible, the southern extension of the Atlantic Ocean and Weddell Sea. If the two expeditions carry out this common plan, the geographical division of the work gives the best basis for co-operation in all other questions.

The second part of the German program is the establishment of a scientific station in the Antarctic, at which a full year will be spent in geographical and biological work, and which will serve as a starting-point for longer or

shorter land-journeys. It is, of course, impossible to say where this station will be, as the site must depend on the results of the discoveries made in pushing southwards. An effort will be made to establish it on the west side of Victoria Land, where one may expect to find an extensive land surface which will offer a favorable opportunity for carrying on the various researches; such a position would be particularly desirable for magnetic observations, on account of its proximity to the south magnetic pole.

The great Antarctic ice-cap could probably be best reached and explored on an extensive land which might, perhaps, enable one to travel towards the South Pole itself. An extensive land also offers richer opportunities for the study of plant and animal life, if such exist, and also for geological phenomena than separate islands; and observations on gravity also are of more value on a large land surface. Briefly, an effort must be made to build the German station on the coast of an extensive land, and for this purpose the west coast of Victoria Land appears the most suitable, as it is the intention of the British Expedition to land some of their party on the eastern coast, and this proximity will afford an opportunity for effective co-operation.

I can naturally only refer briefly to the particulars of the projected expedition, the main plan of which has been sketched above. The fundamental fact is that the scientific preparation will be so complete that every kind of work can be carried out which the present condition of science requires, and for which time and opportunity offer. What will actually be done must naturally be decided on the spot. The members of the expedition must be so prepared that they can distinguish the important from the less important, the necessary from the merely desirable;

in a word, the purely Antarctic, if one may so say, from what could be carried out equally well in other parts of the world. The desiderata of Antarctic exploration are innumerable. It is essential to make a proper choice, and this is the first object to be served by thorough preparation.

For this purpose general instructions likely to be of service will naturally be subject to the initiative of the investigators themselves when they arrive at the field of work.

I shall here only mention a few of the problems with which the German Expedition will be occupied. Amongst these, geographical studies will take the first place, since they supply the necessary foundation for all other investigations. An effort will be made, not only to lay down the coast-lines, but, in some places at least, to follow out the general contour and, wherever it is possible, to study the forms of the land. The ice which gives its special character to the Polar regions will be studied as regards its nature and structure, its temperature, its transport of land-waste, and its movement, and this should permit conclusions to be drawn as to the land which it covers. With regard to the sea, soundings will be made in the regions where they are still wanting along the intended route—that is, in the whole area south of 40 degrees S., and in some places also to the north of that parallel. It has already been pointed out that the route has been chosen with special regard to the regions where soundings are most required. Of course, observations will be made at the same time on the physical conditions of the sea with regard to temperature, density, composition of the water and the deposits, color, dissolved gases, and circulation. It would be of great value also if pendulum observations could be carried out during the voyage, as it is intended to make this a special feature of the

work on shore, and particularly in the neighborhood of the station.

The geologist's duties will include the study of the samples of deep-sea deposits brought up by the sounding-rod, and also the chemical investigation of the sea-water, the physical properties of which will be studied by the geographer. The geologist will, of course, be busily employed at every landing. He will take part in sledge journeys from the land station, along the coast and occasionally towards the interior. Special attention will be devoted to fossil plants, if such should be found to exist in the far south, as well as to all other palaeontological and petrographical questions which are likely to allow comparisons to be made between the South Polar region and the rest of the world.

The Expedition promises a particularly wide field of work to the zoologist and botanist. His prospective collections should include every form which can be preserved and carried on board the ship, and they will apply equally to the fauna and flora of the land, of freshwater lakes, of the littoral zone and of the deep sea. Special attention will be paid to the seasonal differences in the occurrence of the various animal forms, and to their development. Biological investigations will, of course, be carried out in close relation to the physical; in order, for example, to recognize the dependence of plant and animal life on the conditions of the sea-water and the nature of the currents. For this purpose vertical and closing tow-nets have been planned, to be used in the different regions, and from the station at different seasons. By comparing the results and those of surface gatherings at the various seasons, data will be obtained for the study of ocean currents. As the expedition is not primarily intended for deep-sea investigation, it is not proposed to carry on the deep-sea obser-

vations to a depth greater than a thousand metres. The gear required for dredging at greater depths would be too cumbersome an addition to the necessary equipment of the ship. This limitation is the less serious since the deep-sea fauna in warmer regions reaches up to within 700 metres of the surface, and in cold regions still higher.

The surgeon of the expedition will, in addition to the treatment of such illness as may arise, endeavor to collect information on Polar hygiene by a careful study of the state of health of the members of the Expedition. These observations should enable him to advise the leader on many questions connected with the arrangements and manner of life of the Expedition. Further physiological studies will also be carried out, and the surgeon will assist the biologists in observations on the development of various organisms, and especially with bacteriological research.

The magnetic and meteorological work of the Expedition, like that of the other departments, will be the sole charge of one member of the staff, but he will be assisted in reading the instruments and in other mechanical work by members of the ship's company, and the officers will co-operate in the various physical observations at the station.

Regular meteorological observations will be taken during the voyage every four hours, if possible, and at the station three times daily. For wind, cloud, and similar phenomena, it will be desirable to organize a system of continual observation of the sky. Self-recording apparatus will be employed for pressure, wind, temperature, humidity and duration of sunshine, and, in case these should become ineffective through extreme cold, their place will be taken by as many eye-observations as can be managed. Special observations during the cruise will be required for such questions as the time

of the daily maxima at sea, the best arrangements for a rain-gauge on board, twilight phenomena in the open sea, water-spouts, etc. At the station it is intended to carry out observations on the upper regions of the atmosphere, but to what extent and in what manner cannot be decided until the balloon equipment is definitely arranged. A captive balloon will certainly be carried for the purpose of geographical reconnaissance; sufficient gas to fill the balloon about ten times, and a lifting power which will make it possible to raise an observer about 500 metres, seem to be all that is necessary. It appears to be better to carry the hydrogen for filling the balloon in compressed form rather than to prepare it on the spot, that is, if compressed gas can be carried safely on board, a point on which further information is necessary.

The program for magnetic work is not yet definitely settled. Pending the results of further consideration and advice, the following may be looked upon as likely to form part of it. During the voyage the magnetic elements will be determined at least once a day with the standard compass, the Fox apparatus (dip-circle), and perhaps also with the deviation magnetometer. The magnetic apparatus will be installed upon the navigating bridge of the ship, in the neighborhood of which no iron will be used in the construction. At the station variation observations will be made with photographic registering apparatus, controlled by direct readings. Magnetic observations will also be provided for on the land journeys.

Particular attention will be paid to the study of the *Aurora Australis*, especially with regard to its form and height, perhaps also to its spectrum, and the coincidence of auroral displays and magnetic disturbances; but the measurement of earth-currents is

considered as beyond the scope of the Expedition.

In connection with the arrangements for magnetic work at the station there will be provision made for seismological observations.

Astronomical determinations of latitude and longitude and geodetic measurements will, of course, be carried out. During the voyage, and on land journeys, the former will be fixed by means of the prismatic reflecting circle; but at the station, where a more exact astronomical determination is necessary, a large transit theodolite, and a good telescope for occultations, will be employed. At the points on the shore connected with the station a smaller universal instrument, or a prismatic circle, will be utilized. Continued time determinations will naturally be carried out in connection with absolute observations for latitude and time conversions; pendulum observations will be made as often as possible. Geographical surveys on the scale of about 1 : 50,000 will be desirable in the neighborhood of the station and in such other places as may be interesting from a cartographical point of view, or which present important physical phenomena, such as ice-movement or ice structure, or where the pendulum observations make a special survey desirable. For this purpose the smaller or even the larger universal instrument will be employed, as well as a Stampfer's level with staves. Opportunities may also occur for the use of photographic surveying instruments. Attention will be given to the anomalous refraction which, from the observations of previous Polar travellers, appears to be due to some atmospheric conditions different from any that occur in our latitudes.

This sketch of the German program naturally does not exhaust the problems with which we have to deal. It was, however, less my intention to give

an account of the work which we hope to attempt than to indicate the directions and lay down the limits of our proposed operations, as that will be of service in finally settling the methods of international co-operation. From this point of view the large number of the problems mentioned does not appear dangerous. It might, however, become so if the Expedition were tied down to definite instructions, and not left free to act as time and opportunity demand. It seems the wisest course to provide a complete equipment for all branches of scientific work, opportunities for doing which may offer themselves, and leave it to the leader of the Expedition to decide on the spot and at the time what work will be done.

I have already pointed out that the basis of international co-operation has been laid in the choice of routes and the consequent division of districts within which the land stations are to be established. The German Expedition takes the Indian Ocean and Atlantic side, and the British the Pacific side of the Antarctic area. An expedition from a third side would find a wide and important field of activity to the south of South America. As regards physico-geographical, geological, biological and gravity observations, scarcely any further co-operation is required than the simultaneous carrying out of observations in the different areas. Should the British Expedition include a second ship, it would be possible to carry on biological deep-sea research round the Antarctic area over a much wider circle than we can attempt with one vessel.

A clearer understanding is still required for co-operation in meteorological and magnetic research, to decide, in the first place, the scope and the methods of research to be pursued during the voyage and during the year's sojourn at the land station; and, in the

second place, what additional work beyond that undertaken by the two expeditions it may be possible to arrange. My scheme for the first of these plans is already sketched out as far as regards the meteorological work; the magnetic program requires still further consideration. The understanding with the British Expedition on this question is now under discussion. For both branches of science the choice of routes and of districts in which the stations will be placed is very appropriate, as observations will be made in the vicinity of the south magnetic pole on two sides, and both stations lie in the probable position of the Antarctic anti-cyclone, which appears to extend furthest north on the Indian Ocean side. The second point which concerns the organization of simultaneous observations outside the Antarctic area, is still unsettled. The British Antarctic Expedition has already in view the establishment of a scientific station in New Zealand, while Germany is planning a branch station on Kerguelen. These would furnish valuable data for comparison with the results obtained by the expeditions themselves. Yet, we must go further, but not so far, I think, as M. Arctowski suggested in his paper to the British Association at Dover. It is greatly to be wished that during our expeditions the Observatories of Melbourne and Cape Town would undertake similar observations, and it would also be a good thing if a station could be placed near Cape Horn or in South Georgia, as well as one in the North Polar region, say at Bossekop. Thus the problems of the Antarctic regions could be attacked simultaneously from without and from within.

A resolution of the St. Petersburg Meteorological Congress, in August last, in favor of such co-operation was received with pleasure. The International Geographical Congress at Berlin

went further, and unanimously approved the appointment of a committee charged with (1) Laying down the scope and the means of investigation for the magnetic and meteorological work of the expeditions; (2) The organization of similar series of observations on the expeditions, and, perhaps, also exerting influence for the establishment of observations at other places.

On the German side, the members of this joint committee are Profs. Hellmann, v. Drygalski, Eschenhagen and

Nature.

A. Schmidt; and on the British side Dr. R. H. Scott, Dr. Buchan, Prof. Schuster, and Capt. Creak. The program prepared on the German side for the meteorological and magnetic work has already been sent to the British members of the Committee, to be considered by them, and afterwards discussed and definitely settled by the whole committee. We may expect in this, as in all other points, a complete and useful co-operation between the two expeditions.

Erich von Drygalski.

THE COURTSHIP OF TAMBALA CHALMERS.

"Oh, yes, old Chalmers is here still," said M'Kechnie, in answer to a question of mine. "Not at the Mission, of course, but—"

"Why, of course?" I put in, hastily withdrawing my legs to admit of the passage of a small boy and a large bucket of water, on their way aft. The Explorer's deck space was limited, and, as O'Reilly had just opened the hatch to get out some stores, we had been obliged to remove our long chairs from that haven of refuge.

"Oh! I keep forgetting that you're new to the country," said M'Kechnie, not without a quizzical gleam in his eye. "You'll hear the whole story soon enough. Chalmers had got above himself, you know—had attack of swelled head, following on a visit to Cape Town—and began setting the clergy right on doctrinal points. So there was nothing for it but to part."

"Is that the true version?" I asked, for there was an odd dryness in his enun-

ciation which aroused my suspicions. I knew Mac of old—in fact, we had been at school together, many years before either of us ever thought of coming to Central Africa.

"I was not there when it happened," he replied, with dignity. "And you will please to remember that I am in the service of the Mission."

"Oh! all right," I muttered, hastily. "But what about Chalmers? Where is he now?"

"He works for Kalkbrenner—Ferreira, Kalkbrenner & Co., you know. Old Kalkbrenner gives him £50 a year and a house, and finds him well worth it; for, after all, he's an honest fellow, and capable in his way, though he is such a terribly pragmatical old ass. You'll see him when we get to Port Livingstone. Kalkbrenner has a store and a coffee plantation there, and Chalmers looks after them, and keeps the books, and pays the boys, and all."

"How did he get that name?"

"Picked it up at one of the Missions, I suppose, and it sticks to him. He's been quite a traveller, has Dr. Chalmers. Went down to Kilwa, first of all, in a slave-gang, when he was a lad—die of ten or twelve—he was called Tambala then—was put on board a dhow and taken off by a British man-o'-war, and landed at Zanzibar. Then he came up country with Bishop Steere to try and find his own people again, and finally drifted to this neighborhood. He's seen a deal of life one way and another. When he was baptized he was called David and his full name on the Church Register is David Tambala Chalmers."

"Tambala means a cock, doesn't it?" I asked. I was making tentative plunges into the native language with the help of the Mission grammar and dictionary.

"Yes—suits him best of the three, I think. But you'll see for yourself. He's a caution."

I believe that, as we thus conversed, we were about six miles from Port Livingstone, as the crow flies. But unluckily, as some one has remarked, we were not crows; and the winding course of the river, the strength of its current (it was at this time in full flood), the state of the Explorer's engines, and the general cussedness of things delayed our arrival till sunset on the following day.

I saw before me a neat, white-washed house, grass-thatched, surrounded by a broad veranda, and shaded by a group of fan-palms. Down the path which led from the front door came a tall native, dressed in a linen suit with a pith helmet on his head.

"There he is," said M'Kechnie—"I suppose he is coming on board."

It took some time to get the Explorer warped in to the bank, and while this was taking place I lost sight of the white figure in a crowd of shouting, hurrying natives; indeed, I was so

much absorbed in the details of the scene—it was my first experience of the country that had interested me all my life—that I forgot all about him for a while. Presently I became aware that the boy who had been attending on me during the voyage—himself a former pupil of the Mission—was standing beside me grinning from ear to ear.

"This is Dr. Chalmers, sir!" he said, with the air of one exhibiting a valuable and interesting product of the country, and waved his hand majestically towards the individual in question, who raised his helmet, and advanced with a sweeping bow.

"Mr. Hay, sir, I have much pleasure to make your acquaintance. I have heard of you from Mr. Vyner, sir. He tells me you come to assist him in developing the resources of this country. It is a fine country, sir—a magnificent country; but we need appliances, the appliances of civilization."

I felt inclined to sit down and gasp feebly—quite overwhelmed by this torrent of eloquence—delivered quietly enough, and with a fairly good English accent. How much more I might have heard about the resources of the country and the appliances of civilization I cannot tell—M'Kechnie intervened.

"I say, Chalmers, can you put Mr. Hay up for the night? He won't be able to start for Masuku this evening."

"Oh, yes-s!" said Dr. Chalmers, with dignity. "Mr. Vyner wrote to me that Mr. Hay was coming, and directed me to have an apartment in readiness. It was ready yesterday, Mr. M'Kechnie, and I have called Mr. Hay's carriers; they will start tomorrow at peep of day."

M'Kechnie attempted no reply—he was probably appalled at the splendor of Dr. Chalmers's diction; but he stole a sly wink at me.

At this juncture the Explorer's skipper walked up, red in the face from recent exertions, and mopping himself

with a handkerchief originally intended for the native trade, and conspicuously adorned with palm-trees and elephants.

"Hey! here's the Reverend Doctor! How's yourself, me boy? and how's the missis?"

Dr. Chalmers drew himself up with dignity. "Circumstances have occurred to postpone my marriage," he said, freezingly; and his eye rested on M'Kechnie with an expression which seemed to say that, but for that gentleman's presence, he would have said more.

O'Reilly slapped him on the back and laughed uproariously.

"Parson forbidden the banns, hey, Chalmers? Sure, and it's myself would be doing the same if I were he, an' you afther thyrin' to inveigle me best dalry-maid."

The native did not reply. It was easy to see that he did not enjoy O'Reilly's chaff, but he betrayed no annoyance, only turned to me and asked quietly if I would like to come ashore now. So far as I could judge, it was only his choice of words that was somewhat extravagant; there were no Christy Minstrel antics about him, and, in manner at least, I was inclined to think—with no disrespect to our tempestuous but good-natured friend—that he was more of a gentleman than O'Reilly.

"What's this about his marriage?" I asked M'Kechnie, presently, Dr. Chalmers having gone ashore to get my luggage taken up to the house, while O'Reilly was superintending the holsting of the same out of the hold.

"I don't quite know. I've been away down river for the last three months; I heard about it from O'Reilly, but, you know, a story with him never loses in the telling—"

"What's that?" exclaimed the subject of this last remark, who was nearer us at the moment than M'Kechnie bargained for. "Me, the veracious chronicler of British Equatoria? Me,

that carries a note-book and a fountain pen in me pockets, an' it's downright ill I've been with sucking the ink of that same when it wouldn't draw, not to mintion the ink dryin' up wid the climate, to stand before the thermometer and note the exact timperature for fear I'd be forgettin' it when I wrote me diary at night!"

"We're all looking forward to the book you're going to write when you go home, O'Reilly," said M'Kechnie.

"And yet you'll not trust me to tell the story of the doctor there an' his colleen dhu?—for colleen bawn she is not, though as purty an' neat a crathur of her color as ever I've seen. Faith, I've had thoughts of asking her to be Mrs. O'Reilly meself; but then, you see, I'd be afther havin' to git a dispinsation, an' our clargy is terribly down on mixed mar'ges of late. Not to mintion that Mozambique is the nearest place it could be got."

"Never heed his clavers, Hay," said M'Kechnie. "The matter seems to be that Chalmers, who is a widower of some years' standing, and has two little girls under ten—I'm sorry for him myself, for he's anxious to do his duty and bring them up decently, and it's sore on a man, as you'll allow—wanted to marry one of the Christian girls at the Mission."

"Well, and why shouldn't he? Is there any just cause or impediment?"

M'Kechnie seemed slightly embarrassed.

"They say the girl herself didn't want him. And, of course, Dr. Angus couldn't help that."

"That's the offeecal varslon, Mac, me bhoy," said O'Reilly, with exaggerated mimicry of M'Kechnie's accent, which, by-the-by, was broad enough to sit on, and he rather prided himself on it. "Dr. Angus didn't want to lose a useful crathur, and Mrs. A.'s pet pupil—an' them at all the trouble and expense of her trainin'—as they would do if she

married out of the Mission. So, when that's the state of things at headquarters, an' you get asked in a tone of Daniel-come-to-judgment, 'Do you want to have this man?' what would you expect a colleen to do, eh, sir? It's a clear case of intimidation—not intimidation with black thorns an' hot water, may be, but—"

"Oh! get away with you and your black thorns!" exclaimed Mac, struggling between amusement and annoyance. "Don't listen to O'Reilly, he just havers even on. You see Lucy's been in the Mission from a child; the Anguses really stand in the place of parents to her, and they're naturally anxious she should make a good choice. And, of course, it would be more satisfactory for her to remain in the Mission."

"But supposing she really cared for him, would they have a right to interfere in that case? Is she so very young?"

"She's older than most of these girls when they marry. But here comes our friend," said honest Mac, evidently glad to change the subject.

My goods had been got ashore, and the three of us sat down in the veranda to the meal which Chalmers had provided "as per instructions of Mr. Vynner," as he confided to me. I had the less scruple in extending my employer's hospitality to M'Kechnie and O'Reilly, as the latter had contributed nobly to this entertainment out of the Explorer's stores. We had tinned salmon and sardines for entrées, and canned peaches for sweets; while three fowls had been slain and served up to us in the shape of soup and curry, accompanied by locally-grown rice and sweet potatoes, and half a dozen of the infinite varieties of beans wherein the soul of the African delights. Moreover, there were European vegetables, diminutive and heartless cabbages, very crude potatoes, the size of small mar-

bles, and turnips not much bigger, but of excellent flavor, which Chalmers had raised in his own garden, and now produced as freewill offerings out of the pride and vain-glory of his heart.

He did not wait on us himself, but he stood by and directed the movements of two flannel-shirted boys, with an air which would have done credit to the most majestic and highly-trained of butlers. The lemonade and soda-water, however, he brought and uncorked himself, observing that the boys were "unused to these appliances."

O'Reilly sipped at his glass, put it down, and looked round in a puzzled sort of way, as if the beverage were incomplete, but nothing else appeared to be forthcoming. He then turned to us with a kind of apologetic and admonitory cough, as though expecting us to supply the omission; but Mac and myself became suddenly obtuse, and waited, with interest, to see what would happen.

"Faith, then, Chalmers, my jewel," he burst out at last, "do ye always serve your soda-water neat?"

"Messrs. Kalkbrenner and Ferreira"—(I could see that he loved to roll out the firm's name in full whenever he got the chance)—"do not keep alcoholic liquors in stock, sir; except as medical comforts, sir—"

"Bedad, that's queer then," said O'Reilly, in a stage aside to myself, "for one of them's a German Jew, and the other's a Hollander Jew or a Portagee—I'm not sure which. It's against nature, so it is. . . Chalmers, alanna," he went on aloud, "can ye tell me on your conscience an' honor—which we all know are very honorable an' conscientious entirely—that ye don't require them medical comforts every day of your life, an' frequent in the course of the day?"

Dr. Chalmers looked fixedly at a point on the landscape, which, in accordance with the laws of perspective,

was immediately behind and above O'Reilly's head.

"I am a total abstainer, Captain O'Reilly."

("He is that," said Mac, aside to me. "I'll say that for him.")

"And ye never take a holiday, then?" asked O'Reilly, unabashed.

To which Dr. Chalmers vouchsafed no answer.

"Here, boy!" said O'Reilly, "where's Luwisi? Run down to the boat, ye little spalpeen, and bring—"

"Don't, O'Reilly," said McKechnie. "Can you not wait for your fire-water till we get aboard again—?"

"And it's condemning Mr. Hay to cold water, ye'd be—"

"Not for me," I struck in, hastily. "Please don't send for it for me, O'Reilly—I assure you I prefer lemonade!"

"It puts temptation in the boy's way," said Mac, in a low voice.

I could see that he was really troubled, and began to find the situation uncomfortable, but, to my surprise, O'Reilly readily gave way and took his soda-water and lime-juice with a very good grace. In his heart he had a real liking for Mac—for all their constant sparring—and he was quick enough to see when he had gone too far.

Not long after this they took their leave. Mac was going to sleep on board the steamer, and start at dawn, with two or three boys, on his tramp to the Mission. My road to Mr. Vyner's plantation lay in a different direction.

When they were gone I sat still for a while in the veranda chatting with Kalkbrenner's factotum. I found him really a very intelligent fellow, and the questions he asked about people and things in England showed that he thought more deeply than the educated native usually gets credit for doing. He was communicative enough on all subjects but one—he was unwilling to say much about the Mission or Dr. Angus.

After what I had already heard, it was not difficult to guess why; and I must say I respected him for his reticence.

Next morning I was awakened at dawn by the bugle which summoned the station laborers to their toil. A few minutes later, as I was stretching myself inside my mosquito curtain, and thinking that the world looked chilly and miserable, a small boy entered with coffee and biscuits and a message to the effect—or so I understood him—that the carriers were ready when I was. Accordingly I made all the haste I could, and emerged on the veranda, to find Chalmers assigning the various items of my luggage to their respective carriers and starting them on ahead. They didn't look as if they liked it.

"They are grumbling, sir," he said to me, after a ceremonious greeting, "because they will have to go first and shake the dew off the grass, so that it will not be so wet for you. Here is your machila, sir."

Two men brought round to the steps a canvas hammock slung to a pole with a mat stretched above to shade me from the rays of the sun, which as yet were not. They held the canvas at what they thought a convenient height above the ground, and grinned sympathetically at my efforts to get in, which resulted, first, in falling out on the other side, and next in hitting my head against the pole. Then Chalmers intervened, and suggested that they should spread it flat on the ground, laying the pole on one side, which, somewhat to my humiliation, they did, and when I had prostrated myself upon it, picked me up tenderly and shouldered the pole. Dr. Chalmers then arranged the cushions behind my head—which requires a certain knack, as I found out afterwards by bitter experience—spread my travelling rug over my legs and tucked it in, and finally—surely the force of thoughtfulness could no further go—inquired whether I was supplied with to-

bacco and matches. He had seen me put my pipe into my pocket.

"You will get accustomed, sir, and subsequently you will not be afraid to change your position," he remarked, apparently gathering from my expression that I thought smoking impossible under the circumstances. "Here is the captao; he understands English. His name is Peter."

Peter came forward, a very solemn-faced young man, with his upper teeth chipped into points like a saw, and blue daisies tattooed where his shirt-front would have been if he had worn such an article. He was attired in a white cotton singlet, and a piece of dark-blue calico round his waist, and shivered in the chill morning air.

"He will tell the men anything you want. I have told him you are going to stop and breakfast in Palombe's. The men with the provisions have gone on." He then addressed Peter at some length in the Yao tongue. "It is all right, sir. You can trust him."

"Good-bye," I said, for my men at this point began to move.

"Oh, no, sir; I will walk with you as far as the end of the plantation." Which he did, and I then took my leave, and the men jogged on with me through a narrow path through a succession of native gardens—apparently containing nothing but weeds and dry maize-stalks—for the crops had just been gathered in. When we left the gardens and got into the tall grass, I began to understand what Chalmers meant about the dew. As it turned out, I was performing for my men the task which had been entrusted to them on my behalf; they had turned aside and hidden themselves till the machila was past, whereby the path being so narrow that my foremost bearer's broad brown shoulders completely filled up the vista, my clothes and the canvas were saturated in a short time. But the narrative of my journey does not belong to this tale.

"And what do you think of Chalmers?" said Mr. Vyner, a few evenings later, when I was resting, after the three days' march, at his hospitable bungalow. "A bit self-important, eh? and his language is quite too much for me at times!"

"Oh, Robert!" said Mrs. Vyner—a good soul who took most things very literally. "I'm sure Chalmers never swears—I never heard him say anything one could object to!"

"On the contrary, my dear, it's the correctness and propriety of his expressions! But he's a good fellow at bottom;—and, talk of conceit—he's not half so conceited as that pet of Angus's—what's his name again? Abraham—Isaac—Isaac Kabweza, that's the man—I can't stand him!"

"Oh, Robert!"

"No, Helen, I can't, that's a fact. You won't hear a word against him, I know, because he turns up his eyes in church, and makes night hideous with crooning hymns out of tune. We had him here as kitchen-boy for a month—that was quite enough! I don't say but the fellow means well—and he certainly did his work—but he's a confounded sanctimonious prig, and then he's got hold of all Angus's little ways, speaks like him, walks like him. . . . I find Angus trying enough, in all conscience, though I suppose he also means well; but to have him served up in a second-hand native edition is a little too much!"

"I haven't seen Dr. Angus yet," I remarked. "And from all I hear it seems a little difficult to form a notion of him."

"Well, I won't prejudice you. You'll see and hear him soon enough, and you'll think him a charming, courteous, scholarly old gentleman, who's been very much maligned—for I can guess the sort of talk you've heard on the river—from Ferreira, for instance—or O'Reilly."

I smiled audibly.

"Mind you, I'm not one of those who run down missionaries on principle. Apart from other considerations, we do need some one to remind us now and then that the natives are not simply—as a boy said to me the other day—'hoes for white men to till the ground with.' That's what infuriates some men against them. They've a respect for religion in the abstract—as long as it doesn't interfere with the details of their daily life—and that's where Angus rubs it in, to do him justice."

"But I thought—I understood—Dr. Angus was inclined to be a bit arbitrary himself."

Vyner laughed.

"That's where the difference between clergy and laity comes in, you see! No, but seriously, my dear boy, when you've lived a little longer in this country, and had men under you, like the Roman centurion—and nobody to interfere with you when I'm not round—you see whether the instinct of bossing doesn't grow on you! And Angus—well, he had peculiar ideas to start with, and he was in a peculiar position—had it all his own way out here for years; for you know he was in the country before any trader or planter of us all. The niggers all looked up to him as chief and doctor, and everything else, and thought the sky was going to fall if any one contradicted him. He very seldom saw a white man of anything like his own standing—till quite lately. I don't know how it happens that his colleagues have generally been men of inferior position and education, and as for the three successive Mrs. Angus's, they have all been his humble worshippers. So, is it any wonder that the man takes much the same view of his position as the German Emperor does of his?"

"Robert, I'm sure Mr. Hay is so tired, he's ready to fall asleep in his chair!"

I was tired when I came to think of it; and though I would willingly have

asked further questions, I was quite ready to follow Vyner along the veranda to the apartment destined for me, where I slept soundly in spite of the scampering of rats along the rafters, and the howling of hyenas in the long grass outside. Perhaps these uncanny sounds in some indirect way influenced my dreams, for I thought that Dr. Angus (who, as I had never seen him in real life, appeared to me in the likeness of the celebrated portrait of Savonarola) was denouncing me by name to a numerous congregation as being a heretic of several different sorts, and but a shady character in other respects; and having, moreover, acted as best man at the wedding of David Tambala Chalmers, who, for his part, was formally excommunicated then and there.

I was so struck by this vision that I related it at breakfast next morning, greatly to Vyner's amusement, who remarked that first dreams in a new abode were generally prophetic—and he hoped this one would not prove so.

I suppose my early experiences of plantation life were much like other men's. As I am not telling my own story, I will not dwell on them—only remarking that after I had been at Masuku some seven or eight months, I was sent to Lucheny to take charge of a small outlying estate of Vyner's, and entered on the life of a Robinson Crusoe, surrounded by innumerable men Friday.

One hot day in November when the whole country was parched and dusty and gasping for the rains, I was swinging lazily in my hammock in the shadiest corner of the veranda. It was nearly time for the afternoon bugle to be blown, and I was just regarding with dismay the prospect of turning out in the heat to superintend the digging of the coffee-pits, when my boy Kambembe—I remember him as the most portentous breaker of crockery that ever entered my service—came up and announced the arrival of one

"Chalama." Somewhat puzzled, I tumbled out of the hammock and walked round the house to find Dr. Chalmers sitting on the front steps.

He rose to his feet and took off his helmet—a sadly-battered one by this time. His white shirt bore traces of a journey, and he was evidently tired and footsore. Two small boys were squatting at a little distance; beside each, one of the round baskets in which a native stores his provisions, etc., on a journey. They were our friend's attendants and carriers.

"How do you do?" I said. "Glad to see you; come into the shade."

"Thank you, sir. I have been over to Mr. Ferreira's other plantation of Chipande, and I am now on my way back to Port Livingstone. When I heard you were here I thought I would like to come and see you. It is not very much out of the way."

I felt flattered by this mark of attention, though inclined to think it must have been some reason beyond mere politeness. I thought the man looked haggard and worried; and now and then he stole wistful glances at me as if making up his mind to ask me a question.

I was not mistaken—but the question didn't come just then. I had to go down to the coffee, so I left him, after issuing instructions to Kambembe to supply him with tea and other refreshments, and see to the wants of his followers. It was in the evening, when I was once more established in the hammock, and he sitting on the steps in the moonlight, that—after answering my inquiries, and telling me all the news of the Mission, the River and the Lake, the gunboat and the Portuguese at Matapwiri's, and the rumored disturbances up Tanganyika way, he began:

"Mr. Hay, sir—if you were at home in England, and you wanted to be married, and you went to tell the minister, would he refuse?"

"Why, no—not that I ever heard of. Not unless there were some legal obstacle."

He repeated the phrase thoughtfully, and asked me what that was.

"Why—if I'd been married before, you know, and my wife was living—or if I wanted to marry my grandmother—or—or—some one like that. 'A man may not marry his grandmother,' you know. That's in the Prayer Book."

"I see. But if there is no legal obstacle?"

"The parson can't refuse—at least I think not. Not if you've had the banns put up properly, or got a license. But if he objected, I should simply go to another parson, to save unpleasantness, or to a Registry Office."

"Registry Office," repeated Chalmers, thoughtfully, as if desirous of getting the words by heart. "What is that, sir?"

I explained, and proceeded to expound, to the best of my ability, the marriage laws of the United Kingdom. And then—

"Chalmers, my man," I said, "you've got something on your mind. Can't you tell me about it?"

He looked at me in a sort of wistful, inquiring way—with the eyes that some times make you think a native is like a noble dog, and then said,—

"I thought I would like to tell you, sir. That time I first saw you at Port Livingstone, you did not laugh at me like Mr. O'Reilly; and I thought—"

"Well, let's hear," I said. And he told me—I may condense his narrative—how he had fallen in love with Lucy—otherwise Chingasonji—and how he had reason to suppose she reciprocated his feelings, and how he had gone to speak to Dr. Angus on the subject, and been snubbed for his pains.

"Do you think you are good enough for Lucy?"—the doctor had demanded—(Chalmers's imitation of his tone and manner—I had made the doctor's ac-

quaintance by this time—simply convulsed me)—and settled the matter summarily by sending for Lucy. Lucy, I regret to say, did not rise to the occasion; her courage failed her when confronted with those bristling white eyebrows, and with downcast eyes, shielded by a slim bronze hand, she murmured, softly: "*Iai, mzungu.*"¹

"There, you see!" said the doctor, triumphantly, and enlarged at length on Chalmers's presumptuous folly, while Lucy retired—to be acidulously congratulated by Mrs. Angus on her good sense—and (as was revealed to Chalmers in due course) cried herself to sleep that night in a corner of the girls' dormitory. This was the incident I had heard of from O'Reilly. Subsequently—on being notified that Mr. Kalkbrenner intended to raise his salary, Chalmers had tried his fate once more, with like result, except that a week or two later, there was brought to him a piteous tear-stained letter, which he showed me. I knew enough Yao to make out the sense of it. She said she loved him with all her heart, and wished to marry him—only the Donna didn't like it, and was trying to persuade her to take Isaac (Mr. Vyner's *bête noire*) instead.

"But it's infamous!" I said. "They have no right to interfere in this way. Why couldn't she tell them so to their faces?"

"She was frightened," he said, quietly, and I remembered what O'Reilly had said about intimidation. It was not easy for a gentle-natured girl to avow her own wishes in opposition to those whom she had learnt to think of as gods upon earth. And I suppose the Anguses were not consciously selfish. Indeed, I happen to know that they honestly looked upon themselves as exceedingly ill-used people.

Chalmers had finished, and I smoked on to the end of my cigarette:

"I call it shameful," was the first outcome of my reflections. "I shouldn't have thought it of Angus!"

Chalmers smiled sadly, as one who has had experience of life.

"Dr. Angus, sir," he said, solemnly, "is like the rotten fig. He is very beautiful to behold, outwardly; but if you open him, you will find him full of worms, and—and unpleasantness!"

It was fortunate for me that I was in the shade of the veranda; and I hastily set the hammock in motion to conceal the agitation I could not control.

"He had no right to prevent your marrying, that's clear," I said, as soon as I could command my voice. "But why need you consult him? It's awkward, I admit, her living in the house, but she might leave. They can't detain her against her will. Where's her home?"

His face fell.

"She has no home. Her relations died in the famine, when she was a little child—and she was saved and taken to the Mission. She has some distant cousins on Tyolo. But they live a long way off. And even if she could go there—where could we be married but at the Mission? Dr. Angus would not do it!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "He'd have to. It would be illegal to refuse."

He shook his head.

"Who is there to make him do it? There are so few white men in this country, and they hear nothing—or, if they do, they will not care. Perhaps they think it a good joke, like Mr. O'Reilly."

"But the Administration?"

"They will not interfere. They are only too glad that Dr. Angus is friendly with them and does not write letters to Lord Salisbury and the Aborigines' Protection Society."

This, I own, took away my breath for the moment, but I was too much interested in the matter in hand to com-

¹ "No, sir."

ment on the extent of Chalmers's information.

"Well," I went on, "I'm not prepared to assert what may or may not be legal under the peculiar circumstances of this Colony or Protectorate—or whatever we call ourselves. But I think you should talk to some one better able to advise you than I. Have you asked Mr. Vyner?"

"I have talked to him in former times, sir, and he was kind, but he always said, 'Be patient,' and 'Dr. Angus means well!' He thinks," concluded Chalmers—not bitterly, but with a certain deliberate sadness, as of one accustomed to disappointment—"that it is not right to tell a black man that you think a white man is wrong."

"I don't think Mr. Vyner is like that, Chalmers. I think if he knew a definite way to help you, he would do it. Perhaps things are different now—not like they were when you told him. But what I have been thinking is this: There's a chaplain at the gunboat station at Fort Malo—I hear he's just arrived. I used to know him in England, and he's a very good fellow. Why don't you and Lucy go down and ask him to marry you? I'll write you a letter to him if you like."

Some would have thought that Chalmers was not much impressed by this, as he looked not at me, but at the bricks of the veranda, and murmured, in soft, level tones:

"Thank you, sir; you are very good."

But I was beginning to know the native, and was not disappointed by this reception of my proposal.

"And Lucy—" He hesitated.

"I've been thinking about that. Do you know my capitao, Jacob? His wife's a very decent person. Couldn't Lucy come to stay with them till we can send her down to Fort Malo?"

Chalmers shook his head.

"It would not do, sir," he said, with portentous gravity. And I could not

get out of him why. Long afterwards I discovered that he feared my reputation would suffer—a consideration which, I must confess, had never occurred to me.

"I will write to Mr. Vyner," he said, after a further pause of consideration. "I cannot go to him just yet, because I have been several days away from the plantation, and there will be many things to see to; but as soon as I can get away I will go to the Mission, and then I will go and see him. He is kind—but I am afraid—Mrs. Vyner—"

He shook his head in a depressed manner instead of concluding his sentence, and I knew what he meant. The good soul was a devout believer in the Anglian infallibility, and, moreover, on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Angus—a sour, precise woman, doubtless an excellent person in her way, only that way contrasted strangely enough with Mrs. Vyner's universal, if somewhat inconsequent, kindness. But, I reflected, that same inconsequence, when the kind heart was confronted with the chance of assisting the course of true love to run smooth, might triumph over much. Who could tell?

It was growing late for the weary planter who has to turn out shivering at daybreak. My guest rose to his feet instead of waiting, native fashion, to be dismissed.

"You leave early, then? I suppose Jacob has seen about your quarters for the night? I'm sorry I can't do any more for you, but I'll write to Merryweather tomorrow, and—and—well, you can't do better than consult Vyner."

He stood before me, twisting his helmet in his hands, and began, somewhat haltingly, "I thank you, sir." And then, for the first time in my experience, the English language suddenly became inadequate to the expression of his feelings, and he relapsed into Yao. "You have a good heart. Some white men

think when a black man loves a woman and has trouble, it is only a thing for them to laugh at when they are drinking with their friends. You did not laugh; no. You listened to me, and have tried to help. And even if you cannot help, I shall not forget."

"Oh, come!" I said helplessly; "let's hope it'll come all right in the end. There, good-night!" And I shook hands with him to his evident gratification.

He left next morning, and what followed was reported to me piecemeal from various sources. When, a week or two later, he was able to carry out his projected journey, he arrived at the Mission only to find that Lucy was gone. Mrs. Angus said she was a wicked, ungrateful girl, and had run away to her native village, where, no doubt, she had married in the native fashion. Conversations with judiciously-selected and sympathizing natives elicited the fact that pressure had been put upon her to marry Isaac Kabweza, a statement reluctantly confirmed by honest M'Kechule, whom Chalmers sought in the workshops, and cross-examined with merciless rigor. Also, it was hinted to him, that she had, in all probability, *not* gone to the River.

He was on his way to Mr. Vyner's, pondering these things in his heart, when he met a little shock-headed urchin, clad in nothing but a few inches of dirty calico, and carrying in his hand a spear and a cleft stick with a letter wedged in it. The boy stopped in the pathway with a grin, but not before Chalmers's quick eye had perceived that the bit of blue, red-lined paper—evidently a page from an account book—was addressed to him. The bearer was Lucy's second cousin's husband's nephew, or thereabouts, and he came straight from Tyolo. Lucy had already sent a letter direct to Port Livingstone, but there was a report (happily it turned out to be unfounded) that the

messenger had been eaten by lions; so she despatched this small kinsman by the longer and safer road which passed the Mission. So Chalmers, instead of going to consult Mr. Vyner, bent his steps towards Tyolo.

Lucy's relatives welcomed him with effusion. They were decent people though they had never been at a Mission; and, never having seen a white man, they believed Chalmers to be a very passable imitation of one, and treated him accordingly. So you may imagine that he was under no temptation to shorten his stay. And then it turned out, most opportunely, that the people of that village had a kind of hereditary friendship with a village in the neighborhood of Fort Malo, as the native way is in those parts, and were in the habit of exchanging long visits from time to time. There was no earthly reason why one of these family pilgrimages should not take place at once and Lucy join the party. Chalmers saw them off with their baskets and bundles, and then returned to his own place, going round *via* Lucheny, so as to see me and report progress. Arrived at Port Livingstone, he found O'Reilly there with the Explorer on his way down river, and at once engaged his passage to Fort Malo, thus triumphantly saving appearances in the eyes of black and white alike.

Mr. Vyner had once told me that if I needed a change, and work was not very pressing, there could be no objection to my leaving Jacob in charge, and running over to Masuku for a few days. I had never yet acted on this suggestion—that is, I had never left Lucheny unless Vyner himself, or some other white man, were there in my absence; and, as things were decidedly slack just then, I concluded that the occasion warranted my taking a holiday down to Fort Malo instead. So I wrote to Merryweather—who had sent a kind and cordial response to my letter

about Chalmers's difficulties—and accepted his general invitation to come and see him, rather more promptly than he probably expected. I did not give him the option of saying that it was not convenient, reflecting that if he couldn't put me up some one else was sure to do so, if it was only O'Reilly in the canvas cabin of the Explorer. So I sent out to engage carriers, and made my preparations, starting early in the following week for my three-days' journey across country, in the course of which I shot *nyama*, even a bush-buck, and a pig, and two brace of guinea-fowl, so that we entered Fort Malo like a triumphal procession, my men chanting my praises at the top of their voices.

Merryweather was looking thin and yellow. Fort Malo is not an invigorating place for a new-comer, but his eye was as bright and his spirit as unconquerable as of old.

"You've come just in time," he said. "The marriage is fixed for tomorrow, and my word! I hope it's all straight now. Your friend appears to be a born lawyer. I've never been so cross-examined in my life, and then he produced a Prayer Book and made me go through the whole Marriage Service with him to see if there was anything which he, as a member of the Church of Scotland, could not conscientiously approve of, or which might make him into an Episcopalian without his knowledge!"

Merryweather leaned back in his big chair (he was installed *pro tem.* at the Consulate, with its neat green shutters and picturesquely-cut thatch), and was forced to mop his forehead with an outsize handkerchief. He looked ashamed of the operation, and murmured something apologetic about the climate. I assured him that I was accustomed to keep a pair of sheets handy, but he still looked a little disturbed.

"I hope it's all right. I've asked El-

liott-Price, and he says it is; and we're going to register it at the Consulate as well as in my own books. But I've been inquiring, and inquired of to such an extent, that my mind's in a whirl, and I believe I shall wake up and find I've married our friend to all the prohibited degrees at once, or something equally atrocious."

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes; an uncommonly nice, modest girl she is, too. I must say I respect her spirit, for she is evidently rather timid than otherwise, and it must have required a good deal of courage in her position. But what I can't understand is—this Dr. and Mrs. Angus—Chalmers's account is naturally biased, of course. . . ."

I stated the facts as far as I knew them. Merryweather drummed with his fingers on the edge of his chair for some time before answering.

"'Judge no man this weather!' somebody says in Kipling. I suppose it is true that a long residence in this climate is apt to turn men into 'arbitrary gents,' if they're not careful. Witness the Stanley expedition and other cases. You and I must look out, old man. I do not judge Dr. Angus, but it appears to me the climate has made an 'arbitrary gent' out of him."

The marriage took place next day in the Consulate veranda. There was a large attendance of Europeans, most of whom, I am afraid, came in the expectation of witnessing something like a nigger minstrel entertainment. They were disappointed in this respect, but few, if any, regretted it. When Merryweather read out, "Therefore, if any man can show any just cause," I caught O'Reilly's eye. He was purple in the face, and I trembled lest he should interrupt the proceedings by any ribaldry. At the same time it darted through my mind that it was scarcely fair to ask that question with Dr. and Mrs. Angus a hundred miles away, and I was seized

with a wild desire to laugh. But we both controlled ourselves.

They were standing up before Merryweather, Chalmers in a white linen suit which positively glittered with starch and getting up, a pomegranate flower in his button-hole, and a massive silver watch-chain dangling from his waistcoat, with a something on his face which, if he had not been so portentously serious, would have been a smile of self-complacency, as if he felt himself to be a spectacle for men and angels, and an edifying one at that.

Lucy was dressed in her ordinary best; she had not been in a position to prepare bridal finery, and the calico folded just under her arms over the short, sleeveless jacket, was snow-white and gracefully draped, and she had a white rose stuck behind one ear in the short hair—which looked like a black lamb's fleece—and wore on her pretty wrists two silver bangles Mrs. Elliott-Price had given her. She was a slim, graceful creature, with a small head and delicate features, and a complexion like polished bronze; and, greatly as she differed from all our previous ideas of brides, most of us thought we had never seen a prettier one.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

"I, David Tambala Chalmers, take thee, Lucy Chingasonji" . . . Fortunately Osman Adam, the Banyan trader, had been able to provide a ring that fitted exactly, so there was no difficulty or delay, though the slender brown fingers did tremble so.

And then it was over, and Mrs. Elliott-Price came and shook hands with bride and bridegroom, and brought them in to tea and mixed biscuits, almost an unexampled treat in Lucy's life, and, therefore, fitly associated with this high and solemn festival.

It is long since I left Africa, but the mail still brings me, from time to time, sententious epistles chronicling the welfare of the family whose head was once Tambala, the slave-boy.

He still manages a store for Ferreira and Kalkbrenner, very much to their satisfaction apparently, and Lucy, his wife, takes in washing from all the Europeans within reach. They have named their eldest boy—unlucky wight—Vincent Hay, apparently after my unworthy self, and the little girl who followed him is Gladys Helen, the former of which appellations I conjecture to belong to Mrs. Elliott-Price.

A. Werner.

O UNDISTINGUISHED DEAD.

O undistinguished Dead!

Whom the bent covers or the rock-strewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn, I weep,
O undistinguished Dead!

None knows your name.

Blackened and blurred in the wild battle brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front.
This is your fame!

The Sphere.

Austin Dobson.

THE EVOLUTION OF LITERARY DECENCY.

"Take away your Bonny Afra Behn," said the old lady who, about 1810, borrowed and tried to read, the novels that had been the delight of her youth. Very few persons now peruse "*Astræa*," who trod the stage so loosely; very few know whether she was more indiscreet than the novelists of the eighteenth century or not. Mrs. Behn died in 1689; she had been the wife of a Dutchman, and, in one of her tales, she assures us that it is quite a mistake to suppose that a Hollander cannot love. This remark, and the circumstance that she anticipated Mrs. Beecher Stowe in taking a negro for her hero in one novel, are all that my memory retains of *Astræa*. They certainly did not leave a distinct and separate stain on my imagination.

The familiar anecdote of the old lady whose age rejected as impossible the romances which had delighted Society in her youth supplies a text for a curious speculation. Wherefore had taste altered so radically in the space of one lifetime? It is a natural but inadequate reply that taste always does alter in sixty years. Thus, Lady Louisa Stuart, who was born about 1760, found, about 1820, that Richardson's novels, when read aloud, provoked inextinguishable laughter. In her youth people had wept or sighed over "*Pamela*;" now people mocked, and she mocked with them. Such changes of taste make the pathetic seem absurd, or make what Molière meant to be comic seem pathetic, at least to refined critics. But we are concerned with a change at once deeper and far more sudden—a change in morality rather than in style or sentiment. English literature had been, at least, as free-spoken as any other from the time of Chaucer to the death of Smollett. Then, in

twenty years at most, English literature became the most "pudibund," the most respectful of the young person's blush, that the world has ever known. Now, this revolution was something much deeper than the accustomed process which makes the style and the ideas of one generation seem antiquated and uncongenial to the readers of the next. We quite understand why Mr. Guy Boothby is preferred, say, to Thackeray, and Mr. Henty to Marryat, by the young. Youth detests what it thinks is "old-fashioned," and is puzzled by traits of manners with which it is unfamiliar. But custom will presently stale the authors of to-day, and that change of taste will not correspond at all to a change which, in some twenty years, altered the whole tone and character of a national literature. Why, and owing to what combination of causes, did the very plain speech of our first famous novelists in the eighteenth century become a stumbling-block to readers of some thirty years later? Why did decency, or prudery, if any one pleases, come *suddenly* into vogue between 1770 and 1800? Why were such poems as Suckling's ballad of a marriage published, about 1810, with lines and half stanzas omitted? How are we to account for Bowdler? The change of moral taste was really as great as the change of opinion about witchcraft, which arose between 1680 and 1736. Mr. Lecky has written at length about that revolution, but nobody, as far as I remember, has discussed the other alteration—Bowdler's alteration—in the matter of moral taste. In the first place it did not correspond with a regular sweeping purification of "*Society*." Nobody will say that the Regency, the age of Bowdler, was much more moral than the early part

of the reign of George III, the age of Wilkes. Yet, between 1760 and 1770, we had Smollett and Sterne for living novelists, while in 1800-1815, we had Miss Edgeworth, Godwin, Miss Austen, Mrs. Shelley, Galt, and Scott. Writers more delicate in language and description cannot be, nor could writers be much looser or coarser than those of the previous generation. The change of 1770-1814 lasted till quite recently. Novels were intended to "lie on the drawing-room table," and were meant to be fit for the young person. So stern were parents about 1840-1870 that they managed to find Thackeray "improper," and we all remember Thackeray's own remark that, since Fielding, nobody had dared to draw a man. Colonel Newcome must have been born about 1800, and the Colonel revolted naturally against Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones. By our time, of course, taste has altered, and lady novelists introduce situations which, I verily believe, would have made Astræa herself blush vermillion. But even now the *language* of the most advanced writers is far indeed from attaining the simple breadth of Smollett or Fielding, though many modern ideas expressed in fiction would have made Roderick Random exclaim in virtuous indignation. We have had novels fit to accompany Petronius in the library of Lord Stratwell.

A curious point in this evolution is the difference which it exhibits in France and in England. In England, Fielding and others felt it necessary, or desirable, to add coarsenesses to *Molière*. In France, the translation of "Tom Jones" (1749) was at first prohibited in the interests of virtue. The French dramatists of the great age of Louis XIV are as decent, as "mealy-mouthed" as the dramatists of Greece. The dramatists of the contemporary Restoration in England, and of Queen Anne's reign, were notoriously coarse and lewd. The remonstrances of Addi-

son and the Spectator had no effect on Fielding and Smollett. But, just when the old coarseness of these masters was dying out in England, the literature of France, in Diderot, Crébillon *filis*, and many others, began greatly to outdo what our novelists had dared. The *régime* of conscious Virtue and of the *philosophes* in France rather encouraged than checked such books as Voltaire's unspeakable "Pucelle." People thought "La Pucelle" amusing!

A classical example of the change in England is Charles Lamb's anecdote about the young lady who looked over his shoulder as he was reading "Pamela." She soon went away, and Lamb says that there was a blush between them. This may have occurred about 1815, and "Pamela" had been the very manual of Virtue from 1740 to 1780, or thereabouts. It was put into the hands of ingenuous youth, and even of children. Richardson himself was the mere model of the proprieties, and thought Fielding "low." Diderot put Richardson on the same shelf as Moses. "Pamela" was written, as Scott says, "more for edification than for effect." Anticipating the modern clergy who preach on Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Calne, Dr. Sherlock praised "Pamela" "from the pulpit." The novel was said to "do more good than twenty sermons," though Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thought it mere mischievous than the works of Rochester. Scott also reckoned it apt rather to "encourage a spirit of rash enterprise" among hand-maidens than of "virtuous resistance." As a matter of fact, a generation or two later, "Pamela" made Lamb's young friend uncomfortable. She got up and went away. She belonged to the new age of Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Sir Walter. Nor need we, even in this emancipated time, wonder at Lamb's young lady. I doubt if many, even of our daring writers, would have the courage (the lack of hu-

mor they have) to write several of the scenes which Richardson wrote, and which the clergy applauded from the pulpit.

Lately I saw a contemporary picture of a very scantily-draped Pamela, aroused by fancying she heard Mr. B. under the bed. It was not to be called a moral work of art, and I fear that "Pamela" owed much of its success to qualities which doubtless made no conscious part of Richardson's design. Indeed, as we read it, we "laugh in a strange and improper manner," like the wife of Mr. Arthur Pendennis on one occasion. Quite rapidly, in some sixty years, "Pamela" lost her reputation, became little better than one of the wicked, frightened away the virgins whom she was meant to edify, and sank into "a deplorably tedious lamentation," as Horace Walpole declares, read only by conscientious students of eighteenth-century literature. The reason is not merely that the lowly characters are slavish, as Scott observes. The reason is that, to our changed taste, "Pamela" is both prurient and coarse. Even "Clarissa" is obsessed, through all its intolerable length, by one dominant idea, and leads up to a catastrophe which we cannot contemplate with patience. Once more I doubt if our youngest and ablest writers would dare to subject a noble lady to the martyrdom of Clarissa, or would be admired by the general public if they did.

It is well known that Dr. Johnson, though he read straight through "Amelia," told Hannah More that she ought to be ashamed of saying that she had read "Tom Jones." One cannot guess what fly had bitten the Doctor. "Tom Jones" is a really moral work, if we set aside Fielding's leniency towards one inexcusable adventure of Mr. Jones's. I presume that Fielding was reprobated because he was humorous. Even now, we find the advanced,

and virtuous, and earnest applauding the most squalid horrors of M. Zola and others, while they would fly in horror from Gyp. And why? Obviously because M. Zola is absolutely devoid of wit and humor (which Gyp possesses), and, therefore, may be as abominable as he pleases. Has he not a lofty moral purpose! So, in fact, had Fielding, but, alas! he was humorous—all unlike Richardson, Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoi. "Joseph Andrews" not only makes us laugh, but encourages every generous virtue. Still, Joseph was "low," and "Pamela," in some incomprehensible way, was elevating. Even now, nobody dares to approach the broad and physically coarse methods of Fielding. We do not think it at all comic that Sophia should fall in an unbecoming manner from her horse, nor can we even imagine why Fielding thought it comic. So far, the change is all for the better—indeed, I am apt to think that it was generally for the better, except in such extreme instances as when the prudery of James Ballantyne spoiled the whole sense of "St. Ronan's Well," or when Jeffrey induced Dickens to make clotted nonsense of "Dombey & Son"—*vile damnum* in the latter case. It does not appear to me that our ebullient novelists ought really to be hampered by limitations which do not seem to have been resented by Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Molière, and Racine. But our problem is, not the good or evil results of certain restraints on freedom of language and incident, but the wonderfully sudden rise of these restraints between 1770 and 1790. In 1771 Smollett published "Humphry Clinker," distinctly his best book. The brutality of "Roderick Random," the infamous ferocity of "Peregrine Pickle," are here mollified and mellowed. But, except in the works of M. Zola or of Swift, there are few passages in literature, if any there are, so physically and so needlessly nauseous as cer-

tain of the early letters of Matthew Bramble. Everything disgusting that medical practice could suggest to a brutal fancy is here set forth with elaborate care. There is something of the ape, of the Yahoo, in these passages attributed to the pen of an honorable and benevolent country gentleman. On the chapter of Smells, "Smellfungus," as Sterne called Smollett, is as copious as M. Zola or M. Guy de Maupassant. Nobody seems to have objected as some purists did object to the freakish contemporary lubricities of Sterne. All these great eighteenth-century writers revelled joyously in the necessarily grotesque physical side of human nature. It was primely witty to half-poison somebody with a surreptitious dose of medicine. Homely articles of everyday life were constantly dragged in to get a laugh—articles that the most emancipated novelist of to-day keeps out of his daring pages. And, in thirty years, all these amusing objects, and scores of sets of comic or sensual situations, had become even more impossible in fiction than they are today. Even the author of "Tom and Jerry" would have given them a wide berth in England, and few authors, except M. Armande Silvestre, venture on them in France. In 1740 Dickens would have had cheap and nasty resources, and would have used them, while the Dickens of 1840 shunned them even more scrupulously than most men.

One cannot imagine a change more rapid and more radical. We had not been a prudish people. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Congreve, Smollett, Burns, Sterne, are at the opposite extreme from the prudish. Why did we become so dainty between Smollett's death (1771) and the rise of Mrs. Radcliffe (1789)? We cannot attribute the revolution to the influence of feminine authors (such as Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen), for feminine influence in Mrs. Manley, Mrs.

Heywood, and Afra Behn had tended in quite an opposite direction. Moreover, it is ladies to-day who throw their caps highest over the windmills, both in licentiousness of idea and physical squalor of theme—always, of course, for lofty moral purposes. Again, one cannot see that society was more delicate when Rowlandson drew than when Hogarth boldly designed spades as spades. The Court of the Regency was not purer than the early years of the Regent's worthy father. People were as naughty as when Lady Vane published the "Memoirs of a Lady of Quality." Yet, everything Smollettian and Rabelaisian was banished clean out of literature, and has never returned. Those persons are very young and ill-informed who think that the change is "Early Victorian." That theory, if correct, would be intelligible; but the revolution was really late Georgian; it arose in an age of heavy courtly license—an age when popular life was nearly as rough as it had been in 1740. Yet, quite a large class of topics was now banished, not only from books, but from conversation between the sexes. Burns, as a peasant, was probably the last poet who took his full swing. Byron was reprobated; and Leigh Hunt was gibbeted (hypocritically, I fear) for the "Story of Rimini." None of the three would have been much censured forty years earlier.

I have stated the problem, but I do not pretend to solve it. I remember no Jeremy Collier, and no Addison, who set about reforming the coarseness of taste, just after Smollett's day; and it does not seem that Jeremy or Addison, when they tried, really produced much effect. The Spectator, in Lamb's situation on Primrose Hill, might, indeed, have proved as embarrassing as did "Pamela" herself. Nor did foreign influences produce the revolution, for France was then hurrying into what had been the English extreme.

If I must make a guess, I would hazard the theory that the change was caused by the rise of a larger reading middle class, especially by the increase in the numbers of women of the middle classes, and in the country, who read books. They had not hitherto been literary; they had simply been housewives and stitchers; good mothers, not bookish. At no time had their class been so free, in conduct or conversation, as the women in "society" and in London. What they avoided in life, they disliked in literature. They now began to get into contact with literature through book clubs. There were regular societies of provincial Blues, not spotted by town or court. Moreover, we must probably allow a good deal for the many and far-reaching influences of the Wesleyan movement, and of the Anglican Church as affected thereby. The red-faced parsons, absorbent of port and of ale, the Parson Trulibers, died out. What can Mrs. Truliber have read? Nothing, probably; but the wives of the Henry Tilneys did read, and doted on Cowper as well as on Clara Reeve and Mrs. Radcliffe. Moreover, even Sterne, with his "sentiment" made people desire fiction which could touch the heart as well as amuse, and they got it in Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" and "Julia de Roubigné." Shelley, in boyhood, tried to set the example of didactic novels, meant, he says, to inculcate his metaphysics and morals. When once sentiment, and didacticism, and romance, and terror (as in Mrs. Radcliffe and other favorites of Miss Catharine Morland) came in, and were found delightful, humor and libertinism went out. Broad farce was not in harmony (despite Dickens) with sentiment and the wilfully didactic, nor with "the horrid," with spectral castles, and inquisitorial dungeons. Smollett had thought such attractions dead forever, but he was wrong. They revived, they were hugely popular, they held the

field and horseplay went out. Miss Burney, again, could not be expected to sin in the direction of *Astraea*, yet she could interest and amuse without such gambols. There were no humorous novelists, or none who are now remembered as authors of stories between the days of Smollett and Miss Edgeworth. There arose a forgotten school of historical novelists. So nobody was tempted to use the old, simple, animal expedients for getting a laugh. Thus the new and great generation of Scott and Miss Austen had no temptation to coarseness or licentiousness; even a moderate freedom would have been fatal, and modern critics may think Scott and Miss Austen "senselessly decent."

On the whole, the most obvious and probable cause of the sharp and sudden revolution of taste was probably what we may call the Wesleyan Reformation acting on the middle classes far beyond the bounds of the Wesleyan communion. Wesley's movement was really (though he did not know it) part of the Romantic movement; it began in an asceticism, and in an emotion, and in "supernormal experiences" after the model of the ideals of the mediæval church. Romanticism itself (in spite of some old French romances) is, in essence, "a delicate thing;" knights amorous and errant are all unlike the festive wanderers of Fielding and Smollett. The squires of romantic lovers are no Straps nor Partridges, and the knights understand "the maiden passion for a maid," in a sense unknown to the lovers of Sophia, Emilia, and Narcissa. The new middle-class lady novel-reader could not put up with the infidelities of Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and Peregrine Pickle. She felt personally insulted (and no wonder) by their behaviour. From all these influences, one ventures to conjecture, the singular and rapid change in taste, and the decent limitations on literary art (limitations hither-

to conspicuously absent from English fiction) drew their origin. That the once Puritan middle class deserve most of the praise is a theory strengthened by the example of America, where prudery as to the use even of simple harmless phrases (for example, you "retire" in America; you never go to bed) irritated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. American literature is assuredly neither licentious nor coarse. But these hypotheses may be inadequate or erroneous, in which case the problem becomes vastly more curious and interesting. A problem it is; the generation of Scott's father saw nothing out of the way or reprehensible in literary forms which the authors of Scott's generation might, and, of course, did enjoy, but dared not and cared not to follow. Sir Walter himself was an ardent admirer of Smollett, whom, at one time, he was constantly quoting. But Scott's own heroes never once wander from the strict path of a solitary virtuous attachment. His one heroine, who, in fact, had transgressed from the path of Dian, was, if I may say so, violently shunted back into it, owing to the prudery of Ballantyne, some of

whose MS. notes on Scott's proof-sheets prove him to have possessed "a nice morality." Henceforward every hero was a Galahad, till Mr. Rochester broke away from the rule, and Richard Feverel fell into the ancient errors of Captain Booth. Even now a hero's confessions are less startlingly explicit than those of Roderick Random; and nobody would pretend to interest us in a Peregrine Pickle, or even in a Pamela. The change, which was born full grown, has lasted for a century in England, which had previously set the very opposite example. It was a change due not merely to the moral revolution that sprang from the Wesleys, but to a general revolt all along the line, in favor of the ideal and the spiritual, and against the godless common-place and brutality of the early Hanoverian time. The new materialism of science has probably fostered the new "emancipated" literature of the *strugforlifeur* of M. Daudet. Thus, reactions succeed each other; but, on the whole, in fiction, and not looking at the worse than Smollettian vulgarity of such plays as "Lord Quex," the tendency to a new license seems to have expended itself.

A. Lang.

Blackwood's Magazine.

WHERE MY TREASURE IS.

Lord of the living, when my race is run,
Will that I pass beneath the risen sun;
Suffer my sight to dim upon some scene
Of Thy good green.

Let my last pillow be the earth I love,
With fair infinity of blue above;
And fleeting, purple shadow of a cloud
My only shroud.

A little lark, above the Morning Star,
Shall shrill the tidings of my end afar;
The muffled music of a lone sheep-bell
Shall be my knell.

And where stone heroes trod the moor of old,
Where bygone wolf howled round a granite fold
Hide Thou, beneath the heather's new-born light,
My endless night.

The Spectator.

Eden Phillpotts.

NERVES IN THE NURSERY.

A great London physician, who sits in his room studying the passing patient-crowd, like a wise and solid Sphinx looking out over the desert of human life, was talking to me recently on the familiar subject of nerves. Mostly one can judge from a man's age what he is going to say about them. Between twenty-five and fifty he will probably take them very seriously, explain how nerves have, in sporting language, "knocked out" the *bacillus* as the *fons et origo malorum*—or the greater number of them—and inundate you with stories of that colossal bore and mischief-worker, Charcot. After fifty he will tell you in more or less sweeping fashion that the average nerve-patient wants beating soundly, and that Charcot was the inventor of a new and pestilential craze much stupider, though, unfortunately, more lasting than spirit-rapping, theosophy or palmistry. This particular person, however, passed lightly over the preliminary banalities of the business to assure me that nerves were descending through the ages of man, or, if you will, mounting the staircase of his house, till the epidemic had now seized on the nursery. I suggested that he was merely re-christening nursery naughtiness with long names from Parisian medical books, and advocating a possible but roundabout and unfamiliar cure, instead of the homely whipping. If some ten-year-old young

gentleman shows a steady disinclination for work of any description, you can call it neurosis and order bicycling exercise, or you may call it idleness and smack him; the latter treatment is shorter and cheaper, and time has shown it to be effective. To admit a single premise of the nerve doctor means a reform of the whole criminal code, whether administered by nurses, tutors, or policemen, such as is taking place in France. An acquaintance of mine there who had trusted to a weak lung to escape his military service, and was so depressed by failure that he went home and shot his mistresses, pleaded at his trial that his nerves had been disordered by a day of bad luck, ending in this discovery that his weak lung was a broken reed; and he was immediately acquitted. One is half inclined to sympathize with the man. The day begins, say, by his stepping out of bed on to a tin-tack. The coffee is half cold, and he gets a headache which ends in an infernal symphony of aches wound up to concert pitch by the ceaseless, horrible noise, electric light, and absinthe of his day's work. Then he goes home demanding of Fate nothing but a long, long sleep, and finds a big official document informing him that his petition for military exemption has been rejected. "*Quoi faire?*" as the poor man himself probably said. One must shoot somebody, and the nerve doctors and

the judge recognized the justice of his argument. Half a dozen men you may see every day in the police courts of London and Paris—men who, ever since they were in their twenties, have gone to business, theatres, race-meetings and supper parties at a gallop, bribing cabmen to go faster, inventing automobiles to go faster still, declaring that their express trains ought to be prosecuted for furious loitering, and looking always, long before they have left school, as if a year or two of rest would do them good. Alike for these and for schoolroom culprits, a new criminal code is, as I say, being demanded by the nerve specialists.

Now, a specialist, according to the well-known dictum, ought to be a man who knows everything about something and a little about everything else; he is, in fact, mostly a man who knows a little about something, and nothing about the rest. The latter class is a dangerous nuisance, and if it has come to play about in English nurseries, a certain amount of quiet murder will become necessary. Nervous children are not a novelty. If some virtues are new, all vices are old, as a profound philosopher remarked when loaded dice were discovered at Pompeii; and long before Dr. Charcot took to flattering the idlers of Fauburg St. Germain salons by giving fine names to their vacuous fancies, and advising them to pass on his remedies to their children, schoolmistresses had studied and written articles on the exact mixture of sympathy and punishment required in dealing with those of the small maidens who kept nerves. Miss Yonge, in *"The Daisy Chain,"* gives nerves to one of her heroines, and cures them for her with a skill which makes the book a medical text-book of more value than the advice of any doctor in London. That these methods have been brilliantly successful, you need only look round a score of Eng-

lish schools to see; whereas Charcot has left a monument more enduring than brass (even than his own brass, which was not inconsiderable), in the shape of hundreds of families where snakes and butterflies, unconnected with Zoological experience, are becoming the commonest of nervous productions. Modern French children complain to all their acquaintances about their nerves; they are taken to specialists and reel off a list of symptoms, like a German baby reciting Schiller.

Rest, which is recognized by every one except nerve specialists as the only cure for nerves, is more easy to obtain than most people suppose. You want a fairly intelligent maiden aunt with a house in the country, and the business is done. I remember a young lady who, getting fractious after some weeks of the delights of London, received an invitation from such a person to "come down and do her mending." The mere wording of the proposal soothed her for twenty-four hours, and a three-days' visit "set her up" for the rest of the season. Failing such aunts, or for persons with a real dread of physical rest and a genuine affection for telegrams, district messengers and special editions of the *Westminster Gazette*, mountains are infallible. 'Tis a cure for half the ills of life and all the worrying over them, that existence on the great glaciers and snow-fields of Europe's playground; that long day's marching over ground where there is only one single place in which you can put your foot for the next step, and nothing to listen to but the guide's occasional "Give me your hand," or the whisper of those wondrous mountain winds which are wine and meat and sleep and new life to dust-choked mortality. There came once to Chamonix a beloved friend of mine, with everything on his nerves—Board-Schools, aggressive Protestants, parish debts, sinking funds (of a kind

unrecognized by Chancellors of the Exchequer), a death or two, and dyspepsia. Him, having provided with an ice-axe, I took for a walk or two, and in five days at a certain complicated turn on the Mer de Glace he swore three successive times; and thereafter, if an insolent School-Board had erected one of their establishments in front of his bedroom window, he would merely have sent for Charlet with his rope, and climbed it. You are in a world here where all the pleasures are new and real, and all old worries have fled away. There is a line of eternal snow on mountain heights below which the chilly winter snow-drifts and icicles melt and tumble down into noisy torrents which carry them away to oblivion—away to mingle with ten thousand other crying torrents in the broad, deep Rhone waters. It is at this line, I think, that mankind can leave his tempests and pain and winter tears behind, and climb upwards into the peace which belongs to a world so near to heaven. There is but one drawback to this cure—that when you have tried it no other is effective. If your ills come back and you can no longer take them up and bury them in the snows of the Bosses du Dromedaire you can leave them nowhere. As a man who has once tasted pure and perfect joy, and now can but see its shadow flittering past, so you must look up at Aiguilles and glacier-heights, and watch with bitter eyes ghosts from the past standing on their summits. If it pleases you, and there is no one looking, you can fling yourself down in the grass by the Schwartzee path, and cry to the

The Speaker.

mountain spirits, which you have doubtless met in the little chapel by the Black Lake, to come and take you away, if it is but for just once more, to the snowy ridge of the Matterhorn shoulder or to the blue ice-slabs below the Dufour Spitz of Monte Rosa. But I do not think that they will come to fetch you; they will not come unless it is to whisper pity for the tears which they cannot dry, for the pain and earth-weariness from which they cannot lift you away.

But when you go upstairs to deal with this nerve-matter in the nursery, nothing is simple except the consequences of failure, which are simply ruinous. The lives of little folk in this country are growing yearly fuller and busier. Every year an increasing number of persons come forward to cater for their amusement and instruction, the supply increasing the demand, and the demand the supply, and variety soon becomes a necessity of this young life as of all others. Now, variety ends in satiety, and satiety ends in nerves. Obviously you had better put a stop to as many entertainments as you can (which will not be very many), but the first and last and chief thing to prevent is the appearance of a modern nerve-doctor on any pretext whatever in the juvenile department. If some little lady is constantly tired, and won't sit still, and cries with rage if she isn't allowed to go to Drury Lane, and cries with fatigue if she is, and the family doctor, desiring, above all things, to be up-to-date, talks about her nerves, turn him out, pay his bill (if you can), and get another.

E. H. Cooper.

